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A TOUCH OF NATURE

BY

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

AUTHOR OF "RED SAUNDERS: HIS ADVENTURES WEST AND EAST"

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

"THESE are some queer United States," said Red. They certainly are. I'm thinking of a person I knew down in the Bill Williams Mountains, in Arizona. He was Scotch and his name was Colin Hiccup Grunt, as near as I could hear it. I never saw anything in Arizona nor any other place that resembled him in any particular.

We met by chance, the usual way, and the play come up like this: I'm going cross country, per short-cut a friend tells me about — this was when I was young; I could have got to where I was going in about four hours' riding, say I moved quick, by the regular route, but now I'm ten hours out of town, and all I know about where I am is that the heavens are above me and any quantity of earth beneath me. For the last two hours I've been losing bits of my disposition along the road, and now I'm looking for a dog to kick. Here we come to a green gulch with a chain of pools at the bottom of it.

I got off to take a drink. Soon's I lay down there's a snort and a clatter, and my little horse Pepe is moving for distance, head up and tail up, and I'm foot loose forty miles from nowhere. This was after the time of Victorio, still there was a Tonto or two left in the country, for all the government said that the Apaches were corralled in Camp Grant, so I made a single-hearted scamper for a rock.

Then I looked around — nothin' in sight; I raised my eyes and my jaw dropped. Right above me on the side-hill sits a man, six foot and a half high and two foot and a half wide, dressed in a wool hat, short skirts, and bare legs. His nose and ears looked like they'd been borrowed from some large statue. His hair was red; so's mine, but mine was the most lady-like kind of red compared to his — a gentle, rock-me-to-sleep-mother tint, whilest his got up and cussed every other color in the rainbow. Yes, sir; there he sat, and he was knittin' a pair of socks! For ten seconds I forgot how good an excuse I had to be vexed, and just braced myself on my arms and looked at him and blinked. "Well, no wonder Pepe busted," thinks I, and with that my troubles come back to me. "I don't know what in the name of Uncle Noah's pet elephant you are," says I to myself. "Male and female *he* made 'em after their kind, and your mate may do me up, but if I don't take a hustle out of you there'll be no good reason for it." And feeling this way, I moved to him.

"Now," says I, "explain yourself."

"Heugh!" says he, just flittin' his little gray eyes on me and going on with his knittin' as if he hadn't seen anything worth wasting eyesight on.

I swallered hard. "Another break like that," I thinks, "and his family have no kick coming."

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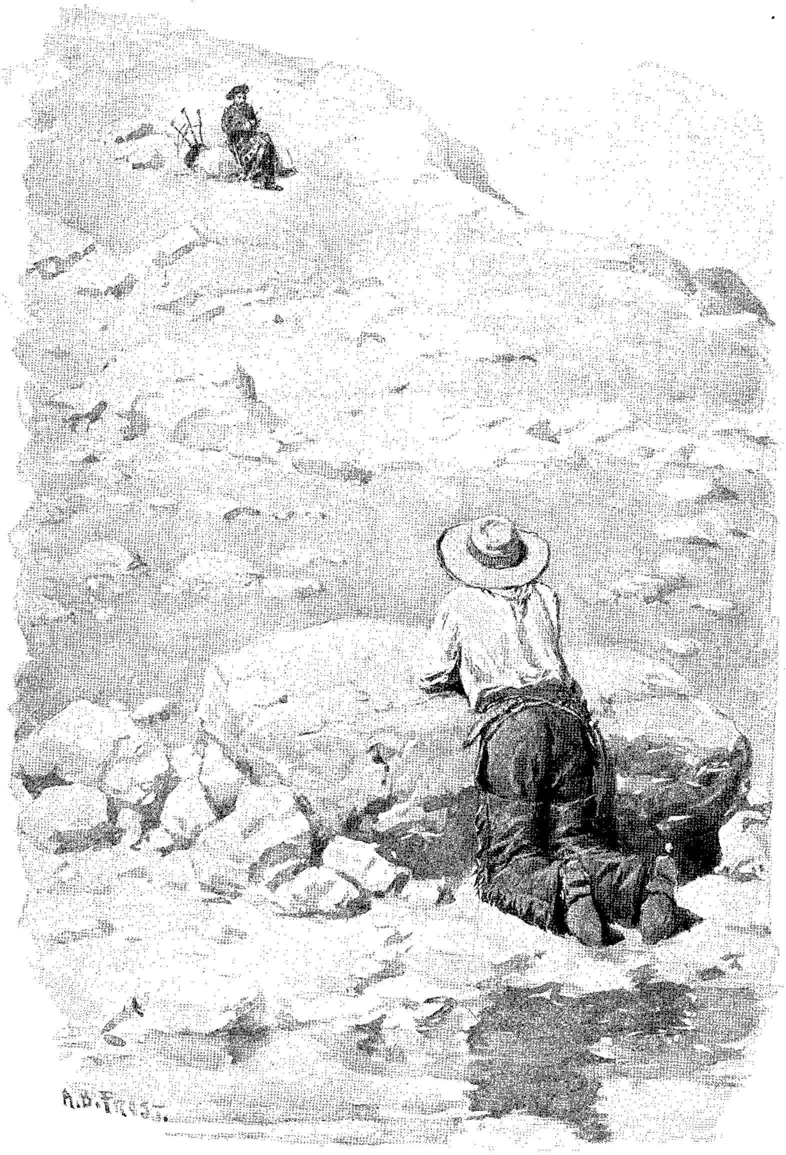


Yes, sir; there he sat, and he was knittin' a pair of socks!"

"One more question and you are done," says I. "Do you think it's fair to sit on a hill and look like this? How would you feel if you come on me unexpected, and I looked like you?"

By way of reply, he reached behind him — so did I. But it wasn't a gun he brought forth: it was a sort of big toy balloon with three sticks to it. Without so much as a glance in my direction, he proceeded to blow on one stick and wiggle his fingers on the others. Instantly our good Arizona air was tied in a knot. It was great in its way. You could hear every stroke of the man filing the saw; the cow with the wolf in her horn bawled as natural as could be, and as for the stuck pig, it sounded so life-like I expected to see him round the corner. But at the same time it was no kind of an answer to my question, and I kicked the musical implement high in the air, sitting down on my shoulder blades to watch it go, and also to acknowledge receipt of one bunch of fives in the right eye, kindness of Grandma in the short skirts. Beware of appearances! Nothin' takes so much from the fierce appearance of a man as short skirts and sock-knitting, but up to this date the hand of man hasn't pasted me such a welt as I got that day.

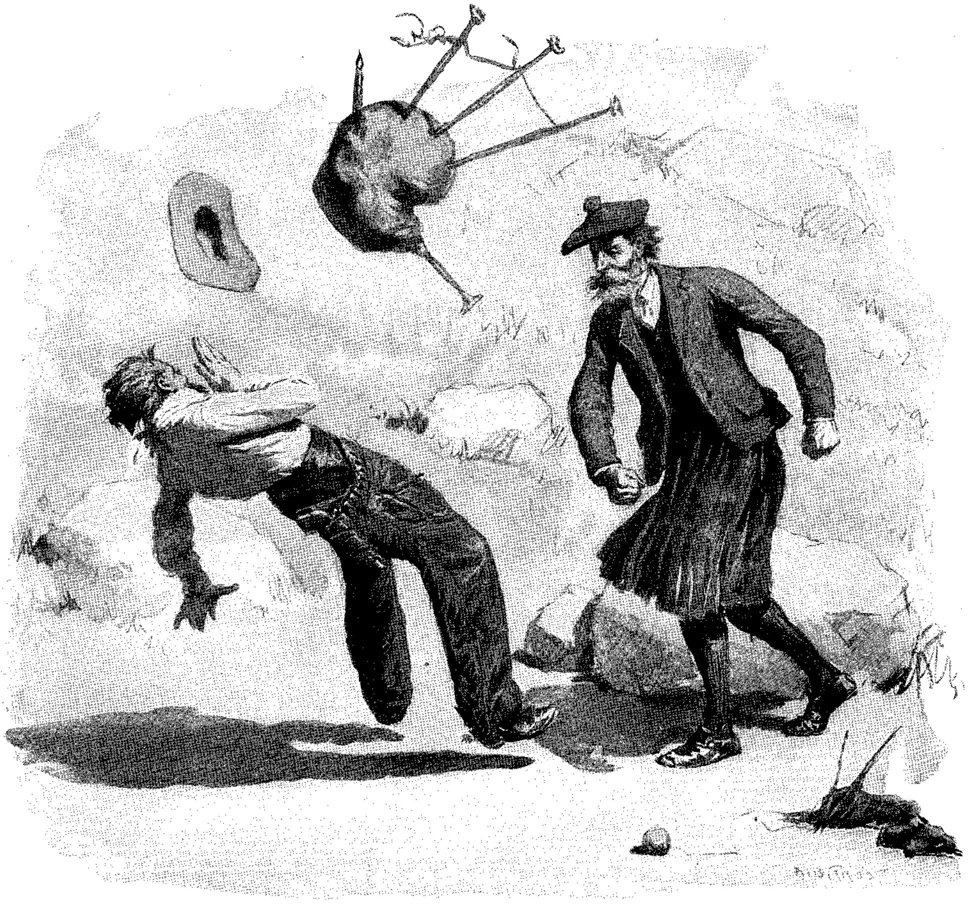
Then, sir, Grandma and I had a real good old-fashioned time. I grabbed him and heaved him over the top of my head. "Heugh!" says he as he flew. He'd no more than touched ground before he had me nailed by the legs, and I threw a handspring over his head. From that on, it was just like a circus all the way down the hill to where we fell off the ledge into the pool — twenty-five foot of a drop, clear, to ice-water — wow! 'J'ever see a dog try to walk on the water when he's been chucked in unexpected? Well, that was me. I was nice and warm from rastlin' with Grandma before I hit, and I went down, down, down into the deeps, until my stummick retired from business altogether. I come up tryin' to swaller air, but it was no use. I got to dry land. Behind me was the old Harry of a foamin' in the drink — Grandma couldn't swim. Well, I got him out, though I was in two minds to let him pass — the touch of that water was something to remember.

"Now, you old fool!" says I, when I slapped him ashore. "Look at you! Just see what trouble you make! Scarin' people's horses to death and fallin' in the creek and havin' to be hauled out! Why don't you wear pants and act like a Christian? Ain't you ashamed to go around in little girl's clothes at your age? What in the devil are you doing out here, anyhow?"

With this he bust out cryin', wavin' his hands and roarin' and yellin', with tears and ice-water runnin' down his face.

"Well!" says I; "I don't catch you, spot nor color, any stage of the deal. You'd have me countin' my fingers in no time. I'm goin' to sit still and see what's next."

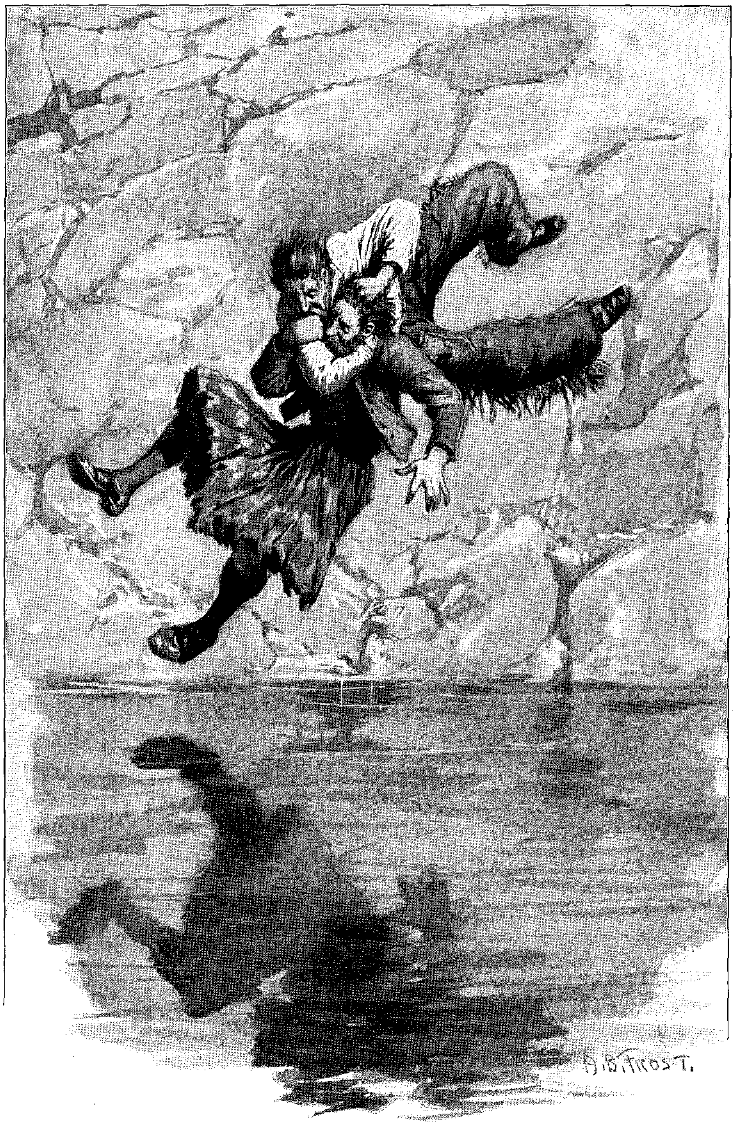
"Beware of appearances! Nothin' takes so much from the fierce appearance of a man as short skirts and sock-knitting"



By-and-by he got the best of his emotions, come over to me and blew a lot of words across my ears. From a familiar sound here and there, I gathered he was trying to hold up the American language; but it must have been the brand Columbus found on his first vacation, for I couldn't squeeze any information out of it. I shook my head, and he spread his teeth and jumped loose again.

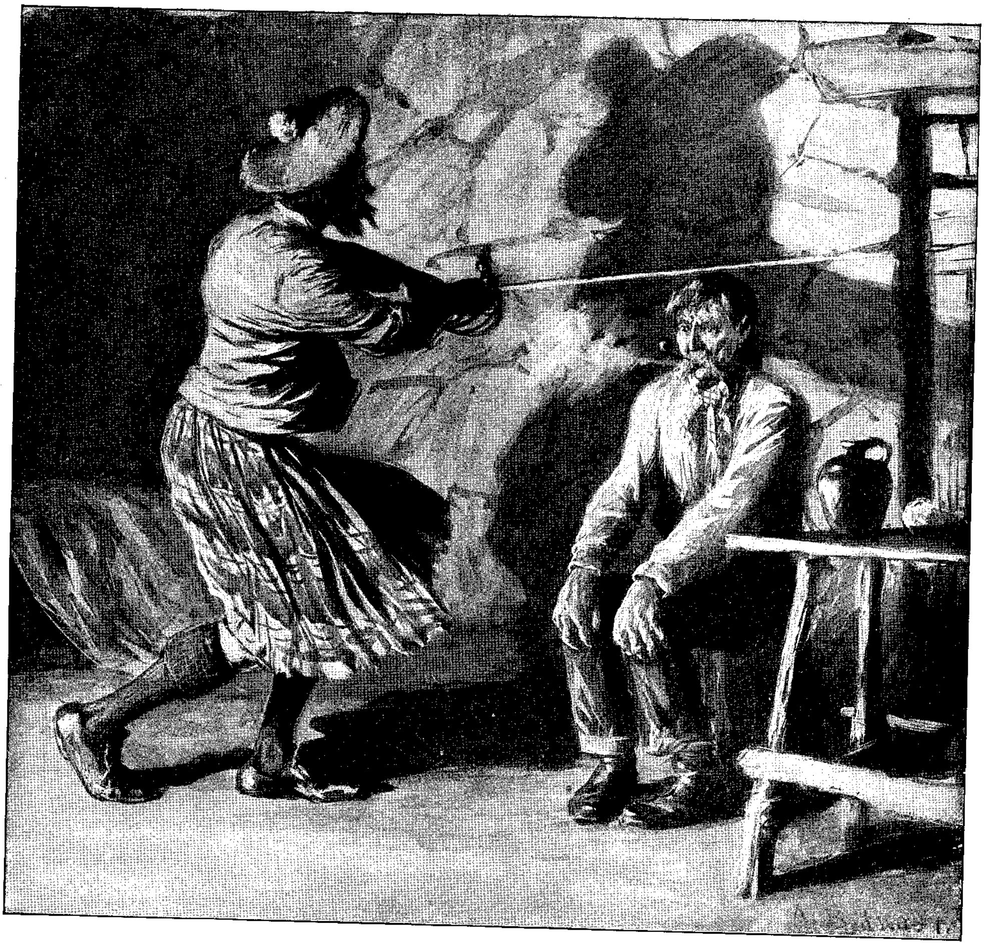
"No use," says I. "I dare say you understand, but the only clue I have to those sounds is that you've eat something that ain't agreed with you. Habla V. Español?"

"Sí, señor!" says he. So then we got at it, although it wasn't smooth skidding, either; for my Spanish was the good old Castilian I'd learned in Panama, whilest his was a mixture of Greaser sheepblat and Apache, flavored with a Scotch brogue that would smoke the taste of whisky at a thousand yards.



" *twenty-five foot of a drop, clear, to ice-water — wow!* "

He explained that while he wasn't fully acquainted with my reasons for assault-and-batterin' him in the first place, he was deeply grateful for my savin' his life in the second place.



"I'd rather meet an ordinary man bilious with trouble than have a friend like Colin tell me exciting stories with a sword"

"Yes," says I. "But why do you cry?"

Well, that was because his feelin's was moved. I'll admit that if I sat on a rock in the Bill Williams Mountains, thinking myself the only two-legged critter around, and somebody come and kicked my bagpipes in the air and dog-rassled me down forty rod of hillside, afterwards fishing me out of the drink, my feelin's would be moved too, but not in that way. And at the time I'm telling you about, I was young — so young it makes me tremble to think of it — and I knew a heap of things I don't know now. For this I thought slightin' of Grandma, notwithstanding the tall opposition he put up. Somehow I couldn't seem to cut loose from the effect of his short skirts and fancy work. But I let on to be satisfied. He amused me, did Grandma.

Next he invites me to come up to his shanty and have a drop of what he frivolously called "fusky"—"*Uno poquito de fusky — aquardiente—señor.*" Wisht you could have heard his Spanish — all mixed up — like this: He says he's "greetin'"—meanin' yellin', while it's "*grito*" in Spanish, and his pronunciation had whiskers on it till you could hardly tell the features. But we got along. When we struck the cabin the old lad done the honors noble. I've met some stylish Spaniards and Frenchmen and Yanks and Johnny Bulls in my time, yet I can't remember ary one who threw himself better'n Colin Hiccup. There's no place where good manners shows to better advantage than on a homely man; the constant surprise between the way he looks and the way he acts keeps you interested.

"To you, señor," says Colin. "Let this dampen the fires of animosity."

"To you right back again," says I. "And let's pipe the aforesaid fires clean down into the tailin's." So there we sat, thinking better of each other and all creation. The fires of animosity went out with a sputter and we talked large and fine. I don't care; I like to once in a while. I don't travel on stilts much, yet it does a man good to play pretty now and then; besides, you can say things in the Spanish that are all right, but would sound simple-minded in English. English is the tongue to yank a beef critter out of an alkali hole with, but give me Spanish when I want to feel dressed up.

We passed compliments to each other and waved our hands, bowing and smiling. In the evening we had music by the pipes. I can't say I'd confine myself to that style of sweet sounds if I had a free choice; still, Colin H. Grunt got something kind of wild and blood-stirrin' out of that windbag that was perfectly astonishin', when you took thought of how it really did sound. And — I sung. Well, there was only the two of us, and if I stood for the bagpipes it was a cinch he could stand my cayoddlin'.

Three days I passed there in peace and quiet. I hadn't anything on hand to do; the more I saw of my new pardner the better I liked his style, and here was my gorgeous opportunity to make connections with the art of knitting that might be useful any amount, once I come to settle down.

It was a handsome little place. The cabin was built of rocks. She perched on the hillside, with three gnarly trees shadin' it and a big shute of red rock jumping up behind it. Colin had a flower garden about a a foot square in front, that he tended very careful, lugging water from the creek to keep it growing. Climbing roses covered one wall, and, honest, it cuddled there so cunnin' and comfortable, it reminded me of home. Think of that bare-legged, pock-marked, sock-knittin' disparagement of the human race havin' the good feelin' to make him a house like this! It knocked me then, because, as I have explained, I was young. I have since learned that the length of a jack-rabbit's ears is no sure indication of how far he can jump.

We spent three days in this pleasant life, knocking around the country in the daytime, chinnin' and smokin' under some rock and discussin' things in general, and at night we made music, played checkers, and talked some more. During this time his history come out. Naturally, I was anxious to know how in creation such a proposition landed in the Bill Williams Mountains. It happened like this:

Colin came from an island in Scotland where, I judged, the folks never heard of George Washington.

His chief had the travel habit, and Colin went along to bagpipe.

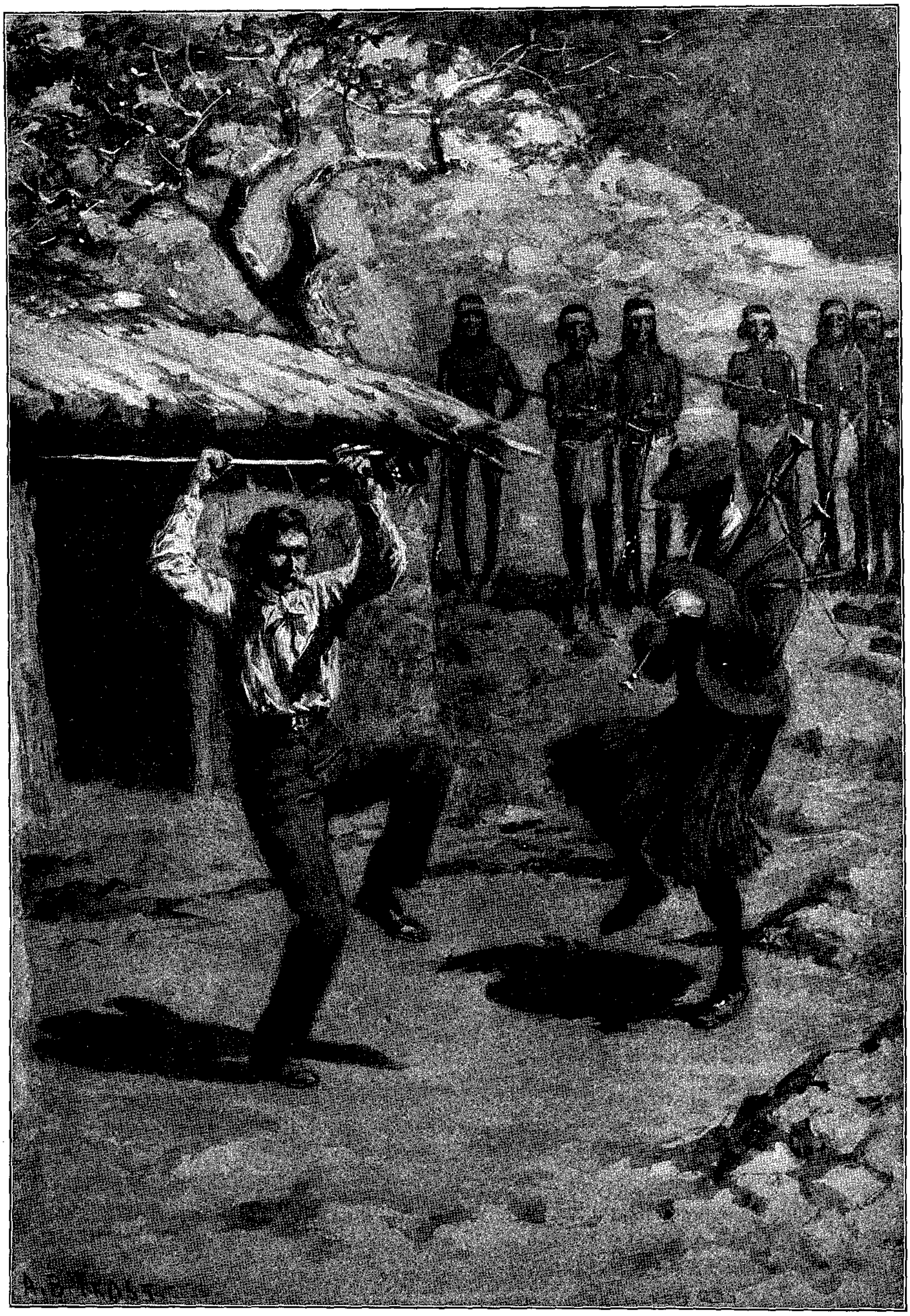
He'd followed his chief to France and then to Mexico, where the band of Scotties tried to help Maximilian help himself to Uncle Porfirio Diaz's empire. There was a row, and the son and heir of the house of Grunts was killed, old Colin Hiccup fightin' over his body like a red-headed lion in short skirts.

It was at night he told me about it, and at this point he got excited. He pulled his old sword down from the wall and showed me how everything occurred. It was as close a call as I can recollect. I'd rather meet an ordinary man bilious with trouble than have a friend like Colin tell me exciting stories with a sword. There were times when you couldn't have got a cigarette paper between me and that four-foot weapon. I was playing the villains, you understand.

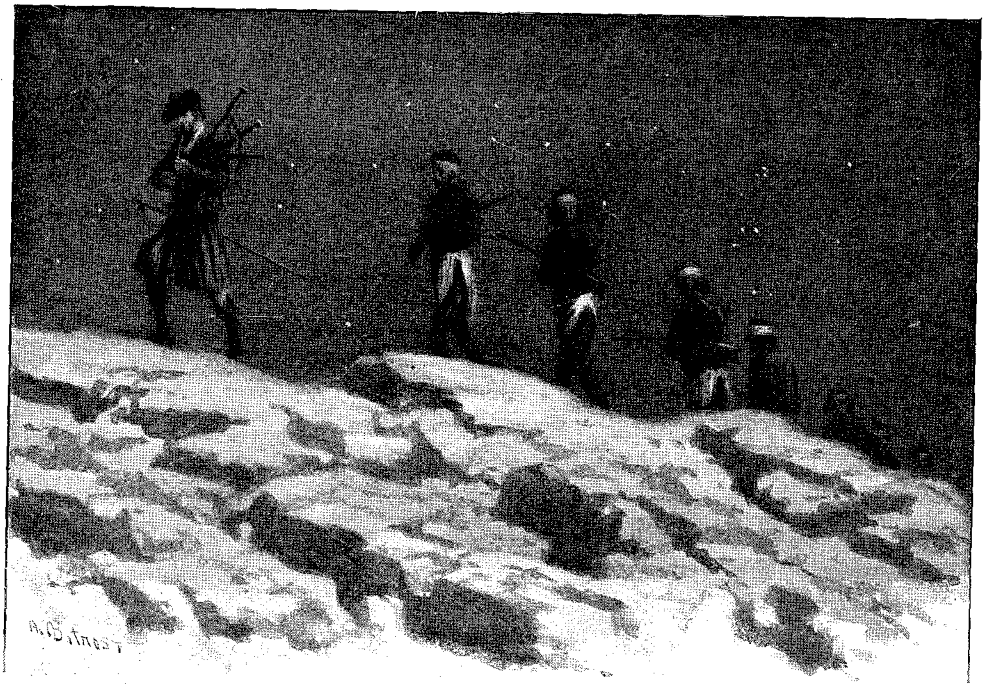
Well, the Maximilian game was up, and when Colin got well (some lad with no sporting blood had shot him in the head) he slid over to the United States and resumed sheep herding, knitting, and bagpiping allee samee old country. I suspect the boss of the ranch hired Mr. Grunt more because he liked the old boy's style than for any other reason, inasmuch as he didn't have more'n a hundred sheep in the bunch; besides, what with getting shot in the head and grieving for his chief and one thing and another, Colin was a *little* damaged in the cupola — not but what he was as sensible as I could understand most of the time — but — well, kind of sideways about things; like not learning English and keeping on dressing in knee skirts and such.

What troubled him the most was that no such thing as a clan could be found. I explained to him as best I could that as us Americans represented Europe, Asia, and Africa in varyin' proportions, it was a little difficult to get up a stout clan feeling — local issues would come in.

Yes, he said he understood that, but it was a great pity, and on the fourth night I was there he got so horrible melancholy over it that it was dreadful to see. I didn't know how to cheer him up exactly, until we'd



"'Oh, they won't do a thing to us, thing to us, thing to us!' sings I to myself, hoppin' around so gleefully, keepin' tune to the bagpipes. 'Whoop her up, Colin!' I hollers. 'On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!'"



" *before my eyes marched off Colin Hiccup Grunt, Great Peace Chief of the Yumas* "

had two — perhaps three — drops together. Then an inspiration hit me in the top of the head.

"Come along outside with the night-cracker," says I. "I'll take the sword and we'll have one of those dances you've told me about."

He brightened up at that, and after a few more drops consented. I felt right merry by this time, and it wasn't long before old Colin limbered considerable. There it was, nice bright moonlight, nobody around to pass remarks; nothing to trouble. So bimeby we pasted her hide, wide and fantastic, with the bagpipes screechin' like a tom-cat fight in a cellar. I was tickled to death lookin' at our shadows flyin' around — one of the times I was easily pleased; I must say I enjoyed the can-can.

And then, alas! All my joy departed and went away, for when my eye happened to slide behind me, it fell on a Tonto brave — a full-sized Tonto-Yuma brave, that ought to be seen at Camp Grant, dressed in a pocket handkerchief, a pair of moccasins, and a large rifle.

"By-by, my honey, I'm gone!" I sings to myself — never missin' a step, however, for to let that Injun know I was on to him would be a sign of bad luck. I wiggled around kind of careless to see if there was any more of him. There was. Nine more. Here was Saunders Colorado and Colin Hiccup Grunt, fortified by — say six, drops of Scotch whisky, a Scotch sword and a Scotch bagpipe, up against ten Tontos armed with rifles. I would have traded my life interest in this world for an imitation dead yaller dog. "Oh, they won't do a thing to us, thing to us, thing to us!" sings I to myself, hoppin' around *so* gleefully, keepin' tune to the bagpipes. "Whoop her up, Colin!" I hollers. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!" That was in my school reader, so it ought to be true. My joy was unconfined all right enough — she'd flew the coop long since.

At that Colin really turned himself loose. He'd warmed to the occasion and climbed into the spirit of the thing. His eyes was shut and he was leaping five foot in the air at a pass, wagglin' his head from side to side. And as for them bagpipes, he simply blew the mangled remains of all the sounds since the flood out of the big end — he took silence by her hind leg and flapped her into rags.

I pranced like a colt, wonderin' why we didn't get shot or something. At last I couldn't stand feeling all them hard-coal eyes behind me — might just as well draw four cards to a flush and borrow a stack off the dealer — so I whirls around just as if I'd simply waited my time, and capered down that line of Injuns, wavin' the sword over their heads, looking far away, and smilin' the easy grin of the gentleman who pets the tiger in the circus parade.

"Oh, Colin!" I chants, as if it was part of a war-song; "understand English for once in your life and keep that squealer yelpin' or these ham-colored sons of Satan will play a tune on us — give it to 'em, Colin, my b-o-o-y — let the good work go ah-ah-ah-ah-on!"

I reckon he made me out, for, after one astonished blat (I supposed when he opened his eyes), the old bagpipes went on whining same as before.

I made two trips up and down the line, then flung the sword up in the air and yelled: "Bastante!"

Come silence, like a fainting fit — the thickest, muckiest silence I ever heard.

"Your house, amigos," I says. "In what way may we serve you?" I had an idea of what way they would serve *us* — fried, likely, with a dish of greens on the side — but I thought I'd get in my crack first.

It was weary waiting to see what kind of play the bucks was going to make. They had the immortal on us, and what they said went.

At last the oldest man in the party stepped out. I guess the Yankee got his love for Fourth of July gas-displays from the Injuns, for there's nothin' that those simple-hearted children of nature love better than chawing air.

"Amigos," says the old buck. "Mira. We are not Gilas; we are not Mescaleros; we are not Copper-miners; neither Jicarillas, Coyoteros, nor Llaneros." All this very slow and solemn. Very interesting, no doubt; but a *little* long to a man waiting to see whether he's about to jump the game or not. "No," thinks I; "nor you ain't town-pumps nor snow-plows nor real-estate agents — hook yourself up, for Heaven's sake, and let go on your family history."

"No," says he, shaking his head. "Nada, I am Yuma — they are Yuma."

"I sincerely hope so," thinks I. "And I wish you'd let us in on the joke. I'm dyin' for lack of a laugh this minute."

"Si, señores," says he. "We are not Apaches; and we are not now for war. Before, yes. Now we are peaceful. But the white man has put us on reservation at Camp Grant, and there bad white men bother us. We are all braves; we do not wish to be bothered. So we shoot those white men for the sake of peace, and then we come away. We come here last moon. We see this man," pointing to Colin Hiccup. "At first my young men wish to shoot at him, to see him hop, but I say 'no' — we are peaceful; besides, he is a strange white man. I think he is a great chief and comes here to make medicine. Do you not see how small is the rebaño and how large the man? And how he dresses like a woman? And there we hear the music he makes. Then I know he is great medicine. It is beautiful music he makes to the Great Spirit. It makes our hearts good. We wait; see you come. See two big medicine men fight, then be friend again. Know, by the hair, both same medicine. To-night sounds the music more and more. We come and see dance. We have council. All say, when dance is over, we ask white man to be chief. Just one chief — two chiefs, like calf with two heads, no good. You choose. We have no chief since Mangas Colorado. He make fight. Fight hard but no good. Now we are for peace. I say it."

He threw down his rifle and waited. The other braves dropped their guns, crash!

"We will talk," says I, drawing myself up tall.

"Buen," says he, and Colin and me withdrew.

"Now, my Scotch friend," says I, when we got out of hearin', "we are up against it, bang! It's all right for them Injuns to talk of how peaceful they are, but I'll bet you there ain't a bigot among 'em. If we don't slide down their gutter, they'll do us harm. How're we to decide who puts his neck in the lion's mouth?"

But old Colin wasn't listening to me. "They'll make me chief," says he. "I'm tired of herding sheep." His little gray eyes was shining.

"Well, you knock me every time," says I. "Do you mean you want to trot with them?"

"They stick together — they have a clan."

I got some excited. "Here, now," I says; "this lets me out of a good deal of trouble to have you take it this way, but all the same as I've drunk your whisky and ate your bread, I'll stand at your back till your belt caves in. You pass this idea up — it's dangerous — and I'll make you a foolish proposition; you take the bagpipes and I'll take the sword and we will pass away to lively music. Darn my skin if I'll see a friend turned over to those tarriers and sit still."

"Heugh!" says he. "What's a man but a man? As safe with them as anywhere—and what do I care about safe? What's left me, anyhow? Will you watch the sheep till they send from the ranch?"

"Why, yes," says I. "But——"

He waved his hand and walked towards the Injuns. "Voy," says he.

"Hungh!" says they. "Bueno."

I laid my hand on his shoulder for one more try. Every brave picked up his gun and beaded me.

"Drop the guns!" says Colin Hiccup Grunt. And down went the guns. You'd be surprised at his tone of voice; it meant, as plain as you could put it in words, "We will now put down the guns." Oh, yes, it meant it entirely. And he looked a foot taller. The change had done him good.

"Well," thinks I; "my boys, I reckon you've got your chief, and as there ain't another peek of light out of this business, I shelve my kick."

"Where is the señor's horse?" asks Colin.

"In the hills," says the Injun, before he thought.

"Bring it," says Colin.

"Ha!" says all the Injuns, and they sent a man for my mustang. That quick guess surprised the whole lot of us.

We went together to the cabin, to get his belongings and to cache the whisky. If it come into our friends' heads to rummage we might have a poor evening of it.

"Leave me that sock as a momentum," says I.

"'Tain't finished," says he.

"Never mind. I want it to put under my pillow to dream on," and I have it yet.

One half-hour after that, I sat in the doorway, scratching my head and thinkin'; whilest before my eyes marched off Colin Hiccup Grunt, Great Peace Chief of the Yumas, bare-legged and red-headed, with his wool hat on one side and his bagpipes squealin', at the head of his company. You won't see such a sight often, so I watched 'em out of eyeshot.

It chanced I was asleep inside when the rider came from the ranch, so when I stuck my head out to answer his hail, "Why," says he, "how you've changed!" He was surprised, that man.

"You ain't done nothing to old Scotty?" says he, looking cross.

"No," says I. "Hold your hand. He's gone off and joined the Injuns."

Then I up and told him the story.

"Hungh!" says he. "Well, that's just like him!"

TUBERCULOSIS: THE REAL RACE SUICIDE

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "THE STATE OF KENTUCKY VS. CALEB POWERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIRGIL P. RANDALL AND OTHERS

TUBERCULOSIS is to-day the scourge of the world. It causes more deaths, more suffering and sorrow, and a greater economic loss, than any agency within the whole range of human affliction. This nation, thanks to its vast open spaces, suffers less than many others; yet of the 75,000,000 living Americans, 8,000,000 at least must inevitably die from this cause; some authorities put the estimate as high as 10,000,000. These lives might have been saved. For tuberculosis is not, as was believed a few years ago, a mysterious and inevitable fate. Modern science has shown us that the environment which man makes for himself, the habit of life which he practises, determine his liability to the disease. The tribute in lives and misery which it levies upon any community is the tax upon that community's collective ignorance, prejudice, and greed. The wages of these is death, and tuberculosis is the coin in which it is paid. It is the real race suicide.

At the outset I shall ask you to accept a few broad statements, without the citation of detailed statistics or the backing of technical authorities, which can be had, respectively, from your local or state board of health and your family physician. First, that tuberculosis is the chief cause of death throughout the world; second, that it is the greatest of all drains on a nation's resources, since it disables from one-quarter to one-third of the population at the productive age (between 15 and 45); third, that the one serious source of infection is from man to man by the sputum expectorated or coughed up; fourth, that although communicable in this way it is not, in the ordinary sense, contagious — therefore the careful and intelligent consumptive is never a public peril; and, finally, that it is often curable, almost invariably susceptible of alleviation, and always preventable.

An infinitesimal mushroom growth, known as Koch's bacillus, causes tuberculosis. This germ, whose rightful work in the universal scheme is the breaking down of organic into inorganic matter, finds lodgment in a human body and, multiplying with enormous rapidity, destroys the tissues. Its commonest manifestation is in the lungs; and, unless the blood's army of defense kills the invaders, consumption results. Many other parts of the body are attacked also — the skin, the bones, the intestines, the brain, the eye, etc.; but pulmonary phthisis, or consumption, makes up ninety per cent of tuberculous cases. The average consumptive coughs out, it is estimated, about seven billion of the bacilli in a day, and these spread the infection. Sunlight quickly kills the minute destroyers; fresh air and cold are unfavorable to their development. Under agreeable conditions of darkness and foulness they retain their virulence for several months, and in some instances as long as two years. They are practically ubiquitous, and were it not for the natural resisting power of the human organism they would depopulate the earth in a few years. But science is slowly making progress against them; there is less tuberculosis in the world than there was twenty-five years ago; in this country, considerably less. Eventually, physicians hope, there will be none; and they do not expect to wait until the millennium to see this result.

Almost every civilized nation in the world, from Turkey to the little Central American republics, now has its organizations for the study and control of tuberculosis. Philadelphia began this world crusade in 1892. Through the efforts of Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, now head of the admirable Phipps Institute for Consumptives, there was formed the first organization to combat tuberculosis, antedating by several months the Paris society. New York, Chicago, Boston, and other cities followed; and state organizations soon came into existence, until to-day there is no city in the country where the situation is not being studied either by a local or state Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. All these, of course, are private enterprises, supported by private funds, and quite independent of the official boards of health. In one of his municipal articles, Mr. Steffens comments upon the matter-of-fact cheerfulness with which the American citizen accepts the failure of public officials to do what they are paid to do — and does it himself. I know of no instance more typical than the tuberculosis campaign. As a rule, the health departments do not even attempt to handle the situation. There are notable exceptions, as in New York, where the work of Dr. Herman M. Biggs has attracted the admiration of the entire medical world, and has reduced the death-rate from consumption by more than forty per cent in fifteen years; and Boston, where the head of the board of health, Dr. Samuel H. Durgin, working in common with the local society, has contrived an efficient system of information and disinfecting measures to which may be credited a reduction of fifty per cent in the mortality from tuberculosis in the last seventeen years. A number of the state boards are efficient, those of Maryland and Minnesota, for instance; and in Ohio and Indiana, where the public measures are ridiculous in their inadequacy, the officials are doing valuable work as leaders in the unofficial anti-tuberculosis organizations. But, in general, it is to the public-spirited citizen and not to the public-supported office-holder that we must look for leadership.

The immediate problem in the fight is the disposition of the helpless consumptive. Both on humanitarian grounds, for the pathos of his situation is without parallel, and in the interests of public safety, for he is necessarily a radiating influence of infection, he should be placed in proper sanitarium surroundings. This country is almost without them. A London museum exhibits a huge bed in which, some two hundred years ago, the city maintained twenty-odd pauper patients suffering from smallpox, typhus, erysipelas, measles, diphtheria, and any other diseases that might happen to come in, the sufferers being packed in like sardines. The hospital conditions thus shockingly typified are different in degree rather than in kind from our twentieth century methods in tuberculosis. Such is our appalling lack of any proper accommodations, that we must either dump the vast majority of our consumptive poor into the contagious wards of our hospitals, send them to the pest-houses, commit them to the almshouses, or — this is the common and approved method — let them die in their dark tenements or their wretched dwellings. New York City has beds for about one thousand consumptives; there are 40,000 consumptives in the metropolis. Of these, 15,000 are too poor to pay for sanitarium or hospital treatment. They are going to die, "not because they are incurable, but because there is no place to cure them," as Dr. S. A. Knopf, of New York, an authority of world-wide reputation, puts it. Cincinnati and Baltimore have tuberculosis hospitals which can accommodate a small percentage of applicants. Chicago has no place for the consumptive poor, except the contagious disease hospital at the poorhouse. The same is true of Boston, where even the almshouse is available only by disregard of the law. Buffalo, too, must practically make paupers of its consumptives before it can care for them at the public expense. San Francisco has no provision; neither have Kansas City, St. Louis, New Orleans, Louisville, Charleston, and Cleveland; Philadelphia, the source of the crusade, has five wards in the almshouse hospital, and that is all. A few cities, of which Rochester, New York, and Scranton, Pennsylvania, are types, have semi-public sanitaria which take in helpless victims of the scourge, but these are not strictly municipal organizations; private charity must bolster public responsibility. I believe I can say safely that, barring New York, Cincinnati, and Baltimore, no city in the country has public institutions available for consumptives which will accommodate one in twenty of its citizens actually perishing for lack of the simplest treatment; and that no state has institutions which can house one in fifty. If ever a national condition appealed for the wise use of great sums of money, it is this; and, great as the sums are, they would be far more than saved to the country in the long run. Three hundred million dollars devoted to building sanitaria in various parts of the country would provide a start. This sounds like an extravagant proposition until one considers the estimate of the experts that the yearly economic loss to the nation through tuberculosis is $330,000,000. Dr. Knopf, in 1900, figuring on the cost to the state of proper sanitarium care in the case of 10,000 helpless consumptives, estimated it as $2,960,000. This would provide for the cure of 6,000 and the maintenance of the other 4,000 until their death. Without such provision, all of the 10,000 would die; and to let them die would cost the state, in general hospital and poorhouse expense, more than $4,000,000. This is exclusive of the maintenance of the dependent families thus thrown upon the commonwealth for support.

Valuable institutions there are, which to some extent take the place of special hospitals and sanitaria. In Boston the local society, coöperating with the Visiting Nurses' Association and the diet kitchens, provides nurses, medical attendance, and food for needy consumptives. New York has a system of tuberculosis dispensaries where the work is followed out by night classes of instruction for patients, teaching them how to care for themselves and to prevent the spread of infection. Chicago's Tuberculosis Committee, working with the Visiting Nurses' Association, is making a map of all infected houses in the city — a work of tremendous detail. It maintains special dispensaries and visiting physicians, and provides care and medicine free in cases of necessity. Baltimore also has a visiting nurse and medical treatment plan. In Philadelphia the Phipps Institute is constantly full, and always with a waiting-list of three times its capacity. This pioneer association raises funds to send consumptives to the country and to provide medical aid and nursing. But all these institutions, worthy as they are, are but makeshifts. What eventually must be done is for each state to provide adequate places of refuge for its "white-plague" victims. Until this shall be accomplished our boasted twentieth century civilization will, in this one respect, inevitably challenge comparison with the dark ages.

In the campaign of prevention the first requisite is knowledge of conditions. We must know, in order to fight the enemy, what the disposition of his forces is; in other words, the anti-tuberculosis workers must be informed as to the influences and centers of infection. A method was devised by the government of Naples in 1782, which has never been improved upon — the law requiring physicians to report every case of tuberculosis in their knowledge to the authorities, with a fine of 300 ducats for the first omission to report, and a penalty of ten years' banishment for the second offense. If such a law were enforced here, a large percentage of our doctors would be in Canada. Our American municipalities are not yet, for the most part, up to the Neapolitan eighteenth century standard of enlightenment. In very few places is registration of tuberculosis enforced. The fault lies with the medical profession. Jealous of the special privileges which have for so long been enjoyed by physicians, they have fought this progress with all the blind bitterness of prejudice; and their prejudice has been, and still is, one of the potent allies of the disease. In Philadelphia a compulsory notification bill was presented to the Board of Health twelve years ago, with every prospect of adoption, when a delegation from the University of Pennsylvania's Medical College — which prides itself upon its progressiveness — appeared at the meeting and overawed the board, by weight of authority, into rejecting it. Chicago has no compulsory tuberculosis registration law; even in fatal cases the returns are very inadequate. A considerable part of the medical fraternity in this city exhibits a somewhat startling independence of legal restrictions. So untrustworthy are the reports of these physicians, not only in tuberculosis but in deaths from actively contagious diseases, such as smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., that the Board of Health has been obliged, in defense of the public welfare, to organize the undertakers and obtain from them true information of the cause of death. And it is on the undertaker's, not on the physician's returns, that the authorities rely. St. Louis has a requirement that consumption be reported, but nobody pays any attention to it. In Louisville the physicians report or not, according as they feel, although the law does not give them the option. In these two cities I have heard the same defense of medical lawlessness: "We aren't paid for reporting cases; why should we be required to work for nothing?" Baltimore passed a law ten years ago, but (I quote from a prominent physician) "the attempt to enforce it resulted in such widespread concealment of cases and deliberate falsification of death certificates that it proved useless." Washington, Kansas City, and New Orleans have no legislation on this subject; the authorities in the last-named city frankly oppose measures looking to this end.

No city in Ohio has any records of tuberculosis of the slightest value. Even the mortality files are untrustworthy. I know of one prominent Cincinnati physician who candidly admits that he has never signed a death certificate from tuberculosis; his patients die, more elegantly, of "bronchitis." Boston has a compulsory registration law and enforces it with pretty good success; but New York leads in this respect, because the board of health is insistent, and the physician who is found out in a case of failure to report gets an unpleasant reminder in the form of a request for his reasons, if any. Dr. Biggs estimates that ninety per cent of the cases of consumption in New York are reported. The remaining ten per cent are among the very rich, whose doctors are willing to risk not reporting them, and the very poor, who don't have doctors. But New York did not get its effective law without a hard fight against the upholders of the "profession's privileges." Every prominent medical society in the city and county combated it, but without avail.* In spite of such opposition the sentiment in favor of compulsory registration is growing; new cities are adopting this measure every year, and we may fairly hope that before many years there will be a complete tuberculosis record of the country, showing every infected house.

Tuberculosis is a house infection. We don't pick it up on the street as we may pneumonia or smallpox; we never inherit it; seldom is it contracted from diseased milk or meat. Occasional contact with a consumptive endangers no one; the disease is not contagious in that sense. But every house in which an ignorant or careless consumptive has lived and coughed up the deadly bacilli; every close and foul-aired work-room in which he has labored, becomes a peril to those who live or work with him or follow after him.

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* From the foregoing it might appear that the universal anti-tuberculosis movement had been undertaken and carried on by laymen. This is not true. The prime movers in the crusade have all been physicians, as have been the chief obstructors, with an occasional accession from the ranks of legislators. Throughout the length and breadth of the country men like Flick of Philadelphia, Otis and Bowditch of Boston, Knopf and Trudeau of New York, Klebs and W. A. Evans of Chicago, Osler and Fulton of Baltimore, Lyle of Cincinnati, Hurty of Indianapolis, Bridge of Los Angeles, Probst of Columbus, and scores of other unselfish workers, backed up by the best sentiment of the profession and often invaluably aided by University Settlement and other sociological institutions, have established the movement despite the indifference or active opposition of the great body of their fellows.

Down on the East Side of New York stands a poisoned tenement. It was built twenty-seven years ago. So dark are its hallways that, on a mid-summer noon, the stranger must grope his way. Strong of stomach need he be to go far in that foul air. There are seventy rooms in the house. Fifty-six of them have no access to the outer air. Some of these fifty-six open on an "air-shaft" three feet wide, twenty-seven feet long, and originally seventy feet deep. Two feet may be subtracted from the depth for the accumulated filth at the bottom of the shaft. These rooms are little more than windowless boxes inside. The tenement is called "home" by nearly one hundred and fifty people. They pay the owner a profit of twenty-five per cent on his investment for the privilege of becoming consumptives.

They die fast in this tenement. The second floor middle apartment (the middle ones are the worst) has had five families of tenants in the last four years. Of the first family, three members moved, one died. Of the second, two out of seven were carried out to the morgue. The third family stayed only six months, because the death of the father sent the rest to charity. None of the fourth family died in the tenement, but two out of six went to the hospital, one of whom is since dead. The fifth family are now living, eight strong, in three rooms. At least one of them and probably two have begun to succumb to the poison.

On the third floor is an apartment which has a record of six funerals in five years, all consumptives. On the fourth and fifth floors are apartments with records of three deaths each in that period. In the entire building is but one apartment which has not contributed in recent years its quota to the white plague — the ground floor front, occupied for six years by a fresh-air-loving, cleanly German couple. They reduce the average, but not enough to bring it below *eight times the normal death-rate from tuberculosis for the entire city.* And it is worthy of note that the owner of this barrack joined the general movement of tenement owners last spring and raised his rentals.

In Southern Indiana, on the outskirts of a small city, stands a haunted house. It was built in 1830. One of the children of the original occupants became consumptive. The family moved away in 1846, taking the patient with them, and the family of Mr. C—— moved in. The C——s were from Western New York, a strong, sturdy stock, hardly knowing what sickness was. Slowly, very slowly — for the tuberculosis specter is a patient wraith — they died, two sons, two daughters, father and mother. One son escaped alive, but hopeless. It took thirty-three years to wipe out that family. In 1880 the N——s moved into the house. There was no previous record of serious illness in their annals, but it would seem that they were softer grained than their predecessors, for in seven years the spirit of the house had claimed seven of them, leaving four survivors, of whom two are already marked for death. The house is now vacant — the neighbors say it is unlucky.

If the poisonous East Side tenement and the disease-haunted Indiana house were rare exceptions they would be of little importance. They are not exceptions; they are types. The tenement is one of many hundreds in New York City alone; it has its twin brothers in Boston and Pittsburg, and its cousins of varying degree in Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and even in the lesser cities, such as Albany, Hartford, and Yonkers. The country house has its duplicates by the thousands in every part of these United States where ignorance leads people to live in tight-closed rooms; for all the good air and sunlight in the world will not save the man who at night fills his lungs with the tainted atmosphere of a close sleeping apartment. Between the overcrowded city flat and the germ-fostering closed bedroom of the country house there is little to choose, despite the prevalent belief that consumption is a disease of the cities; and I doubt whether the worst rookery that fell when the plague-spot of New York's Gotham Court was wiped out could show any such percentage of mortality as that plain little farm-house, surrounded by shrubbery and blown upon by the cleansing winds of the Indiana hills. Even the mountains are no safeguard. In parts of the Blue Ridge the death-rate from consumption is worse than in the slums of most cities. Not latitude or longitude; not city or country surroundings; not elevation; not climate — but immediate environment and mode of living determine the individual's fate.

In the case of the cleanly German couple who have survived the influences of the poisoned tenement, lies the lesson for any to read. Cleanliness is disinfection, and disinfection is the solution of the problem. Herein it is, again, that our hired men, the health officials, so lamentably fall short. Nine times out of ten when a consumptive dies or moves he leaves behind him a legacy of death. The tenth case is where his physician has been intelligent and conscientious enough to teach him and his family the hygienic principles of destroying his sputum, whereby others are safeguarded. But in any case the authorities should no more permit new tenants to move into an apartment which is presumably infected by the former occupancy of a consumptive than they should allow the inhabiting of a building which is obviously on the verge of collapse, or the entrance of an audience into a theater without fire escapes. This is why compulsory registration is so important; also why disinfection should always follow the death or removal of the patient. But, excepting for a few cities, the processes of disinfection are almost as inadequate as the accommodations for tuberculosis sufferers. New York, in spite of its enormous tenement breeding-grounds for bacilli, probably slays more tuberculosis germs in proportion to its population than any other American city. Boston has a prompt and effective service, largely because the forces of its health department are almost autocratic; it is a disheartening commentary, by the way, that only in those cities where the health laws are so sweeping as to be dangerous to the principle of liberty (New York and Boston) does one find any approach to efficiency. Philadelphia does the best it can, considering that it has no registration of cases.

For the type of all that is most inefficient and negligent we must come back to Chicago; Chicago, which, in the pride of its civic virtue, stands as the most public-spirited of our great cities. As I have said, there is no compulsory registration law for tuberculosis in Chicago; consequently, the authorities know nothing of the foci of infection, excepting in the cases of death, when they get their more or less reliable reports from the physicians and their usually trustworthy information from the organized undertakers. On such information they send out to the physician a card of inquiry asking whether he considers disinfection of the premises desirable. By replying to this the doctor generally wastes his time — for that's the end of it. Of three physicians having a large slum practice, with whom I talked, not one could recall a single case of tuberculosis in which the health board had disinfected the premises. I did find, however, that the board undertook disinfection of some half a dozen cases per month in the entire city of Chicago. The fault lies not in the health department, which is conducted by two sanitarians of recognized ability and standing — Drs. Reynolds and Reilly — but back of it. Eleven men constitute their disinfecting force, far too few to handle the actively contagious diseases alone. They can't get more. The city won't spend money on health; so, despite its unusually healthful situation on Lake Michigan — in itself a natural disinfectant — the tuberculosis death-rate of Chicago is nearly twelve per cent. The municipality saves money and spends lives. In the face of this, Mayor Harrison's recent message notes approvingly that the city shows a smaller outlay per capita on its health department than any other large city in the country. This is as if a man should contemplate himself admiringly in a looking-glass and say: "I'll bet I buy less soap than any fellow in town!" The City Hall is what one might expect from the Mayor's boast. It feels like a cave, smells like a cellar, and presents to the visitor's eye, in its passageways, an underfoot prospect of uncleanliness comparable only to a slum bar-room floor at midnight. I would like to know the death-rate from tuberculosis among the employees there; but of course it is not ascertainable. With minor variations (I don't suppose there is another City Hall in the world so bad), Chicago's case is that of Cincinnati, Kansas City, Jersey City, New Orleans, Fall River, Buffalo, Charleston, Indianapolis, and a score of others. One more instance: the State of Indiana. There is a state law providing for compulsory disinfection; but public sentiment, *led by medical sentiment*, is against it. It is a dead letter.

The processes of disinfection are simple, sure, safe, brief, nondestructive of property, and comparatively inexpensive. When the authorities shall undertake them intelligently and fearlessly, thousands of lives and millions of dollars will be saved to the nation annually.

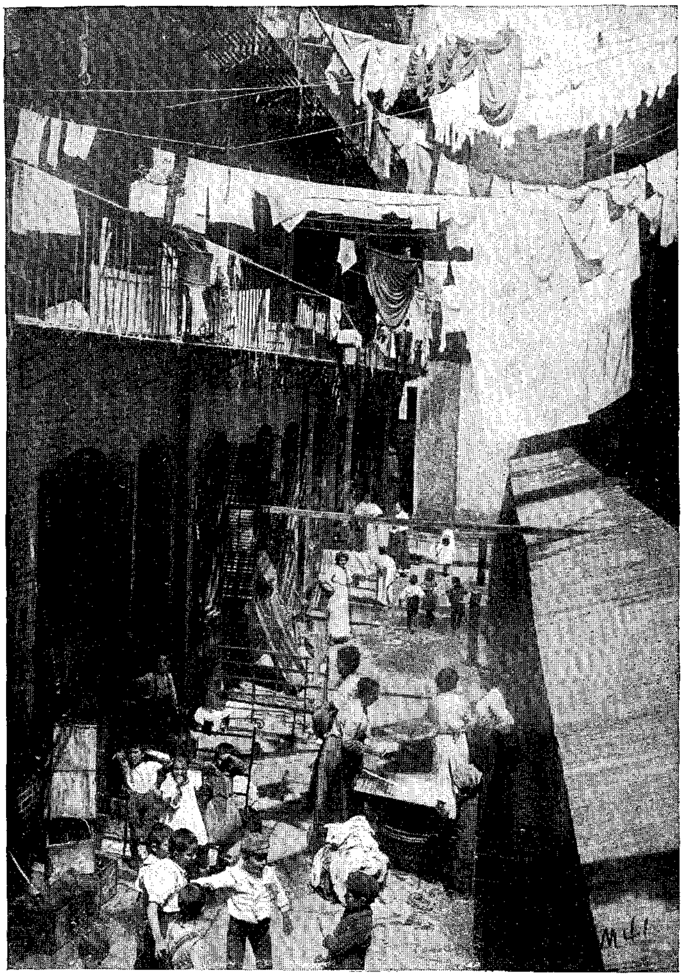
A few perils of infection exist outside of dwellings and buildings. One of these is in street-sweeping which, by stirring up the dust, may carry into buildings bacilli not yet destroyed by sunlight. New York, which is so proud of its Department of Street Cleaning, affords an example, since the sweeping is done dry, instead of after the effective safeguard of wetting down the streets. And the death-rate from tuberculosis among New York street-cleaners is abnormally high, whereas it should normally be low, since theirs is an open-air occupation. So great a proportion of the men who have been five years or longer in the service has become infected that the department authorities have been obliged to inaugurate a system for their care and cure. Berlin's sweeping corps has the lowest tuberculosis rate of any class of workmen. The difference between Berlin and New York is that the German city, instead of stirring up germ-laden dust, cleans its thoroughfares after sprinkling.

"Without better housing of the poor, the tuberculosis problem will never be solved," writes Dr. Knopf in his International Prize Essay.

In every city the principal centers of tuberculosis, as well as the high general death-rates, are found in the slums. Three-fourths of New York's consumptives are tenement dwellers, and not a little of the remaining infection is spread by sweat-shop clothing sent out by them. In Baltimore overcrowding and tuberculosis run parallel. Dr. Lyle, of Cincinnati, has made a tuberculosis record by marking a dot on the detail map of the city for every house whence a consumptive patient is brought to the hospital. The dots outline, geographically, the hillsides and the river districts where stand the poorer class of tenements, lodging-houses, and old dwellings. Boston ascribes two-thirds of its rate to the tenements, and Philadelphia's consumption follows the course of the filthy open sewers which constitute universal germ-cultures in its slum districts. Chicago's crowded ghetto, despite the supposed racial immunity of the Jews, is a center of infection. In all these places and in many others the owners of the bad tenements, both by maintaining evil conditions and by opposing or disregarding the tenement laws, are the responsible allies of the "Great White Plague."

Who are these allies? Let us take up New York City first. Going back a few years we find, as the most active and successful enemy of tenement reform, a great sectarian body — the Trinity Church Corporation. In defense of this corporation it is claimed that there has been a change in its policy, and that its tenement property is now in decent condition and reputably administered. This may be true in general; in certain cases it is not. Whatever the present conditions may be, within ten years the old board was the leader of the fight in behalf of "the sacred rights of property" against sanitary reform, and the evil that it did lives after it in influence and in encouragement to the (non-religious) bodies which are now carrying on the war. The Trinity Church Corporation (it has always insisted on being regarded as distinct from Trinity Church, of which it is the week-day manifestation and "wicked partner") possessed whole rows of tenements, mostly in the lower West Side, in which the sanitary and moral conditions were about on a par, as is so generally the case. Not only were the death-rate and tuberculosis rate very high, but some of the worst saloons in the district were maintained there, and there were conducted also houses of ill-fame which radiated moral and physical contagion. In the course of time public opinion was aroused against the corporation—not that its tenements were worse than the worst, but because of its church connections — and appeal was made to the law. With all the force of its great wealth, its religious authority, and its tremendous social prestige, the body fought, and fought so valiantly that to-day the Trinity Church Corporation suits are stock citations in legal practice. Although finally compelled to a more decent standard, the corporation succeeded in obtaining decisions which have considerably crippled every subsequent attempt at tenement reform.

Up to the time of the corporation's partial defeat, many of the "best citizens" of New York held highly remunerative tenement property. But now this kind of ownership became disagreeable. Popular sentiment looked askance at "slum proprietors," and there was an extensive selling, until nearly all of the great estates had purged themselves of offense. The Astor family, however, which has always built on sanitary principles and maintained a standard far above the legal requirements, still holds much of its tenement property, to the

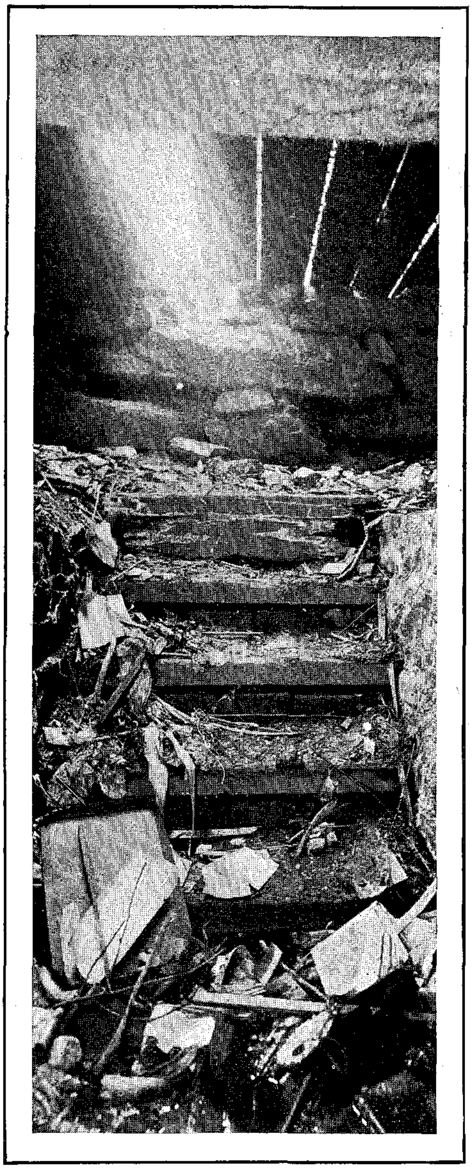


IN THE REAR OF A NEW YORK TENEMENT (OLD MODEL)

The wooden shed on the right represents the entire sanitary conveniences for a building five stories high

benefit of the city and with a fair return on its investments. The bulk of New York's bad rookeries are now held individually by persons who own a small equity, and often live in their own tenements. They are largely Germans, with some Jews and Italians, and they have banded together in the United Real Estate Owners' Association, which is in some respects the heir of the old Trinity Church Corporation. This body fights tenement reform and is a potent factor in legislation at Albany, its large membership enabling it to raise considerable sums of money as well as to control a large number of votes. The Tenement Commission has often run afoul of it and found it a hard fighter; but it has a salutary respect for the Board of Health, with its sweeping powers and promptness in exercising them.

Another evil feature of the metropolitan tenement problem is the ownership by policemen who use their "pull" to keep nuisances on their premises from being reported, and to terrorize the tenants out of making complaints. Some of the lesser charities are factors in the increase of tuberculosis by maintaining evil conditions. The Salvation Army lodging-houses have not always been free of reproach for turning consumptives upon the city. An alleged "religious and charitable" organization on Bleecker Street has a "home" which is well represented in the



A SLUM CELLAR ENTRANCE

Here is filth and refuse enough to infect a whole community

tuberculosis records. It maintains a lodging room in which slept a short time ago thirty men, two of whom were consumptives. The floor was not scrubbed for four months. Many factories still turn out a large percentage of victims; but efficient health and tenement supervision is, on the whole, keeping the rate well down in New York.

Chicago's tenements are better in construction but worse in surroundings than those of New York. There is no great church ownership here, but there is a condition analogous to the Trinity Church Corporation situation. In an address published last year, Dr. Knopf wrote:

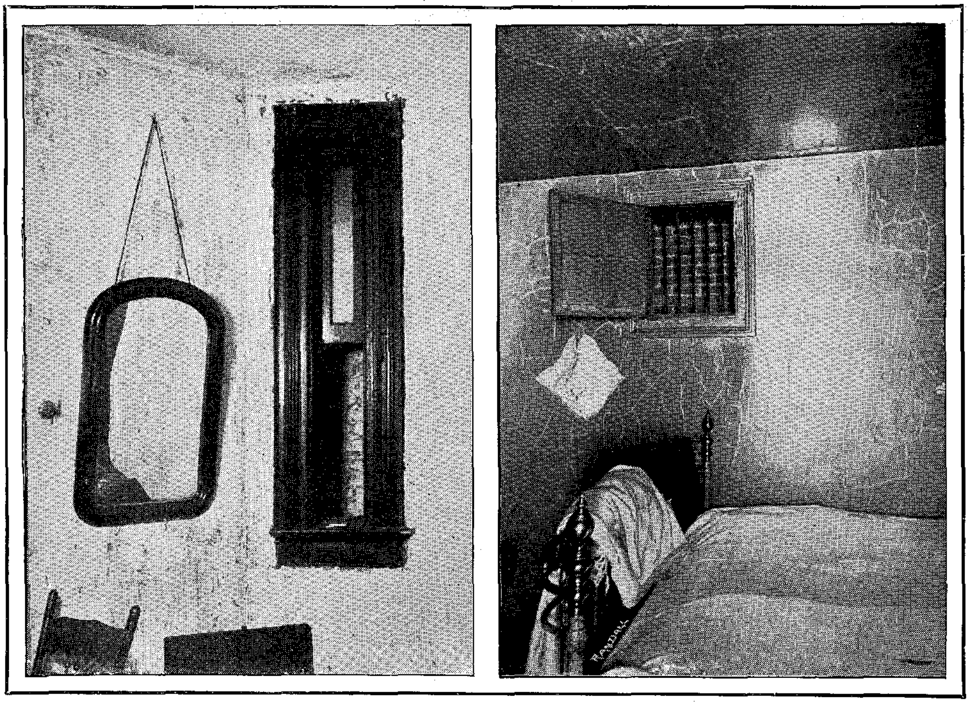
"Concerning the recent magnificent donation of Mr. Rockefeller of seven million dollars to search for a specific medicine to cure consumption, I could wish that the University representing the City of Chicago, which is the recipient of the gift, was allowed to use the greater portion of these millions for the purchase of the worst tenements in that city, and the erection of model houses for the laborer in their stead."

Well, the University of Chicago doesn't need to purchase foul tenements. It owns them now. Early in my investigations I came upon them. There are a number of them on Blue Island Avenue, Forquer Street, and other slum regions on the South Side. To the passer-by they are distinguishable by being a little more out of repair than their neighbors. A few are so bad that even the hardened tenement dwellers shun them, and in those teeming thoroughfares they stand silent and unpeopled. The average Chicago University tenement may not be the worst in the city, but it is sufficiently bad to furnish plenty of tuberculous subjects for the Rockefeller fund experiments. Nor is there bright prospect of improvement. For the University of Chicago operates its own tenements, and it is not what would be called a good agent. Its replies to repeated appeals for repairs and better sanitation constitute an interesting study in the science of evasion and non-commitment. Very possibly Mr. Rockefeller knows nothing of the tenement branch of Chicago University; but members of the faculty with whom I have talked know of it and are not proud of it.

In the stock-yard region of Chicago the principal owner of barracks is Tom Carey, chairman of the Democratic City Committee and of the Finance Committee of the City Council, which passes upon all city appropriations, including that of the Health Department. Any move which the Health Department might make to bring about improved conditions there, he has the "pull" to defeat. On the South Side, the tenements which are fairly comparable to the Chicago University property are largely owned by men with political affiliations; such as the Brennick property on Forquer Street, owned by the man who for years has had the Dead Animal Contract with the city; the unsanitary tenements on Desplaines Street, run by a brother of Charles Mamer, the Republican boss, and a dozen different pest-holes in the near vicinity of Hull House, paying rental to various minor officials at the City Hall. Many of the worst lodging-houses are owned by politicians of minor degree, against whom the Health Department seems impotent to proceed. Against a single row of this type in South Clark Street there is a record of one hundred and thirty-eight cases of consumption in four years, and the record probably contains only half of the actual cases. As in New York, the Salvation Army lodgings appear unfavorably in the hospital reports.

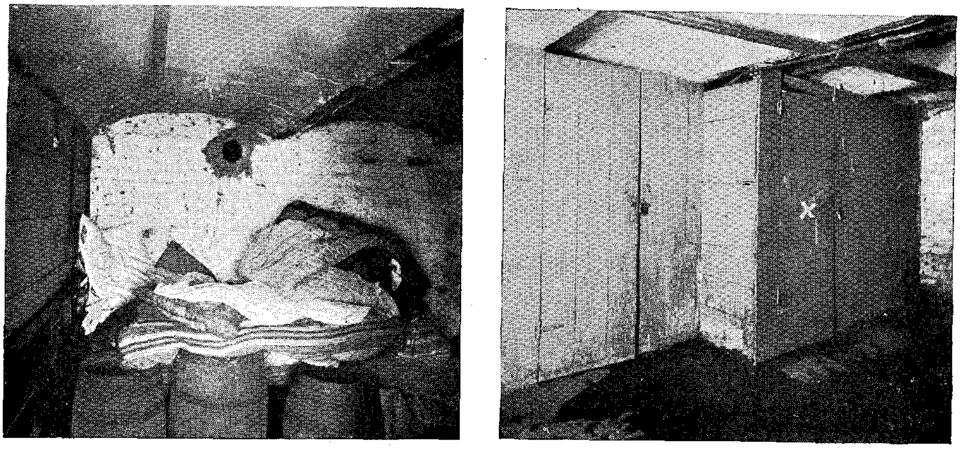
Philadelphia, Jersey City, Cleveland, and, to a slight degree, Boston are other cities where political pull is related to the consumption mortality; and Cincinnati has an instance so definite that it is worth individual mention. In one of its slum districts stands the Silver Moon, a "flop-house" (i.e., a house where the occupants are "flopped" out of their hanging bunks by letting down the ropes), in which a minor "boss" has an interest. Thus he controls part of the useful lodging-house vote. Hardly a week goes by without a tuberculous contribution from the place to the hospitals or the morgue. It represents about one per cent of the entire death-rate of the city. As the Health Board has practically no power, the Silver Moon and its like will continue to flourish indefinitely in Cincinnati.

Boston and Philadelphia are cursed with the curse of absentee landlordism, with this difference: that whereas the authorities in Philadelphia don't interfere, the Boston Health Board exhibits an activity which I heard one disgusted owner describe as "waspish." A physician prominent in the anti-tuberculosis movement called the attention of the authorities to a row of tenements in very bad condition, whence had come a number of cases of consumption. The Board of Health proceeded against the owners, and the physician was the principal witness. To his surprise he found that the tenements were owned by a syndicate of "Back Bay" people, several of whom were his personal friends, and most of whom were socially and religiously prominent, and members of a famous



THE CURSE OF THE TENEMENT: THE DARK ROOM

Air and light are supposed to come from windows twenty-four feet and forty feet down, respectively, from a shaft only two feet wide. There are more than 350,000 sleeping-rooms of this type in Greater New York



WHY ROOKERIES PAY WELL

Rented to three Italians for sleeping quarters, this coal-bin (entrance marked X) brings in $2.25 a week to the landlord. The dark area on the floor is leakage from water pipes

reform organization which was even then criticizing the city authorities for alleged laxity in compelling obedience to the tenement laws. Some time ago a number of buildings were called to the attention of the Board of Health, which sent out notice that certain repairs must be made. On looking up the record the board was surprised to find them owned by a coöperative building organization made up of reform, philanthropic, and settlement people which does, for the most part, very excellent work in the slum districts. A woman stockholder in the organization came to make an appeal to the officials.

"You know we're a charitable organization," was the basis of her plea.

"Doesn't your stock pay dividends?" asked the official in charge.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"How much?"

"Five per cent last year; but if it doesn't pay more this year, I shall think there's something queer about it."

To the lady's chagrin the authorities insisted on the repairs being made. I do not wish to imply that an organization which strives to produce improved tenement conditions ought not to pay dividends. The Octavia Hill Association does this in Philadelphia — does it well and profitably. But it asks no immunity from anybody; there is no need of it. Its object lesson, that good tenements with plenty of air and light and decent sanitation can be made to pay four per cent, is perhaps as valuable an educational influence as the unhopeful situation there has produced.

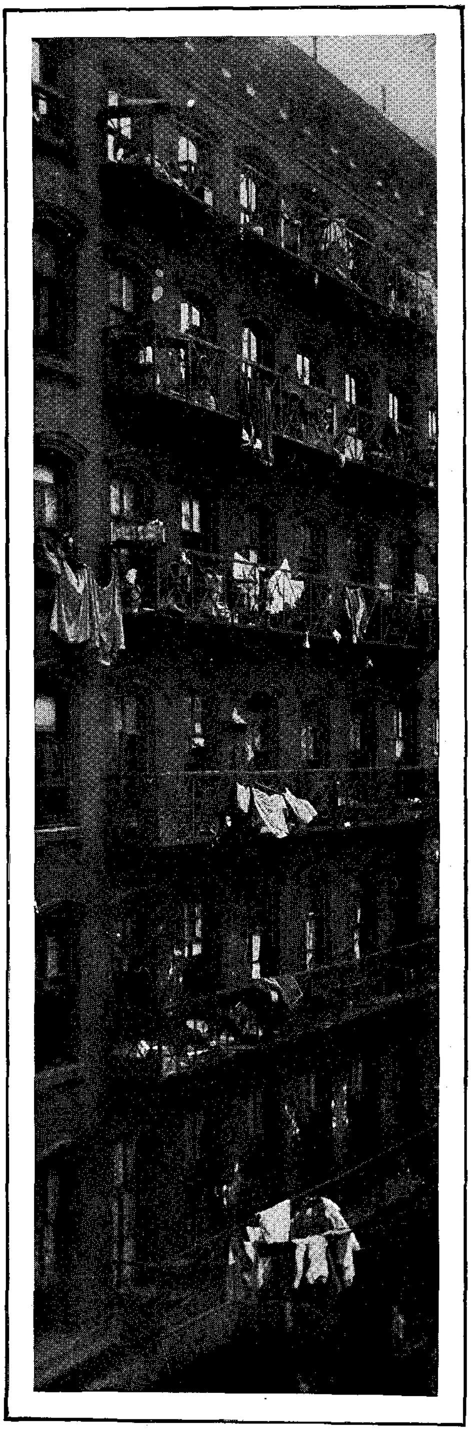
It is along lines of education that the battle will be eventually won. Once let the majority of the public fully understand how unnecessary and suicidal consumption is, how easily it may be prevented and how hopefully controlled, and wise laws, needful expenditures, and enforcement of sanitary regulations will follow. I attended last winter the Tuberculosis Exposition in Baltimore, whither came from other cities of this country and Canada prominent physicians and officials interested in the cause. Unfortunately the records of the Exposition were lost in the great fire of the following week; but far more valuable than these was the influence upon the public mind. Here were displayed in simple form tuberculosis maps and charts, showing how widely the disease is spread, among what classes and by what associations; photographs of tenements and rookeries where the bacillus thrives; pictures and models of sanitaria, of simple tents and shacks for consumptives; disinfecting devices to prevent the spread of infection; and records of educational systems in other parts of the country. Such was the public interest, that throughout the week the exhibition part was crowded and the lectures filled the large University Hall to overflowing.

One of the most hopeful features of the crusade is that the educational measures are most perseveringly pushed in the very sections that are most backward in executive and legislative control. In Indiana, for instance, the State Board has an extensive system of instructing the public school teachers in anti-tuberculosis measures; it imports eminent experts to give simple talks to the pupils. It has also enlisted the aid of the most influential newspapers in the state, which print editorials on the subject at intervals. The board receives prompt notification of all deaths, and where the cause is consumption it sends to the family pamphlets regarding disinfection, and offers its assistance without charge. A similar method is followed in Ohio. In Illinois the Chicago Tuberculosis Committee sends out lecturers to speak before teachers' institutes, high schools and public schools under the State Board, and it also works with the local Board of Education in giving simple addresses of instruction at the public schools. The Chicago Board of Health has devised a succinct pamphlet of primary instruction and encouragement to consumptives, which is translated into half a dozen languages and freely distributed. Boston's Health Board sends out useful literature. The Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis joins with the labor-unions, which of late have taken great interest in the campaign there and elsewhere, and promise to be of inestimable aid in checking factory and workshop infection.

But by far the most effective influence for the public enlightenment is that of the sanitaria and clinics. Here the patient is taught the value of simple food, fresh air, and regular habits of life, and that most important of all things, to destroy his sputum and to disinfect the handkerchief or cloths into which he coughs. (If all sufferers would take these simple precautions, the plague would hardly survive this generation.) His visitors get the instruction from him, for most patients become interested in the crusade. When he recovers and goes back into the world he is generally a proselytizer.

"If every discharged patient doesn't save three sound people by what he can teach them," said the head of a famous hospital to me, "he wasn't worth saving."

But to educate 75,000,000 people, particularly on any sanitary topic, is a long task; and already the attempt has had one unfortunate result. This is what is technically known as "phthisiophobia." It is the unfounded and often hysterical fear of contracting consumption, and it has been a clog on the anti-tuberculosis crusade along many lines, besides causing untold and needless suffering. The fact cannot be too often



WHERE DWELL THE "SUBMERGED TENTH"

In barracks of this kind the investigator may confidently expect a tuberculosis rate of double the normal or higher repeated or too insistently pressed, that a consumptive need never be an object of dread to an intelligent man, or even to a stupid one, when the patient himself is intelligent and careful. For it is really a difficult matter to catch tuberculosis except by sleeping in an infected room, eating with infected ware, or working for a considerable period in a place where careless consumptives have been spitting. Yet every doctor can cite you heartrending instances of deprivation and suffering arising from the insane dread of the disease; cases of sewing-women losing employment after employment because of a whispered rumor that there was "lung trouble in her family"; cases of men being deprived of their positions on the suspicions of a timid employer; cases of sick and suffering wanderers unable to find decent lodgings because of their cough. I know of a man in Philadelphia, a hard-working, faithful young clerk, with a wife and baby, whose employer discharged him because of a persistent cough, telling him frankly, "I'm not going to risk my life having a consumptive around me." The clerk, failing in an attempt to get another place, committed suicide, and the autopsy showed conclusively that he had no trace of tuberculosis, and that his cough had arisen from another cause. It is the danger of this kind of persecution which constitutes the one valid argument against compulsory registration.

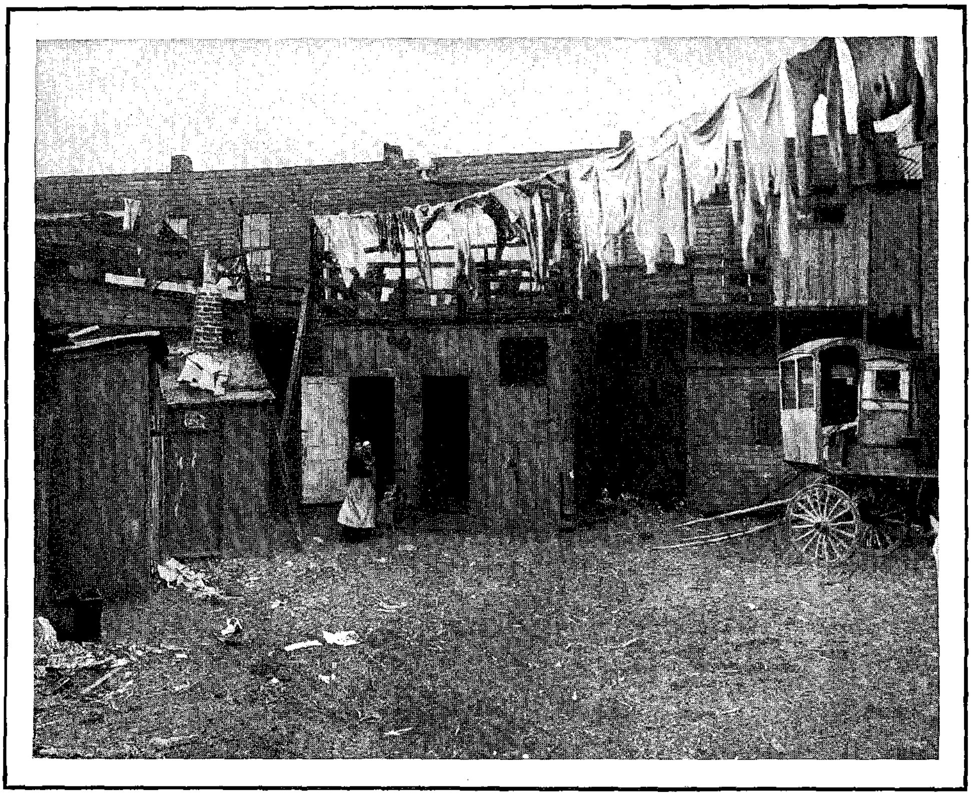
"If it is known there is consumption in my family I'll lose my place, and probably my friends will be afraid of me."

That is a potent objection with many physicians, inducing them to withhold information. Then, too, the patent medicine companies get the addresses of the afflicted ones and deluge them with pamphlets and samples. The remedy for this is to keep the registration records secret, except in cases where there is a legitimate reason for showing them.

Unfortunately the United States government has lent its influence to the unreasonable fear of the disease by the action of the Treasury Department, taken against the protests of the best medical experts, in listing tuberculosis among the dangerous contagious diseases, and excluding from our shores

A GROUP OF SLUM CHILDREN

Sleeping and waking, these little citizens are constantly exposed to the deadly contagion to which, in the natural order of events, one out of every ten of them will fall victims



BAD LANDLORDSHIP IN CHICAGO

This wooden tenement and scores like it in the same district are owned and managed by a rich and powerful educational institution — the University of Chicago

all visitors suffering from it. Even more serious is the action of New York State in passing the Goodsell-Bedell law, which provides that the opposition of a town or village board to the establishment of a tuberculosis sanitarium shall bar out such establishment. Practically all of our small towns are afflicted with phthisiophobia; consequently, in spite of the bitter need, in spite of the fact that thousands of curable cases die every year for lack of such accommodation, the Empire State is helpless in the bonds of a foolish prejudice. If the villages but knew it, the establishment of sanitaria within their boundaries would be not only a financial benefit but an actual safeguard against the very thing they dread. For of all known places of safety against infection, a properly conducted tuberculosis hospital is the safest. Germs cannot survive the vigorous régime of disinfection. In fifteen years of practice at the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, none of the nurses or doctors has contracted the disease. Not only this, but the educative influence spreads abroad from the institution. Those German villages in which the principal sanitaria are situated have reduced their death-rate from consumption one-third by voluntarily adopting the simplest of the hygienic regulations practised in the hospitals.

Strangely enough, professional nurses, who ought to know better, shrink from attendance upon consumptives. In the Cincinnati Tuberculosis Hospital — the first hospital for this disease exclusively to be established by any municipality — the supply of nurses is always short, although the salary offered is in advance of other hospital salaries. Women who will unhesitatingly handle smallpox, diphtheria, and scarlet fever cases are afraid of contracting consumption. In the Phipps Institute in Philadelphia the same is true.

"The nurses we get here are those whom we have cured of tuberculosis," Dr. Flick told me.

As the increase of public interest has

PART OF THE OUT-DOOR CURE

These consumptives are getting well and hardy under rigorous conditions. Temperature, 25 degrees below zero

brought about this condition of apprehension, so a following out of that interest until it develops into enlightenment will do away with the evil. Meantime I quote, for the benefit of whom it may concern, the opinion of a blunt-spoken medical friend of mine, given free of charge to a client. The client had a friend who had developed consumption, and he practically besought the doctor to advise him to keep away from his friend.

"Certainly keep away from him," said the doctor. "It wouldn't hurt you to be with him, but it would probably depress him to have a sniveling coward like you about."

To the individual consumptive, science holds out new and growing hope. So far as specifics go there is no remedy. Drugs are practically useless; patent medicines, with their testimonials either "faked" entire or wrung from sufferers by blackmail, are cruel swindles and in many cases criminally harmful. Thus far all lymphs and serums have failed, while such expedients as lung injections and X-ray treatment show only a small percentage of favorable results. Fresh air, sunlight, and good food will save any case of tuberculosis that has not progressed too far — and nothing else will. About seventy per cent of cases taken early and intelligently treated are cured. Of the remaining thirty per cent, many are enabled to live a somewhat limited but by no means unhappy existence for many years. Therefore, to regard consumption as a "hopeless" disease is to display the pessimism of ignorance.

All over the country are private sanitaria from which consumptives are being sent back to lives of usefulness and endeavor daily. Except in the tenement district, where fresh air is an almost unattainable luxury, a patient can get the principal feature of sanitarium treatment at his home.

Professor Fisher, of Yale, has shown the way. He developed the "white plague" at a time when he was unable to go West, as his doctor advised: so he contrived a special tent, which he set up in his own yard. Head-wagging friends predicted his swift demise. He lived in this dwelling, through hot weather and cold, and got well. Now his tent has been adopted as a model by several institutions. Where a tent isn't available, a roof or a porch will do. Two consumptives in Worcester slept on the roof of their piazza all last winter, and are now almost well. Baltimore has a number of these roof cures;

indeed, almost any city can furnish one or more instances. The sufferer doesn't need to go to Arizona or California. Climate, while it may be an aid in some cases, has much less influence on tuberculosis, except in the later stages, than is generally supposed. Fresh air is the thing, and the air of Maine is about as good for this purpose in a majority of cases as the air of New Mexico, while the atmosphere of Illinois can fairly challenge comparison with either of them. The patient need not be afraid of cold, either. Last winter was a pretty severe one in the Adirondacks; the mercury spent more time below the zero mark than above it, with an occasional excursion as far as fifty degrees; yet consumptives lived and slept in open shacks right through the season, getting hungry and fat and strong on it. Dr. W. A. Evans, of Chicago, has suggested a plan, modeled on the Adirondack scheme, which all of our large cities might well adopt: that cheap shacks or tents be erected on the vacant lots in the city, where the consumptive poor could get the out-of-door treatment. Simple frame buildings holding eight or ten patients can be put up as cheap as eighty dollars per capita, and the cost of supporting the patients would be little more than one dollar a day. It is to be hoped that the plan will have an early trial.

Even the tenement dweller has a chance. A New York physician who does charity work on the East Side was talking with a friend at his club about some of his patients.

"I've got half a dozen of the most pitiful cases down there that you ever heard of," he said. "They're good, honest, fine fellows; handy workmen, five of them with families to support; and they've all got to die, I suppose, of consumption."

"Hopeless cases?" asked his friend.

"Hopeless, because they've got factory jobs and tenement rooms and can't get good air to breathe. If I could get them out-of-door employment, I think they'd all pull through. But they can't leave their families to go to the country."

"I beg your pardon," said a man sitting near by; "but do I understand that out-of-door work in the city would help them?"

"I'll guarantee it'll save four of the six anyway," replied the doctor eagerly.

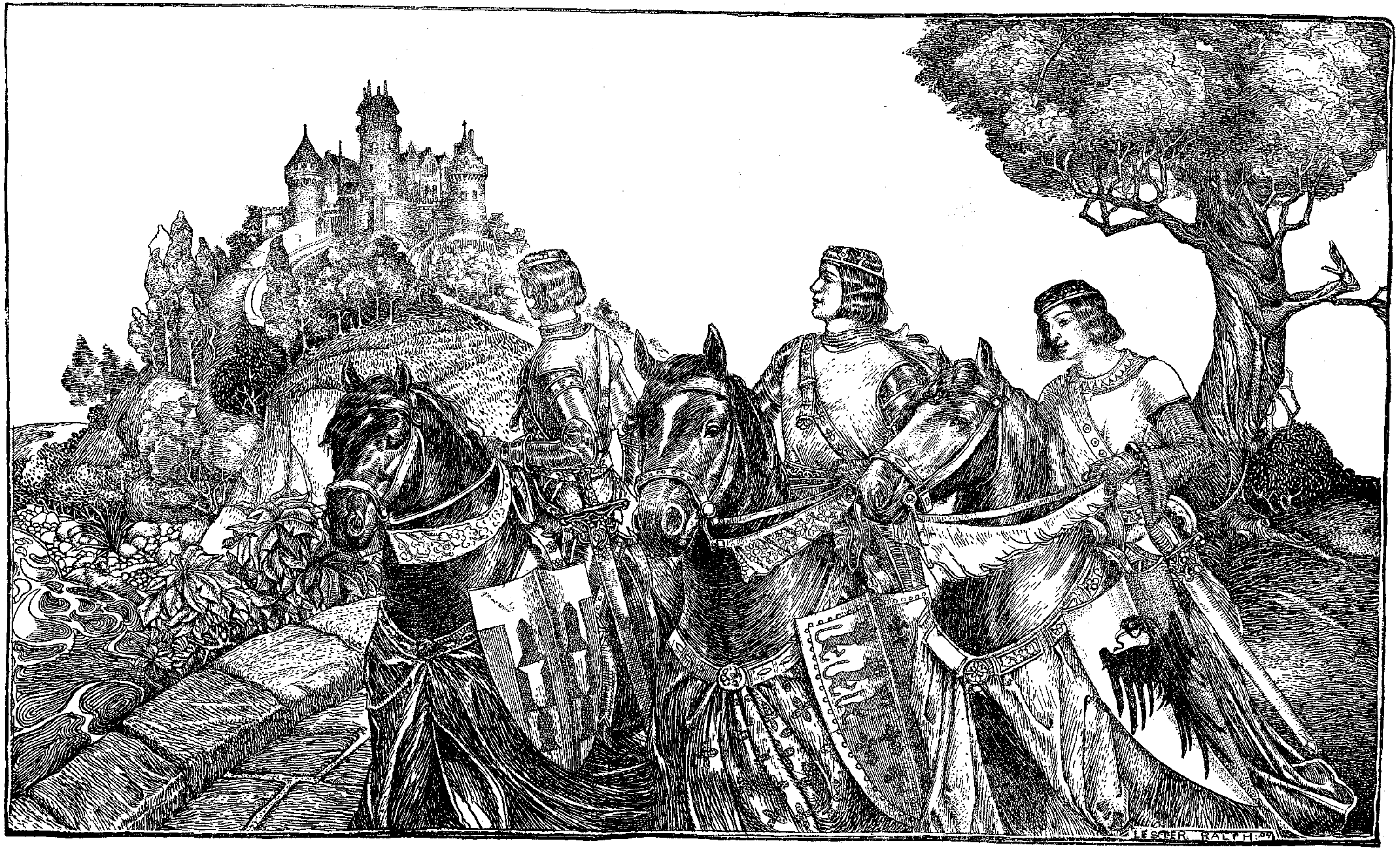
"I suppose," said the stranger, "that ticket-chopping on the Elevated would be pretty exposed work for a consumptive? No? Well, if you wish to try the experiment, send your men to this address." He handed a card to the doctor.

The six men became ticket-choppers. Five of them are well men to-day. The sixth is holding his own and a little more.

One class of consumptives presents a problem of sinister hopelessness — the tuberculous convicts. Fresh air and sunlight will not always cure, but the lack of them will always kill. Therefore, every tuberculous criminal hears his death-warrant when he is sentenced to state's prison. For an appalling record, look into the vital statistics of any great prison. The fatal termination to cases of consumption is about one hundred per cent. Moreover, a large percentage of prisoners develop the disease in prison. So long as the plague was believed to be fatal anyway, the incarceration of afflicted criminals was perhaps excusable. In the light of our present knowledge, is it not a relic of barbarism that we should condemn men to certain death for minor crimes? The consumptive convict has a chance — perhaps a better one than in his natural environment — in Minnesota, where there is a hospital, and in Texas, which maintains an agricultural colony for tuberculous prisoners. Elsewhere it is capital punishment for him.

There are three great movements in the tuberculosis crusade to which every citizen can, by lending his countenance, be of service to his country: first, the education of the public in the real nature of the problem; second, the building of sanitaria for the consumptive poor; and third, the enactment and enforcement of wise legislation. When these three are accomplished the beginning of the end of the Great White Plague will be at hand.

* * *


LESTER RALPH '09

THE THREE PRINCES SET OUT TO CAPTURE THE KNIGHT OF GLEN'S STEED OF BELLS

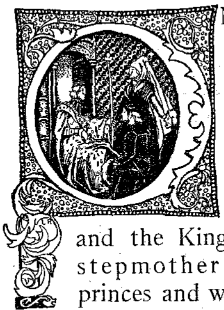
THE STEED OF BELLS

BY

SEUMAS MacMANUS

AUTHOR OF "DONEGAL FAIRY TALES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH



ONCE upon a time when pigs were swine and the pigeons built their nests in old men's beards, and turkeys chewed tobacco, there was a King and Queen who had three sons, and the Queen died and the King married again, and the stepmother hated the three young princes and was very bad to them, and strove all she could to get them put away. But the King, though he liked her very much and would humor her in everything else, he would never consent to give in to her on this point, and no matter what she did or what she tried it was all of no use, she couldn't persuade the King to an agreement with her on this point.

There was an old hen-wife living near the castle, and she went to consult her regarding how she should get rid of her three stepsons. The hen-wife said she could manage it for her if she was well paid.

"What payment do you want?" says the Queen.

"Three things," says the old hen-wife. "As much meal as will make my breakfast, and as much milk as will sup it, and as much wool as will stuff my ears." The Queen said she would readily agree to that.

And then the hen-wife told her to invite her stepsons to play a game of cards, and when they would ask what they would play for she would say for *geasa* (obligations). She said, "If they win they will lay something trifling on you; but if you win, which is most likely, you lay *geasa* upon them to steal for you the Knight of Glen's Steed of Bells, which three hundred champions have gone to steal before, and every one of them lost their lives."

The Queen was pleased at this, and said she would send the hen-wife her pay, but she asked the hen-wife how much meal would make her breakfast. And she said all the grinding of seven times seven mills for seven years. How much milk would sup it? She said the yield of the cows of seven times seven hills for seven years. And how much wool would stuff her ears? The produce of the sheep of seven times seven plains for seven years. And as the Queen had bargained so, there was no way out of it but to pay her hire.

The Queen went home, and she invited her stepsons to play her a game of cards. They agreed, and asked her what they should play for. "For *geasa*," said she.

Well and good; down to the card-table they sat, and when they had finished she had won two games off the two oldest, but had lost the game to the youngest. These two demanded to know their *geasa*, and she said that they were to set out on the morrow and never come home till they brought with them to her the Knight of Glen's Steed of Bells that three hundred champions had gone before to steal, and none of them ever came back alive.

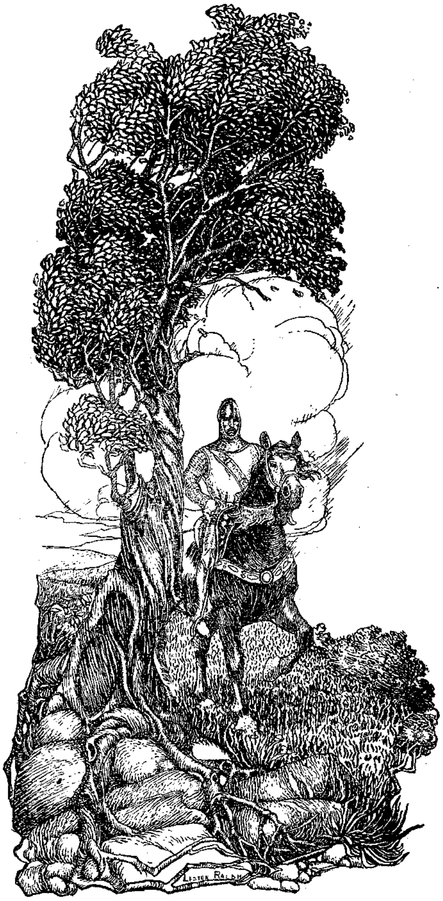
The youngest was sad and sorry when he heard such *geasa* put upon his brothers. And he said, "If my brothers go I will not stay behind; I will go with them." And says he, "The *geasa* I will leave upon you is that you stand on the top of my father's tower with your face to the wind, and for food and drink a sheaf of corn and a tub of water; and there remain till we come back with the Knight of Glen's Steed of Bells." And this she had to do.

They set off, and when they had been traveling three days and three nights they met a man on horseback who asked them where they were going, and what errand they were on. They told him where they were going and what was their errand.

"Oh, well, well!" says he. "I tell you three hundred champions have tried that before, and every one of them lost his life. I am the famous Black Thief of Sloan; I myself tried to steal the Steed of Bells three times, and the most my cleverness got for me was to bring me off with my life again. The Knight of Glen has an army of men guarding his Steed of Bells by day and by night, and, moreover, every time the thief would lay his hands upon the horse, the horse gives himself one shake and the sound of his bells is heard over half the world."

"Well," they said, "all we can do is make the best of a bad matter, and the worst that can come upon us is to lose our lives, and we are preparing for that."

"Ye're brave, bould fellows," said the Thief, "and I admire you, and if you are bent on trying, why I will go with you and give you any help I can, and at the worst lose my life along with you."



"'*I am the famous Black Thief of Sloan*'"

They were very, very thankful to the Black Thief of Sloan, so they turned with him, and all four journeyed far and far before them, till they came to the castle of the Knight of Glen.

The Black Thief of Sloan said the luck was in their favor, for there was a great feast in the castle that night, and every one was drunk and carousing. The Black Thief very easily stole a keg of whisky, and he rolled it out of the Castle yard among the guards that stood upon the stables, and they fell to drinking the whisky, and before midnight they were all lying asleep.

"Now is our chance," said the Black Thief; "we'll try." Into the stable they went, and the moment they touched the Steed he shook himself, and the sound of the bells was heard over half the world. The Knight was roused inside, and he called on his men to rush to the stables for there was a thief in them. The Black Thief hid himself and the three brothers in a loft. The men came in and examined the stables, and went back and reported to the Knight that there was no thief. The second time they laid hands on the horse, and the second time he shook his bells. And the Knight came and ordered his men to see if there was a thief in it this time. The Thief hid himself and the brothers so that the men returned to the Knight and reported that there was no thief. Then a third time they tried the Steed of Bells, but the third time the Steed sounded the alarm.

The Knight said, "There is surely a thief in the stable. Come, I will go with you and search myself." And the Knight searched so thoroughly that he discovered all four of them. He made his soldiers march them into the hall. He had a big caldron brought in from the court-yard, put on the fire and filled with oil; for the sentence upon any one who attempted to steal the Knight of Glen's Steed of Bells was that he should be boiled in this caldron of oil.

The Knight said to the Black Thief that three times before he had attempted to steal his Steed, and three times he had escaped. "But now," he says, "your minute is come. You will be the first man boiled in the caldron. How does it feel," says the Knight, "to know you are so near your death?"

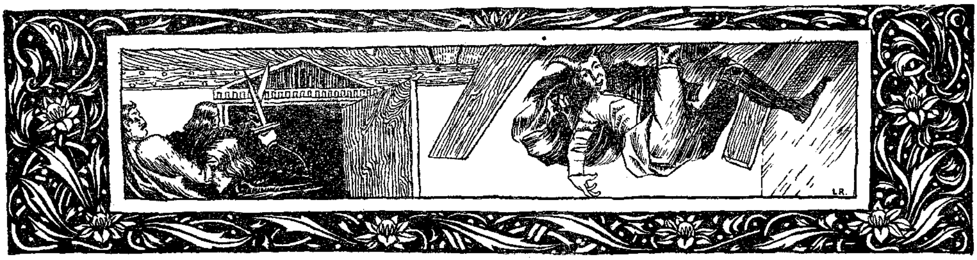
But the Black Thief made light of it.

"Oh!" said he, "I have been as near death before and escaped, and maybe I will escape this time too."

"Hardly," says the Knight. "But," says the Knight, "before we put you into the caldron you might prove to us you were as near death before and escaped."

"I will do that," says the Thief, "if you will pardon the youngest of the brothers on condition that my story shows I was as near death before."

"I will do that," says the Knight.



"WELL, there was once," says the Thief, "when I went to rob a gentleman's castle. I had my face blackened all over, and when I came to the castle in the middle of the night I found it all lit up and the place in a great furore; but it seems that robbers had been there not an hour before and had robbed the castle, and alarmed it and gone off, and the gentleman's servants and soldiers were scouring the country to find them. If they had found me I knew they would have had my life on the spot, so I took to my heels in a great fright and I didn't stop running for nine miles. Then I drew on a house where there was a fire lit in it, but nobody to be seen without or within, and I went in and was warming myself at the fire when I heard men's voices and the tramp of men coming up to the door. I said to myself it was the gentleman's servants still pursuing the robbers, and that I was caught. Without any delay I jumped on the half loft and lay down among some sheepskins and horses' harness that were there. I wasn't right up when in at the door comes three men, who were no other than the three robbers that had robbed the castle, and they were dragging the boxes of gold and silver with them.

"They sat down at the fire and they began to count their money, and they were saying to one another how well it was for them that they happened to reach the castle before the Black Thief of Sloan. From what they had heard I was going to rob the castle that night, and that was why they went earlier to have all the wealth before me; they said I had been too long robbing the country, and my cleverness was such that no other honest robber got a chance, and all the robbers of the country, including themselves, were sworn into conspiracy to have my life and put me out of the way.

"As ill luck would have it I gave a sneeze above their heads, and all three of them that moment jumped to their feet and drew out their knives. For poor me I had neither knife nor else on or about me, for in my race for safety I had thrown everything away. They said, 'Some one is over our heads watching all we're doing and listening to all we were saying. We can never let him go out of this house alive.' There was one big black fellow of them who said better not to kill him yet awhile, but leave him there till they would have the pot boiled, and then they could kill half the life of him and boil out the other half. All of them at once agreed to this. So the black fellow put on the pot and the three of them began to sharp the knives. Myself was lying on a loose plank above, and all at once I was seized with a terrible fit of trembling, and I trembled and shook so much that the plank very soon gave way, and down into the middle of them I tumbled, with the harness chains rattling after me. My face was black, and a ram's skin on top of me with the horns resting right on my head.

"It's the devil! It's the devil! It's the devil!" all three of them shouted at once, and took to their heels yelling and screeching; and flew out, one of them at the front door, another at the back door, another clean through the window, and left me in possession of all the gold and silver.

"And don't you think," says the Black Thief to the Knight of Glen, "that I was as near death then as I am now and escaped?"

"I agree," says the Knight of Glen, "that you were, and I give the youngest his life."

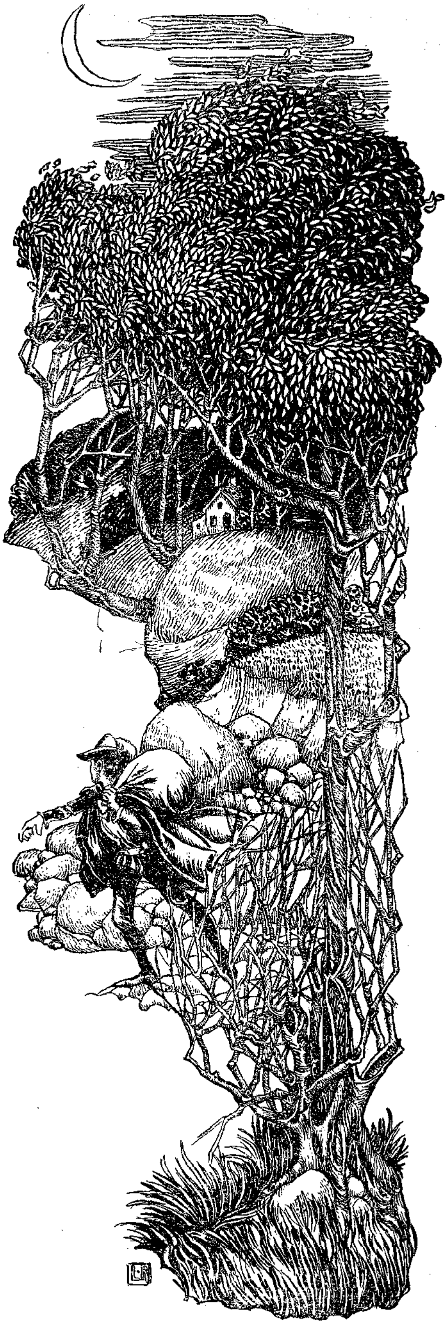
"And for all that," says the Black Thief, "there was another time when death was as near me as either that time or this time."

"Will ye tell us that and let us judge for ourselves before we put ye in the caldron?" says the Knight.

"I will," says the Black Thief, "on condition that ye pardon the second brother."

And the Knight of Glen said he would agree to that, if his escape was as narrow and as wonderful.

"WELL," said the Black Thief of Sloan, "there was one time three witches in Scotland, who were known to all the robbers of the world as having immense wealth; but no robber had ever been able to rob them; only lost his life in the attempt. I determined that I would try. I set out to Scotland and came to their place, and I went into the house in the middle of the night when I knew they were asleep, and I found them sleeping with their bags of gold under their heads for pillows. I got three pillow-slips and I went and filled them with shingles and took them in, and as I worked the bag of gold from under each witch's head I was working the bag of shingles under her head instead. I got the three bags safe with me and away. But, behold you, I hadn't put three hills behind me when I saw the three witches coming in hot pursuit in the shape of three hounds, and I thought my life was as good as done for. I dropped the three bags of gold and I ran for all I was worth. Fast and fast as I ran, they were gaining ground on me very quickly, and they got that near me that I nearly felt their breath. I rushed up an ash tree, and when they reached the bottom of it one of them turned into a hatchet and one of them into a saw, and began chopping and sawing the tree at the bottom, and the other turned herself into her own shape, and waited for the tree to fall down, till she would tear me limb from limb. The hatchet and the saw were working faster and faster and nearly meeting through the tree, when at last I found the tree beginning to tremble, and the heart was in my mouth, for I knew now it was all over with me; but at that very instant the cock crew for break of day, and the witches had to change themselves immediately into their own shape and away with them as fast as ever they could.



"I got the three bags safe with me and away"

"And don't you think, Knight, that that was a narrow escape?"

"It was," said the Knight, "and I pardon the second brother, but I am sure you never had another escape so narrow."

"I had that," says the Black Thief of Sloan, "and I will tell it to you and prove it to you, if you will pardon the third brother."

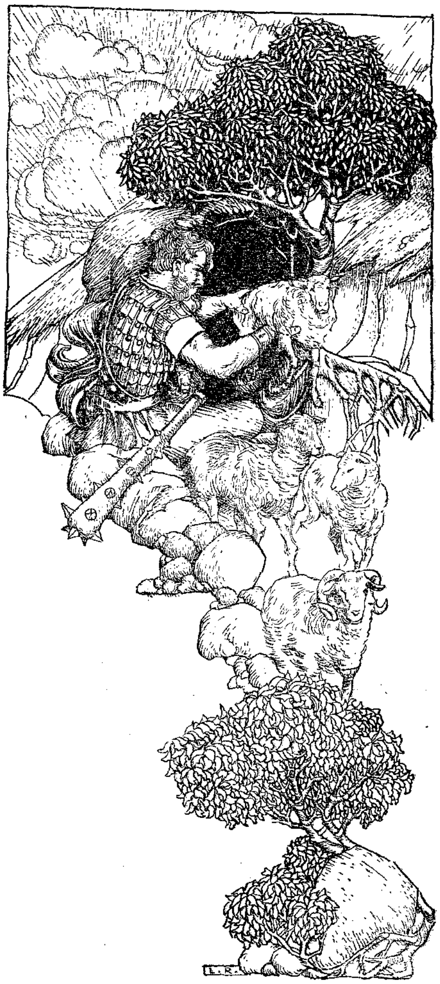
"Agreed," says the Knight. "I was not so anxious to kill these boys anyhow; it's yourself I'm most wishful to kill, for while you were alive I was never content and could not think my Steed safe."

"THERE was once when I was away on a robbing expedition," says the Black Thief of Sloan, "and was traveling through wild and rocky mountains many hundred miles far from here, I stumbled over a spink one evening and fell and rolled, and rolled and fell, till I reached the bottom of a narrow gorge with steep sides far below, and what should I find there but a great big ugly giant cooking his supper. He said, 'I'm glad, I'm glad, for I hadn't as much meat here as would take the edge off my appetite.' So he went to reach for me, but I took hold of a spit that was lying with its point reddened in the fire, and I ran his two eyes out with it. He roared that loud that I thought the hills would crack, and he yelled that he would give me the most beautiful death that ever a man got in the world before. He couldn't see anything now, of course, but he came along towards me with his two hands spread out, and the little gorge was that narrow that there was no chance of passing him without his feeling me, though I backed away and away up the gorge before him. At the end of the gorge was a cave, and into this cave I went. It was deep and wide and filled with goats, and I knew that when he came into the cave to look for me I could very easily escape him and get out, but he was too wise for that. He sat down in the narrow mouth of the cave and slept there all night, and he told me he would never leave that till I would come out and he could catch me. In the morning he called on his goats to come out; they crept past him one by one, and he caught hold of every one as it passed, putting his arms round its neck, and said, 'Oh, my dear, good goat, you can see me, your master, but I can't see you since the Black Thief put out my eyes. I will soon put his life out for it.'

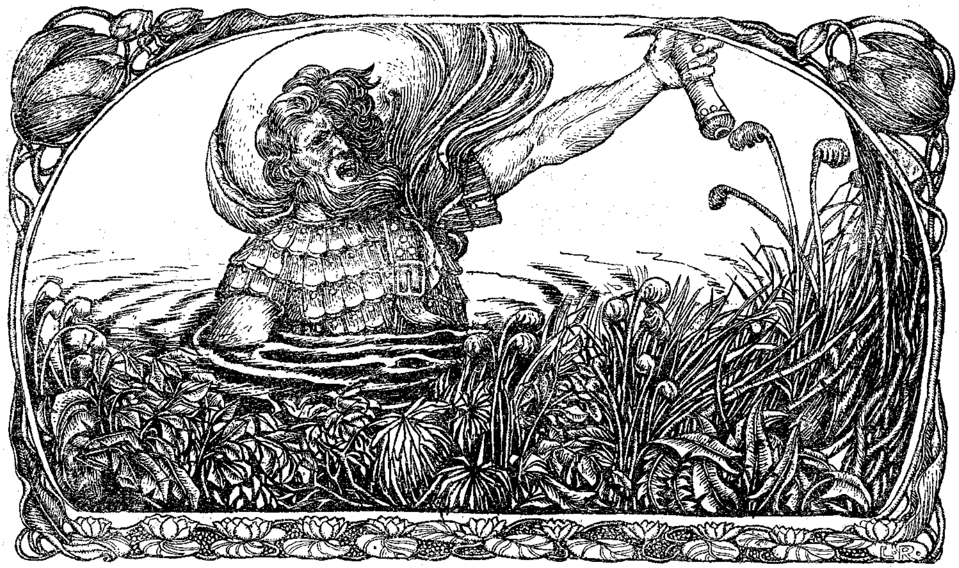
"Now, there was one great big buck-goat in the cave. When I found the goats beginning to go out, I got the big buck by the throat and put his life out. I got his skin and got into it, and got on my hands and knees and got into the line of goats that were passing out. He was embracing every goat as it passed him, and talking to it, and when I come as far as him he got his arms round my neck too, and said, 'Oh, my dear, good old buck, you see me but I can't see you, since the Black Thief put out my eyes, but I will soon put his life out for it.' Then he let me go and got hold of the next goat, and I wasn't long showing a clean pair of heels and getting out of the gorge and free.

"Don't you think, Knight," said he, "that that was as narrow an escape?"

"Yes, it was surely," said the Knight, "and I pardon the third brother. But now you go into the caldron yourself and die."



"he called on his goats to come out"



"*he dashed in and sank and never rose more*"

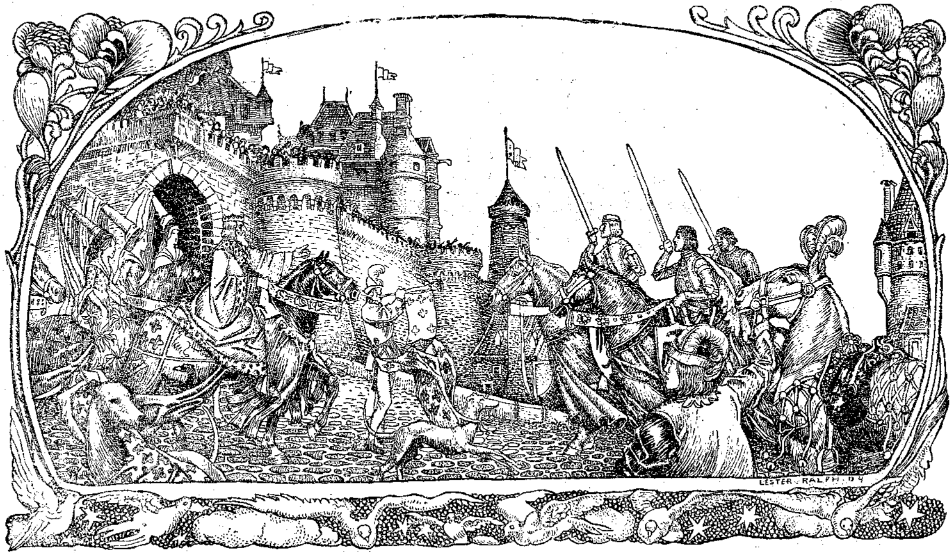
"I'm not so sure of that," says the Black Thief of Sloan, "for I was nearer death before and escaped."

Says the Knight, "On no account can I think of sparing your life. But all the same," says he, "we'll spare it for half an hour to hear the wonderful story."

GOOD," says the Black Thief of Sloan. "When I was returning through the same country again where I had the encounter with the giant, I came late one evening to a castle, and I went into it to ask lodgings for the night. I found a girl sitting at the kitchen fire with a baby on her knee, and she crying hard. Says I, 'My girl, what's the matter?' and she told me that 'In this castle there lives a giant who is blind, because his eyes were put out somehow or other. He has compelled me into his service, and he makes me do whatever he wants. This is a little child that he stole from somewhere and brought me last night, and when he was leaving this morning he ordered me to have it cooked for his supper when he would return this night.' She says, 'I can't do it, and when he comes home and finds it not killed or cooked, he will kill me.'

"I says, 'Never mind, I'll fix that.' So I went out to the yard and killed a little pig; I cut off the little finger of the child and made her cook it with the pig, and when the giant at length came home and asked for his supper, she gave him the pig in a dish. But he wasn't long eating till he got up in a thundering rage and asked her was it the pig she cooked for him instead of the child. She denied it, and she went to the dish and lifted the little finger of the child and gave it to him, and that contented him and he finished the supper. Then he said he hadn't half enough and asked for a knife, saying he must get some more. I hid away out of his road and stumbled into a room where there were a row of dead bodies freshly killed. But wasn't this the very place the giant was coming to. I lay down among the bodies myself, stiff like the others. He came and he felt the bodies one after another and threw them from him, till at last to my great terror he got hold of myself and he said, 'This corpse feels all right. I think I should like a bit of it.' He lifted up his knife and he took a slice of flesh off me, and I never had a more terrible time trying to keep from moving or screeching whilst he was cutting the flesh off me, but I did succeed.

"When he had finished his supper he lay down to sleep. But where did he lie only right across the door of the room in which I was. I was suffering so much from fright that I wouldn't stay in the house any longer, so when he was asleep I leaped over him, and made for the door and got out; but my leap wakened him and he reached after me, and



"it's glad their father the King was to see them"

taking a ring from his finger he threw it from him, saying, 'Ring, ring, hold fast.' On the big toe of my right foot the ring fell and there stuck. He called, 'Ring, ring, where are you?' And the ring answered, 'Master, master, I am here;' so that no matter whither I ran the ring informed him and kept him on my track, for always he would call, 'Ring, ring, where are you?' and always the ring would answer, 'Master, master, I am here.' And I ran about and dodged about for hours. But though he could not see anything he always kept close to me, and was still getting closer and closer.

"At length I was passing by a great bottomless pool; I pulled a knife from my pocket, cut off my big toe and threw it with the ring into the heart of the pool, and when next the giant called, 'Ring, ring, where are you?' and it replied from the bottom of the pool, 'Master, master, I am here in the heart of the pool,' he dashed in and sank and never rose more, and I was safe. And now," said the Thief, "you can see that I want the big toe of my right foot; and did you ever hear a more wonderful or narrower escape than that?"

"A wonderful and a narrow escape it was," says the old woman who was sitting in the corner, "and what is more," says she, "it's true as it's wonderful; for," says she, "I am the very girl, and you," says she to the Knight, "were the very child that he saved, and see, the little finger is cut off." And when the Knight heard this, it was he was the surprised, and the astonished, and the glad man.

"For all my life," he says, "I was trying to find out the man who had saved my life, and I was giving up the search in vain, for I thought I never could discover him."

"Now, Black Thief of Sloan," says he, "you will never leave my castle more. You must live with me from this time, and you will never want for anything that's now in my power to give. For your friends here they cannot only have their freedom, but what is more, I freely bestow on them my Steed of Bells." And the Knight and his friends and the Black Thief saw them safely off on their way, the Steed with them, and they thanked the Knight, and they told the Black Thief they could never thank him enough.

They traveled on and on before them till at last they came in sight of their father's castle. Away on the tip-top of it they saw their bad stepmother standing with her face against the wind, a sheaf of corn on the one side of her, and a tub of water on the other, and she thin and woe-begone, and the instant she saw them she dashed herself from the tower and broke her neck below. Home they reached, and it's glad their father the King was to see them. He divided his kingdom into three parts and gave a part to each, and got them three of the most beautiful princesses in marriage; and happy men and women they were, and happy and prosperous were their kingdoms all their days.

THE REPORTER WHO BECAME PRESIDENT

BY

FREDERIC IRLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. TOWNSEND

IN the State Department Library at Washington, preserved with tender care, is a fading manuscript in a microscopic hand. It is written on four sides of the sheet, as though the honest linen paper were too scarce to waste, and there are many interlineations in the text. The orthography is not of standard make. No modern editor would approve the variety of ways in which the same man's name is misspelled. Yet you recognize the work of a master, and there are few pictures which portray so much of American history. This manuscript is the report made by James Madison of the speeches in the convention at Philadelphia that framed our Constitution in 1787.

Everyone who has read the life of Madison knows he made the only authentic record of those debates; but his biographers have not given to this chapter the attention it deserves. There are many interesting facts about it that have never been printed.

Behold a pale little man of thirty-six, sitting in the front row of chairs in a garish room, surrounded by half a hundred men in knee-breeches, long coats, and frilled shirts. It is midsummer in Philadelphia, and, if you have been there, you know what that means. The men in knee-breeches are most of them young. You see at a glance that they are persons of birth and education, accustomed to be obeyed. They are greatly annoyed because they cannot convince one another, so they say a good many harsh and blunt things. The pale little man takes notes as fast as he can. Occasionally he puts his paper down and rises to speak. He is not excited or sarcastic, and he does not talk in a loud tone. He seems to know what will please everybody. Soon he sits down and goes to taking notes again; but, after he has spoken, the rest seem more willing to listen to one another.

Every day for nearly four months this goes on. Every night the little man goes across to the tavern which is built sidewise to the street, and, climbing to his room, writes for hours by candle-light.

Madison's Activity

Almost from the doors of Princeton, Madison was active in political affairs. At twenty-three, when many fledglings from the educational nest are drawing allowances or occupying clerkships procured by ancestral pull, Madison was a member of the Virginia revolutionary committee of safety; and his letters at the age of thirty display ripe statesmanship. As a member of the Virginia house of delegates at Williamsburg, of the Continental congress at Philadelphia, and of the congress of the Confederation at New York, he became thoroughly familiar with the affairs of the country, and was active in procuring the meeting of the Constitutional convention.

Who Were the Future Presidents?

What an assembly it was, in the center of which the reporter-delegate took his place! to record for the future, as best he could, the words which there was no stenographer to transcribe. In the hall of our Independence, where, eleven years before, some of the same men had helped to break away from Great Britain, the delegates gathered to find a cure for the anarchy that threatened them. Among those generals, judges, governors, signers of the Declaration, could you pick the two future presidents? Washington, certainly; but the other? More conspicuous in council than the great general was the venerable Franklin, with flowing locks like a halo. Ideal republican, he had risen from the humblest to the highest; had stood beneath the chandeliers of princes, beaten kings in diplomacy, and withal had preserved his merry heart. He had been a star in the play, and was now old enough to be the grandfather of many in the convention.

Sitting with them was Alexander Hamilton, young, brilliant, soon to be the founder of a party, and also the bogy-man of king-haters. There was that erratic young lawyer, Gouverneur Morris, whose sonorous voice uttered reckless words that were the fireworks of the convention.

Present also was John Rutledge, of South Carolina, the most eloquent man in the Continental congress. There was Edmund Randolph, Governor of Virginia; Robert Morris, famous financier of the Revolution, who entertained George Washington while the convention sat. Poor Robert Morris! A few months later he fell into a debtors' prison, to remain for four long years.

In the front row sat General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, in the splendor of his forty-one undaunted years. Son of a chief justice, he was bred to the law in London and to the sword in France. In the Revolution he was an aide to Washington; in a British war-prison, defiant and altogether American; in peace, a great and wealthy lawyer; in the convention, a champion of vested rights. Beside him sat his cousin Charles, one of the youngest members, with the draft of a constitution in his pocket; a statesman at twenty-nine, to whom we owe many features of our present system; founder of the old Republican party of South Carolina, and later a famous Senator of the United States.

Then there was that shrewd Yankee, Oliver Ellsworth, who was to bring harmony out of chaos in the darkest hour of the convention, and later to be showered with honors; to be a senator of the United States, chief justice of the Supreme Court, and commissioner to the great Napoleon to treat about the war whose spoliation claims are not all paid yet, though a century has passed away.

There were few men present who had not held commissions in the Continental army. The Pennsylvania delegation tried to elect Franklin's grandson secretary, but the soldiers stood together and chose one of Washington's aides, Major William Jackson. Nearly everyone there was foreordained to great honors. Who would have guessed that the only one among them, except Washington, to attain the highest place of all was the slender young man in the front seat who took notes all day and sat up with them half the night?

What a Scene for a Reporter!

The day the convention organized it was stormy, and poor old Dr. Franklin dared not venture out. So the motion he had hoped to make, that General Washington be the president of the convention, was made by Robert Morris. What a scene for a reporter that was, when Morris and Rutledge conducted Washington to the platform, and all the delegates respectfully stood, as he made his short opening speech with the emphasis of the commander, the precision of the Masonic grand master, and the stiffness of one not accustomed to oratory!

Difficulties of the Task

Madison's manuscript shows how he made his report. He was not on intimate terms with the secretary. In telling Edmund Pendleton of the first day's doings, he wrote: "The secretary is *a* Major Jackson." All through the manuscript there are small errors which he would not have made, could he have consulted the documents in the hands of the secretary. Although he had been associated with many of the delegates as a member of Congress, Madison misspelled nearly all of their names that he could. Gorham he spelled "Ghorum"; Ellsworth, "Elseworth"; Franklin, "Franklyn"; Pinckney, "Pinkney"; Dickinson, "Dickenson"; Rutledge, "Rutlidge," etc. In quoting the language of motions reduced to writing and handed to the secretary, Madison stated their substance as best he could, but struck out his version and quoted the exact language when he had access to the printed journal, and made the final revision of his report in 1820.

It may perhaps be supposed that Madison would not have given the speeches in full if he could, but this theory is easily disproved. In every case where a man read a speech, Madison promptly interviewed the delegate, secured his manuscript, and copied it *verbatim*. Thus we have full reports of most of

Benjamin Franklin's speeches, and some of Charles Pinckney's. Other speeches which we should like to read in full, just as they were delivered, Madison was compelled to summarize, because no one but a stenographer of the highest attainments could preserve them. In assemblies that are not reported *verbatim*, the orator who writes his remarks has undue prominence in the record, and better speeches are often meagerly summarized

Aside from this physical limitation, Madison's report is remarkably good, and bears intrinsic evidence of being absolutely fair. He tells us that the famous speech of Alexander Hamilton was submitted to the orator, and approved by him with "a very few verbal alterations, which were made." After Madison's death, Hamilton's son, John C. Hamilton, in his "History of the American Republic", charged Madison with misreporting the great Alexander on sundry occasions, but the evidence is wholly wanting. Hamilton's plan of government, in his own handwriting, is a perfect confirmation of Madison's accuracy and fairness.

The only other speech revised by the maker of it was one by Gouverneur Morris, and he acquiesced in the report without modification. Madison comments on the fact that this eloquent man was particularly easy to report on account of the correctness of his language and the distinctness of his enunciation; but it needs no such remark to show to any expert that Madison enjoyed reporting Morris, because he unconsciously gave him the best report received by any delegate whose speeches were not written.

It is interesting to notice that Madison's daily average was less than three thousand words — certainly not more than one-tenth of all that was said. His longest day of straight reporting was four thousand seven hundred words. No newspaper man of the present would consider five thousand words a difficult daily accomplishment. But it must be remembered that Madison was also taking an active part in the convention work, in and out of committee, and that he wrote long letters to his friends on Sundays. He was also without the spur of daily publication. No opposition report was going out over a wire to urge him on. No Masonic lodge ever proceeded with more secrecy than did the Constitutional convention.

Just what the other delegates thought of Madison's note-taking we do not know. He had a right to be there. He was no interloper, and the making of memoranda was perfectly allowable. All the members who spoke took notes, more or less, though they were not allowed to copy anything from the journal kept by the secretary.

Why He Did It

If it be asked why Madison imposed upon himself the dreary task of reporting long speeches in hot weather, the answer is twofold. He tells us in his introduction to the debates that the curiosity he had felt during his researches into the history of the most distinguished confederacies, particularly those of antiquity, and the deficiency he found in the means of satisfying it, determined him to preserve, as far as he could, an exact account of what might pass in the convention, while executing its trust; with the magnitude of which he was duly impressed. He also tells us that, with this end in view, he chose a seat in front of the presiding member, with the other members on his right and left hands. In this favorable position for hearing all that passed, he "noted down in terms legible, and in abbreviations and marks intelligible to myself," what was read or spoken. How helpful it would have been to Madison if his fingers had known phonography!

But, aside from his desire to aid posterity to know about the convention, there is written evidence that another strong motive acting on Madison's mind was his wish to enlighten Thomas Jefferson about what was said and done there. That astute person was then in Paris. He possessed to a remarkable degree the knack of making other people serve him. Madison admired him above all others, and he was indeed to Jefferson a "pillar of support through life."

During the convention Madison wrote Jefferson several letters. On July 18, 1787, he said:

"The convention continues to sit, and have been closely employed since the commencement of the session. I am still under the mortification of being restrained from disclosing any part of their proceedings. As soon as I am at liberty, I will endeavor to make amends for my silence, and if I ever have the pleasure of seeing you, shall be able to give you pretty full gratification. I have taken lengthy notes of everything that has yet passed, and mean to go on with the drudgery, if no indisposition obliges me to discontinue it."

When the form of the Constitution had been determined, and it was certain the convention would soon adjourn, Madison sent to Jefferson in cipher an outline of what had been agreed to, saying it would be public in America before Jefferson could receive the letter.

Jefferson's Weapon Against Hamilton

We all know how fierce was the warfare between Jefferson and Hamilton in after years, and how the former used every weapon against the brilliant New-Yorker. Jefferson, in 1799, had written to Madison:

"In a society of members between whom and yourself is great mutual esteem and respect, a most anxious desire is expressed that you should publish your debates of the convention. That these measures of the army, navy, and direct tax will bring about a revolution of public sentiment is thought certain, and that the Constitution will then receive a different explanation. Could those debates be ready to appear critically, their effect would be decisive. I beg of you to turn this subject in your mind. The arguments against it will be personal, those in favor of it moral, and something is required from you as a set-off against the sin of your retirement."

What was the "different explanation" which the Constitution would receive? Different from what? Why, from Hamilton's explanation, which Jefferson was then so bitterly opposing. Jefferson knew, at least by hearsay, how Hamilton's speeches in the convention would be construed as panegyrics of monarchy. It would, indeed, have been most inopportune for Hamilton, and advantageous for Jefferson, if Madison's report had "appeared critically."

To Jefferson's suggestion, Madison replied, February 7, 1799: "The idea of publishing the debates of the convention ought to be well weighed before the expediency of it, in a public, as well as a personal view, be decided on. Besides the intimate connexion between them, the whole volume is to be examined with an eye to the use of which every part is susceptible. In the despotism at present exercised over the rules of construction, and the counter reports of the proceedings that would perhaps be made out and mustered for the occasion, it is a problem what turn might be given to the impression on the public mind. But I shall be better able to form and explain my opinion by the time, which now approaches, when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, and you will find the advantage of looking into the sheets attentively before you finally make up your own."

When Jefferson and Madison met, the former did have the "advantage of looking into the sheets attentively," and the result has never before been told in print.

In one corner of a page of Madison's manuscript is a tiny annotation: "From June 21 to July 18, inclusive, not copied by Mr. Eppes."

John W. Eppes was Jefferson's son-in-law. Now read the following letter from Eppes to Madison, written November 1, 1810:

Dear Sir:

My absence from Chesterfield prevented my receiving your letter until a few days since.

When the papers relating to the proceedings of the convention were put into my hand for the purpose of being copied, Mr. Jefferson was very particular in his charge. I understood from him perfectly that it was a trust entirely confidential. The particular and confidential manner in which he entrusted them to me prevented my making the smallest extract from any part of them, and so careful was I of preserving so sacred a document, the importance of which to posterity I could not but feel, that I never suffered the papers to mix either with my own or others entrusted to my care. They were kept in a trunk in which, whenever I ceased writing, they were replaced; and each original, as copied, was returned with the copy to Mr. Jefferson.

I remember among the papers one headed "Plan of a Constitution by Colo. Hamilton." It was on smaller paper than your copy, and fastened with a pin to one of the leaves of the original. Whether it was in your handwriting or Colo. Hamilton's I do not remember. I remember its features, and that after copying it I fastened it again with the same pin. I still think that by turning over the original you will find the paper fastened with a pin to one of the sheets.

I have but few papers remaining of those I possessed in Philadelphia. As you requested it, I have carefully gone through them. I was certain, however, prior to the search, that it was utterly impossible, from the precautions I took in consequence of Mr. Jefferson's charge, that any paper belonging to your manuscript could be mixed with mine. For years after the copy was taken, so far did I consider the whole transaction on my part confidential that I did not even consider myself at liberty to mention that a copy of the debates of the convention existed. It was not until within a few years since, when I found the fact known to others, through yourself and Mr. Jefferson, that I thought it unnecessary to impose on myself the same rigid silence. I should as a member of the community deplore the loss of the paper, as it contains proof clear as holy writ that the idol of the Federal party was not a monarchist in theory merely, but the open, zealous, and unreserved advocate for the adoption of the monarchical system in this country. Your evidence however of the fact will be sufficient with posterity; and that you will find among the originals a paper headed in the way I mention, containing his plan of government, as suggested to you, I have no doubt.

. . . .

I am, Yours &c.
JNO. W. EPPES.

Jefferson wrote to Madison from Monticello, July 26, 1810:

"I have carefully searched among my papers for that of Hamilton, which is the subject of your letter, but certainly have it not. If I ever had it, which I much doubt, I must have returned it. I say I doubt having had it, because I find it in your conventional debates under date of June 18, where it is copied at full length, being so entered, I presume, in your original manuscript. *Having it in that, I do not suppose I should have wanted his original.* I presume you have your manuscript of the debates with you. If you have not, drop me a line, and I will copy it from my copy."

Madison's letter to Jefferson, to which the above is a reply, refers to the debates having been copied for Jefferson at his suggestion, to guard against loss by any accident to the original; but the italicized sentence in Jefferson's letter shows that he had in view a personal use of the reports as well, at least so far as Hamilton was concerned.

Hamilton's plan of the Constitution was subsequently found. Another draft of it in Hamilton's hand, in nearly the same words, is now in the State Department archives. How Jefferson must have smiled as he read the report of Hamilton's eulogy of the British constitution!

Jackson's Journal Saved from the British

The official journal, which some members of the convention wanted to burn, had been sealed up by Washington and kept in the State Department. When the British vandalized the capital in 1814, Mrs. Madison, on the day the army approached, wrote in a note to her sister: "I have pressed as many cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage." Later a wagon was procured, and Mrs. Madison assisted in stuffing documents into linen bags. The tradition of the State Department is that the official manuscript journal, kept by Major Jackson, as sealed by Washington, went into a small red leather trunk of Mrs. Madison's, and that in this trunk it was carried across the Potomac in the memorable flight from the military hoodlums who wished to "catch the President and his wife, and exhibit them in London." It is proper to say that this journal is now in a small red leather trunk in the State Department, which is believed to be the very one in which it escaped the ruffian hands of Cockburn and Ross. Madison's manuscript report of the convention was in the White House and shared in the documentary migration to Leesburg.

Jackson's Journal Supplemented by Madison's Report

The next appearance of the convention manuscript in history was during the administration of James Monroe. In the congressional session of 1818 the journal kept by Major Jackson was ordered to be printed, and, when the seals of George Washington were broken, it was found that the record ended on the day before final adjournment, and that the last page had a line drawn through it. The yeas and nays by States had been taken on a separate paper, and not in the book. The rule of the convention had prohibited recording the yeas and nays, but Major Jackson had kept a secret tally of the States. John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, requested Madison to supply the lacking record of the final proceedings, and to insert the yeas and nays where they belonged. Madison did so, and replied:

"I return the list of yeas and nays in the convention with the blanks filled, according to your request, as far as I could do it by tracing the order of yeas and nays, and their coincidences with those belonging to successive questions in my papers."

The two lists disagree, in many cases, on the votes of individual States. Probably Madison's record is the correct one. But, as there is a variance, we shall never know certainly how some of the States voted on particular questions. There is no case where the variation changes the result.

The printing of the bare journal, thirty-two years after the convention, only excited keener regret that what was said by the delegates was not known. In 1821 the heirs of Robert Yates printed his fragmentary jottings of some of the speeches; but these memoranda were not intended for publication, and, as their author left the convention in a huff, before it had completed a third of its deliberations, the contribution to history was not of much value.

Madison's Death and Will

One by one the makers of the great compromise passed away. When the journal was printed, only sixteen of the delegates were on earth. Ten years after, all were gone except the man to whose enthusiasm and tireless energy we owe so much; and finally, in 1836, he too, James Madison, fell asleep.

His will contained the following provision:

"Considering the peculiarity and magnitude of the occasion which produced the convention at Philadelphia in 1789, the characters who composed it, the constitution which resulted from its deliberations, its effects during a trial of so many years on the prosperity of the people living under it, and the interest it has inspired among the friends of free government, it is not an unreasonable inference that a careful and extended report of the proceedings and discussions of that body, which were with closed doors, by a member who was constant in his attendance, will be particularly gratifying to the people of the United States, and to all who take an interest in the progress of political science and the cause of true liberty."

The Manuscript Recommended to Congress

On this manuscript Madison charged a few legacies for various literary and benevolent institutions, and requested that the publication be under Mrs. Madison's authority and direction. Mrs. Madison offered the manuscript to various publishers, who did not seem to know a good thing when they saw it. So she wrote to President Jackson, telling him about it, and as soon as Congress convened, in December, 1836, he laid the matter before them, saying he believed the work "well deserves to become the property of the nation, and cannot fail, if published and disseminated at the public charge, to confer the most important of all benefits on the present and succeeding generations — accurate knowledge of the principles of their government, and the circumstances under which they were recommended and embodied in the constitution."

The message, with Mrs. Madison's letter, was referred to the Joint Committee on the Library, and Senator Robbins, chairman of the committee, reported a resolution in the Senate, authorizing the purchase of the manuscript for thirty thousand dollars, and leaving to Mrs. Madison the foreign copyright.

Curious Senatorial Debate

When the Senate considered the matter, which it did on Monday, February 20, 1837, twelve days before the Twenty-fourth Congress expired, some curious objections were raised.

Mr. Calhoun asserted that Congress had no authority, under the general welfare clause of the Constitution, to promote the general welfare by the diffusion of intelligence.

Senator Niles, of Connecticut, taking his cue from Mr. Calhoun, asked excitedly: "Is Congress to become a publisher of books for general distribution, and with a view to enlighten the people? Can Congress take upon itself to decide what political information is proper to be distributed among the people, and then become publisher and distributer of the works containing the same, at the expense of the National Treasury? This would be not only a very extraordinary but a very dangerous power. I believe that Congress had no right to publish *any book* for general circulation, and can conceive of no power more dangerous!"

What would Messrs. Calhoun and Niles say now, if they could visit the government printing-office, the largest publishing concern in the world, where millions of speeches, and hundreds of thousands of "The Diseases of the Horse," and similar books, are rushed forth for the information of waiting constituencies?

Mr. Webster dissented from these views, and spoke of the value of Madison's work. He said that, although he had not seen it, he was willing to test the correctness of his interpretation of the Constitution by Madison's report of what its framers had said when they were preparing it.

Senator Rives, of Virginia, Madison's admirer and biographer, asked if there was any government that had not the power to publish and preserve the records of its own doings? After which obvious inquiry, he launched into the florid style of the times, referred to the members of the Constitutional convention as "(he had almost called them) an assembly of demigods"; and he said the manuscript was more precious far than the books of the Sibyls."

The Senate under this eulogy voted — yeas thirty-three, nays fourteen — to adopt the resolution.

The United States Purchases the Manuscript

Here the matter disappears from the journal and debates of the Twenty-fourth Congress, and any one unused to the ways of the capital would suppose that the project had died with that Congress. This is not the case. Congress did authorize the payment of thirty thousand dollars to Mrs. Madison, and it was done in a way, frequently adopted, which is confusing to historians.

The session rushed to its close, and the House, pressed with business, as it always is, took no action on the Senate resolution. Becoming anxious at the delay, the friends of Mrs. Madison in the Senate tacked the item on as a paragraph in the civil and diplomatic appropriation bill; and so we find, in the Act approved March 3,1837, "making appropriation for the civil and diplomatic expenses of the government," the following paragraph:

"For the purchase of the manuscripts of the late Mr. Madison, referred to in a letter from Mrs. Madison to the President of the United States, dated 15th November, 1836, and communicated in his message of 6th December, 1836, thirty thousand dollars."

This item in the law, overlooked by some of Mr. Madison's editors, was the one under which the purchase was made, and the manuscript deposited in the State Department, where it now reposes.

Speeches Not Meant for Publication

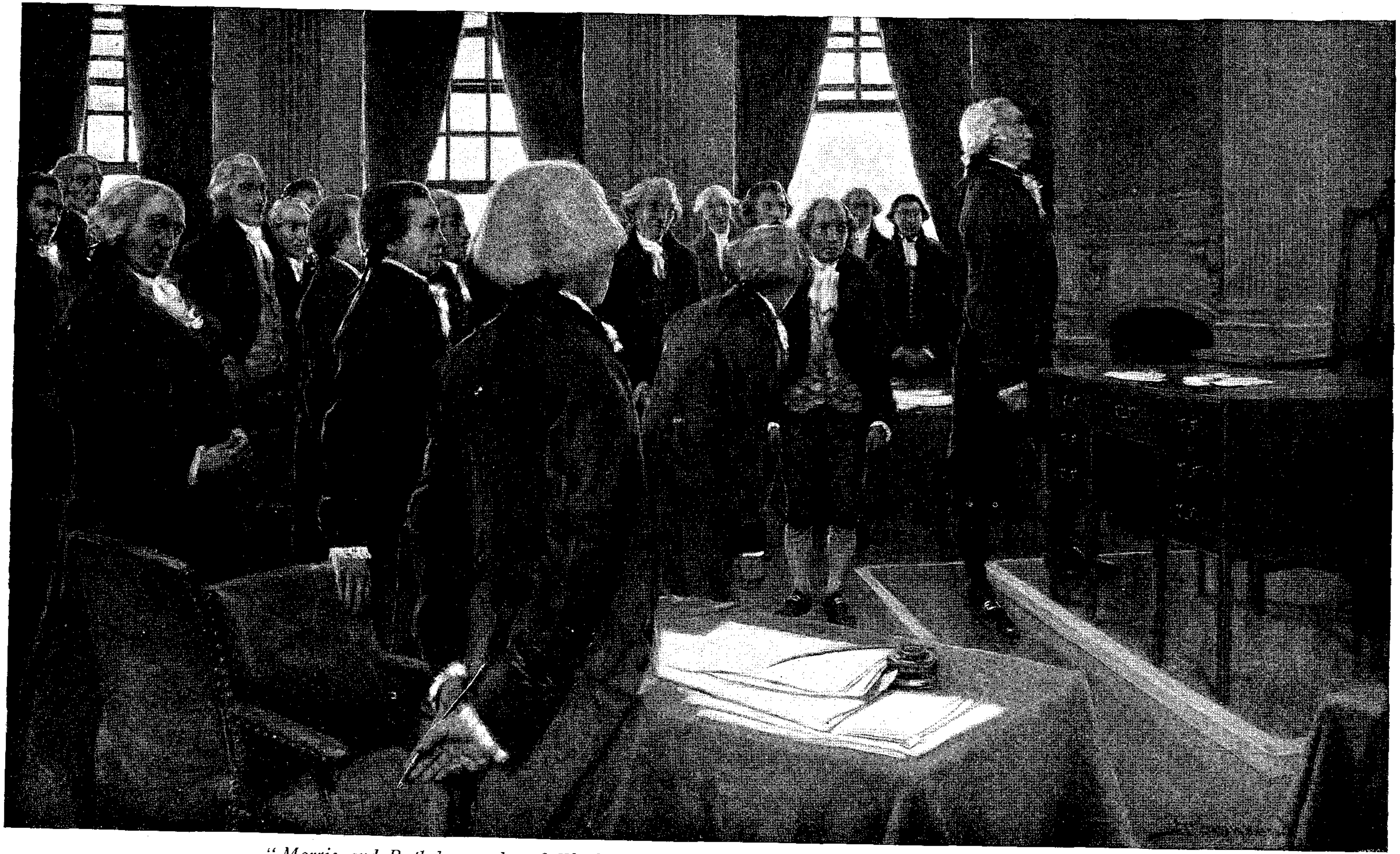
As one reads this manuscript and, from the very touch of the paper, feels again the spirit of the writer, he wishes he could have looked in upon some of those dramatic quarrelings. The speeches were not made for publication, or for the influence they might have upon constituents.

No doubt the welfare of the country depends on our knowing what is said and done in Congress. Yet, how changed would be the tone of some of the debates, if members made speeches solely for the effect on each other! In the convention which Madison reported, Pinckney, Hamilton, Morris, and Randolph spoke what was in their hearts, and we are fortunate in having a record which glossed nothing. So the truth flashes out of every page. We hear Pierce Butler, of South Carolina, frankly saying: "The security that the Southern States want is, that their negroes may not be taken from them, which some gentlemen within or without doors have a very good mind to do!" And we hear Gouverneur Morris tersely summarizing the most difficult problem ever presented to distracted statesmen: "Upon what principle is it that the slaves shall be computed in the representation? Are they men? Then make them citizens *and let them vote!* Are they property? Why then is no other property included?" The Fifteenth Amendment was thus agitated in the eighteenth century, before the Constitution was made; and this outburst of Morris is perhaps the first public suggestion that the ballot be given to the colored man.

The Importance of the Work

The case of James Madison is a luminous illustration of the fact that a man may make success his own by seizing an opportunity. Although he lived to the age of eighty-five, we know him best by what he did when he was thirty-six. Although he was eight years secretary of state, and then president for two terms, his fame will rest principally upon four months' note-taking of some speeches, and certain letters based on those notes. Though he lived fifty years after he did this unostentatious work, it is his masterpiece. He himself was more proud of it than of anything else in his voluminous papers. The esteem in which he held it is shown by the care with which he revised it, thirty-three years after the convention, and by his reference to it in his will.

The exceptional circumstances surrounding the making of this report; the impossibility of obtaining the historical material from any other source; the rare intellectual attainments of the author, and his famous career; the personal regard he won from all, and the love the whole nation felt for Dolly Madison, made it natural that a greater compensation should be paid for the manuscript than was ever given before, or probably ever will be paid again, for a like amount and kind of literary work.



"Morris and Rutledge conducted *Washington* to the platform, and all the delegates respectfully stood"

BILLY'S ORGY

BY

GRACE S. RICHMOND

AUTHOR OF "KILBRETH OF BALLYRAGGAN," ETC.

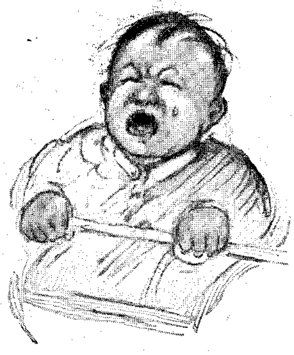
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY LINNELL

"JULIUS," said Mrs. Jack, from the library doorway.

"M-m?" replied Julius abstractedly, without looking up from the letter he was writing. Spoiled drafts of it lay all about him, and his face was flushed.

"Jack and I are going to run into town for the evening. Cook is in the kitchen. I've sent Mary out on an errand, but she will be back in a few minutes. Billy's asleep in the nursery — he won't waken. But if you should want to go out just make sure that Mary and cook are both in — will you? I don't like to have Billy alone in the house with only one of the girls."

"M-hm," assented Julius, still without looking up. His sister crossed the room, laid one gloved hand upon the top of his head, placed the other under his chin, and gently forced him to give her his attention.



Billy

"Do you hear what I say?" she urged.

"Yup. I'm not to go out till I know cooky and nursy and cooky's policeman and nursy's postman are in. Shall I have them sit in a circle just outside the nursery door?"

"We shall be back on the ten-forty-five," promised Mrs. Jack, hurrying to the door in response to an urgent appeal from the vestibule. A tremendous gust of wind swirled in as the door closed, rushed through the hall and sucked the various drafts of Julius's letter from the desk. He got up impatiently. At the same instant Mrs. Jack ran back into the house.

"It's storming frightfully," she called, as she dragged some sort of extra wrap from the hall closet and hurried back to the door. "We shouldn't go if it weren't that the Wetherbys always are so ——"

Another slam of the door, a fresh whirlwind around the library desk, and Julius tore his latest effort into bits and threw it after the loose sheets which had danced into the corner. He strolled to the window, pulled aside the heavy curtains, and stood gazing out.

"Gee — it is something of a night," he commented. "Wonder Bud got up her courage to go into town in such a storm. Guess I don't care much about sallying forth to call on the Meredith girls, after all. Wonder if there's anything new to read here?"

He turned about, looked discontentedly over the shelves, opened two or three books and a number of magazines, dumped them one by one in a rejected pile on the desk, and idled over to the window again.

Two dark forms plunging through the snow waved arms of greeting at him, and he hurried to the front door.

"Well — you fellows must be sick for an airing," he cried, as he admitted an avalanche of snow and a cutting blast of wind at the same time with his chums.

"Get into your togs and come along," commanded the guests, shaking and stamping in the hall, and going over to the fireplace to pull off gloves and warm frozen fingers.

"Oh, say — not in this blizzard."

"Blizzard nothing. It's a nice night — some of it. What's the good of the holiday vacation if you sit by the fire all through? And the Meredith girls wouldn't take us without you."

"Come off. You haven't been there yet."

"That's right," insisted Tom Ward. "Sally said, 'Go and get Julius Broughton, or you can't stay.' So there we are. Come — hurry up."

"You'll have to wait till I set the bread," said Julius, mounting the stairs without haste.

The two by the fire shouted. Julius looked grave.

"— and give the baby his cough medicine," he continued. "I'm in charge. I'll have to wind the clock and fill the furnace, and see that all the windows are fast, and put on the night-light in the bath-room ——"

"*Oh, hurry up!*"

"— and see what the temperature is in the nursery—and set the thermostat, and ——"

His voice trailed off in the distance, still enumerating particulars. A door slammed somewhere — then another. Presently he called over the baluster:

"You fellows wearing white waistcoats?"

"Yes—HURRY UP!"

Julius dressed with greater speed than his manner with his friends would have predicted. He reappeared presently, looking extremely elegant.

"Got the bread set?" jeered his guests.

"Er—no. I'll have to speak to cook about that." He disappeared into the dining-room and was heard making a progress through various unknown regions, calling people who seemed to return no reply. In the course of time he arrived at the hall again.

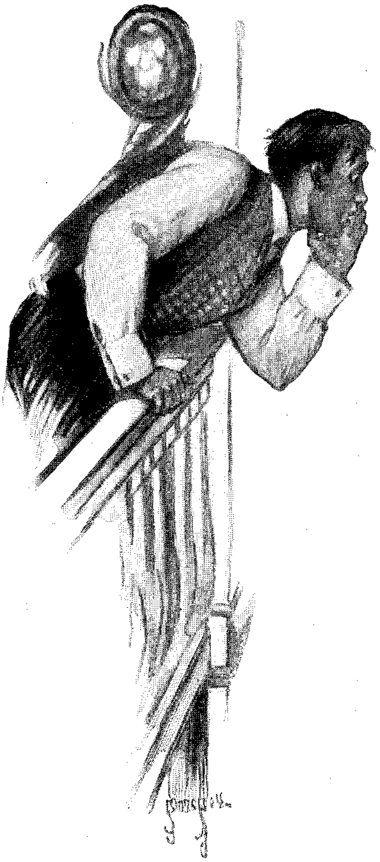
"If we'd known you were a family man ——"

"I am," said Julius solemnly. "I can't find cook nor Mary. My little joke about the bread has become a heart-appalling necessity. I can't go out till they come in."

"You can't!"

"Billy's asleep in the nursery. Two servants and two steadies are supposed to be in the kitchen. They're not there. Bud and Jack have gone in to town for something — back on the ten-forty-five. My going out is off till I can round up Billy's guard."

The guests departed, murmuring maledictions, and extracting from Julius equivocal promises to put in an appearance at the Merediths if it became possible, no matter at what hour.



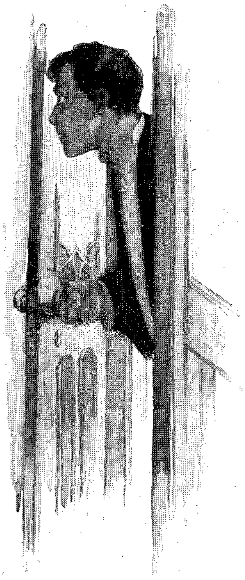
"'*You fellows wearing white waistcoats?*'"

"This is a sweet thing," said Julius to himself, sitting down in his evening clothes before the hall fireplace, an injured expression on his face. "Didn't want to go out at all till I found I couldn't. Now I'd face a tornado rather than stay in. What, under the heavens, could have happened to those girls?"

He took another circuit around the house, shouting vociferously. The only, and immediate, result of this was a lusty wail from the nursery.

"Now I've done it," ejaculated the victim in dismay.

He cautiously opened the nursery door and peered in. Billy was sitting up in bed, shaking the sides of his crib with both fat hands and rending the air with the vigorous howls of which a fourteen-months' healthy infant is astonishingly capable. The moment he caught sight of Julius he beat his fists upon the rails of his bed and redoubled his energy.



"cautiously opened the nursery door and peered in"

"Well, leave the roof on" ordered his young uncle, picking him out of his wrappings. "Come here — if you must. Hi — don't touch my cravat. Leave my collar alone, you imp. Now what in thunder am I going to do?"

He turned up the light and sat down in his sister's rocking-chair with Billy in his lap, a vague idea of rocking that young person to sleep again animating his action. But Billy would have none of the rocking-chair. Julius showed him the pictures on the walls — a charming assortment of historic scenes from Mother Goose, in the latest and most artistic guise. Billy scorned them and applied himself to worrying Julius's carefully parted hair.

"We'll go down-stairs—shall we?" asked Julius politely.

Billy crowed.

Julius descended the stairs, Billy's pink toes sticking out below his pink flannel nightgown in a most engaging way. His mother would have been distracted with anxiety at the sight.

Julius sat down before the big hall fireplace again, and punched up the fire into a roaring picture, at which Billy thrust out his bare feet ecstatically, and wound his fat fingers in Julius's neckgear.

"Now, see here," cried that tortured young man, "I won't stand it — see? You sit here on the floor while I go up and get on a bath-robe. If we've got to make a night of it we may as well do it in suitable attire."

When he came back — by way of the still deserted kitchen — he was wearing a gay-striped robe and a pair of slippers. He was collarless and cravatless, and he carried a pink-and-white blanket, obtained from Billy's crib.

"I suppose in case Bud should come in unexpectedly," he murmured, as he rolled his nephew in the blanket like an Indian papoose and stood him up on end, "it might be as well to make some slight show of doing up the kid so he won't catch cold."

The moment he was seated upon the rug Billy squirmed himself free from the blanket.

"All right," said Julius resignedly; "have it that way — I don't blame you. Only when you're big enough to get onto our Yale team you will have to take care to pull on your sweater or your bath-robe while you're cooling off."

The telephone bell rang.

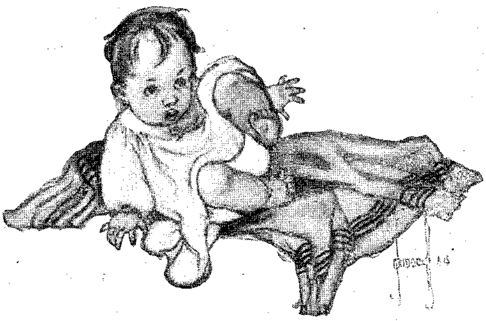
"Hullo," said Julius, in response. "What? — Can't hear you. No — can't make it out. Yes — this is Elliot's. Beg pardon — yes'm. Er — spell it, please. The storm makes bad service. Yes — what — oh — no, no — I can't get away yet, Sally. Awfully sorry — but my sister hasn't come back — and I'm alone. Oh — thank you — I'm afraid it will be too late. Er — good-by."

Coming back to stand on the hearth-rug and gaze absently down at his nephew, tumbling about gaily there, Julius delivered himself of one pregnant syllable:

"*Wow!*"

Billy looked up, caught his uncle's somber eye, and gurgled enticingly. He got no notice. He crowed. There was no response. He crept to the foot of the bath-robe, parted

"squirmed himself free from the blanket"



its folds, and squirmed between Julius's black-clad legs, endeavoring to pull himself to his feet and stand within this improvised tent. Julius adjusted his pose to meet the demands made upon his physical being, and his lips slightly unbent as his nephew gave a satisfied grunt from his hiding-place. Then, as Billy leaned out and forward and looked up at him once more, the brow of the Yale sophomore cleared and he addressed his companion in the genial tone to which that young man was accustomed.

"Whatever I'm doing, you're having the time of your life — huh? Down-stairs at ten-thirty — and the coast clear. All right, old man — go ahead. I won't stand in your way. Say, Billy — I'm hungry. Let's go and forage for grub."

He swept the triumphant baby up to his shoulder and marched off with him to the kitchen store-room. Here he switched on the lights and stood, surveying the shelves with satisfaction.

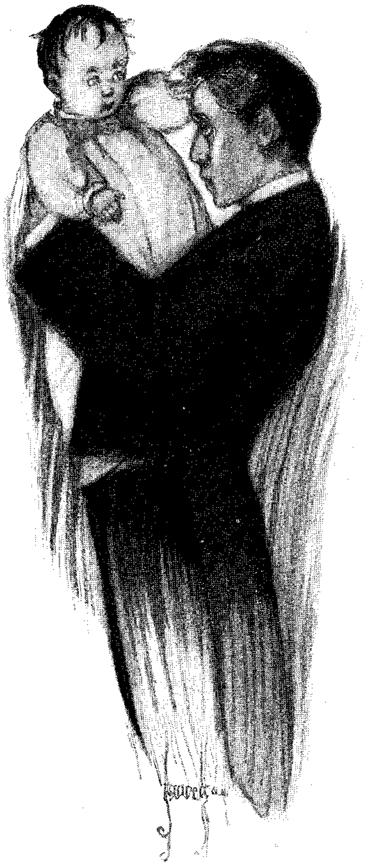
"Bud said I'd eaten up everything in the house the second day of my vacation," he informed Billy, "but I should judge she's got stocked up again. I don't see anything the matter with that cold roast duck — nor the remains of that lobster salad we had for luncheon. I don't see how I came to leave any, though. Perhaps she didn't put it all on — sly thing. Ha — there are some of those dandy little Banbury pies cook makes — and a pot of cream cheese — um-m-m. Billy, we're in luck."

He carried his charge to the dining-room and placed him carefully in his high chair, forgetting all precautions about the blanket and the bare toes. But Billy did not seem to mind. He twisted his feet about the legs of his chair and laughed. Julius hurried back and forth between the store-room and the dining-table, and presently had a royal feast set forth, to which he added new items even as he considered it complete. Finally he drew up a chair and sat down.

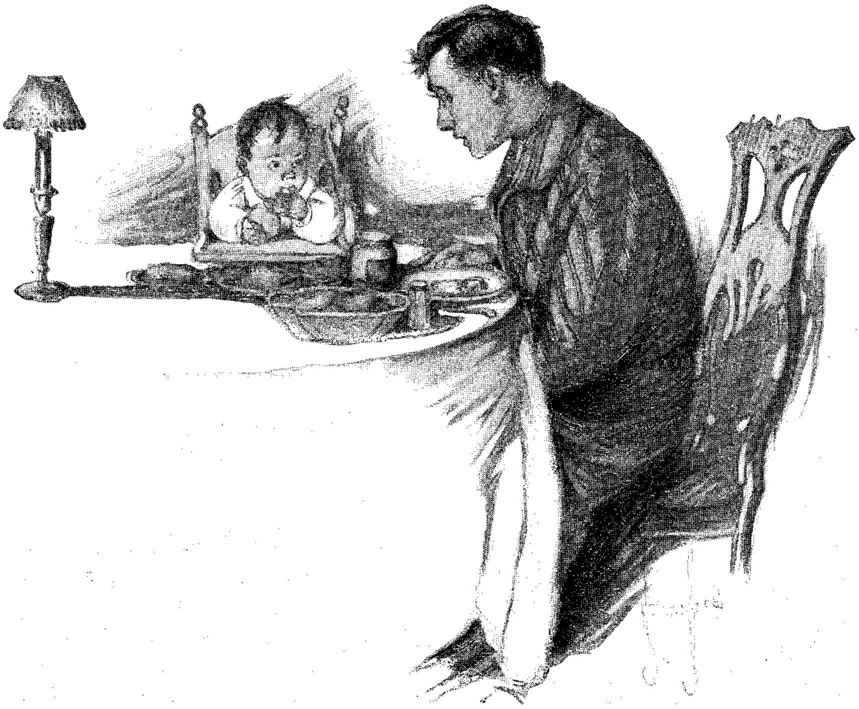
He filled his plate to the edge, and then stopped and turned to look at Billy, at his elbow.

"Why, say — you seem to be rather left out of this deal," he reflected. "What'll you have? What do you have usually? H'm — milk, mostly — and beef-tea — and soft-boiled eggs? Invalid diet — Billy — huh? What would your lovely mother say if I should treat you to" — his sparkling eye roved over the table — "a bit of lobster salad?" He shook his head regretfully. "It won't do to tempt fate, old man — but I don't see any earthly reason why you can't have one of those Banbury pies. Nothing in 'em but raisins and jam and things. Here — take it — and learn what is food for men — future half-backs, Billy boy."

The fourteen-months-old member of the party seized the Banbury pie joyously, and joyously implanted eight milk-white teeth in its midst. Julius watched him with an interested, satisfied grin.


"*applied himself to worrying Julius's carefully parted hair*"

"Good, old man?" he inquired with relish, wagging his head and smacking his lips. "Mm-m-m — you bet it is. That's something like it, now. That's it — paint yourself all over with it. Hold on — here's your bib — hanging on the back of your chair. Better have it on, Bill — lovely mother's liable to notice jam on the front of your pajamas and have it in for you. There — now go ahead — and so will I."



" '*Good, old man?*' "

They went ahead. There is a charm about these stolen midnight feasts which sedater, sanctioned banquets lack. Billy finished the Banbury pie — such of it as did not fall upon the floor and the tablecloth, the bib, and even the eater's own bare toes. Julius consumed to the last crumb the varied menu which he had prepared, then leaned back in his chair, unbuttoning the white waistcoat which he had forgotten to remove when he dressed for the revel.

"You've had your first orgy, old man," he said gaily to his nephew, "and it was a good one. It's a pity you're too young to remember it. There's nothing about it that will ever give you pain to remember, either — that is to say, if you get through the next few hours without any. If you show up with the colic to-night your Uncle Julius will never spree it with you again, Bill; so be wise and conceal your feelings — if you have any. What — more? Oh, no, sonny — you can't have more — there isn't any. Want me to take you? Certainly — but let's go to the bath-room and remove some of the stains of battle. Look out — keep your fists off my waistcoat — Oh, *say* ——"

There was the rattle and thud of the outer vestibule door. Julius glanced in dismay at the Swiss clock on the dining-room mantel.

"Billy," he murmured, "we're caught. We're up against it. Explanations are in order. Where's your blanket? It's in the hall, Bill — she'll see it the first thing."

The electric bell whirred sharply, and whirred again. There was a sound as of the stamping of feet.

"Forgot their latch-key," growled Julius. "Wonder if I've got the force of character to keep 'em waiting while I plunge this kid into bed. Huh — no?" — as a fresh demand of the bell announced the importunity of those waiting outside. "Well — hold on there — let me collect my nerve. We'll get your blanket on, Billy, before we face mother."

He hurried into the hall and dashed the blanket about his nephew — with the customary result of a masculine endeavor to wrap up an infant that Billy's toes protruded from the bottom of his wrappings as naively as ever.

"Keep cool, old man," muttered Julius as he approached the door. "We won't look any guiltier than we can help. Gurgle at your mother and take her attention off me, will you? — there's a good pal. Here goes — they're getting mad, and I've got to ——"

He flung open the door. A great laugh made up of seven different qualities of voice, three deep-toned and exulting, four high-keyed and rapturous, filled the hall. Julius fell back before the onslaught of the party who had spent the evening at the Merediths'.

"Oh — I say —" he began, and words failed him. But the guests continued the conversation for themselves.

"Hi — look at the family man!"

"See the faithful fellow at his post. He should be awarded at least an 'Honorable Mention.'"

"I say — but you cut a dash in those togs, old man. Never saw a white waistcoat and a bath-robe together before. Awfully novel and stunning effect."

"Mr. Broughton, don't let them make fun of you. I think it's just lovely of you to be taking care of your little nephew like this."

Julius bowed appreciatively to the Chicago cousin of the Meredith girls.

"You're all right, Julius," said Sally Meredith.

"Oh, but somebody ought to take a flash-light of him, with Billy on his arm like that." This from the half-back of the class eleven.

"Look at the kid's face! Better put on his bib next time, nurse." It was the captain of the class crew.

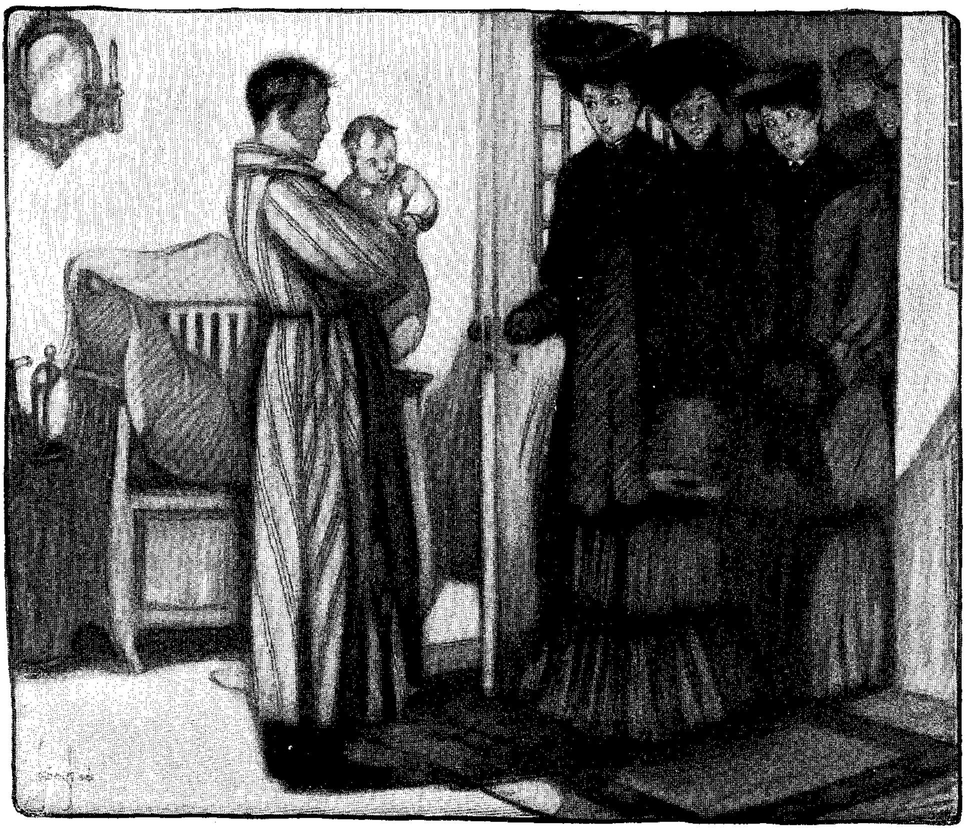
"Give Billy to me," whispered Sally Meredith in Julius's ear — "then you can run up and put on — something else."

Julius thankfully gave Billy into Sally's arms and made for the stairway, saying something or other about coming back in a minute, but three stalwart members of Yale crews and football teams fell upon him and prevented this.

"No, you don't," they shouted. "It's a lot more of a treat to have our host dressed like this than according to his own ideas of what's what. Come back—you couldn't wear a more becoming thing than that blue and gray trailer."

Julius sat down resignedly on the bottom stair. "Have it as you like," he said calmly. "You can guy all you see fit, but it's up to you to get that kid back to sleep before his

"'Hi — look at the family man!'"



fond parents return. They're likely to come in any minute now."

"I'll go up and get him to sleep," said Sally Meredith. Julius gave her a grateful glance. Sally was looking excessively pretty to-night. The walk in the storm and the additional exercise Billy was giving her had brought a rich color into her face, above which a white Tam o' Shanter set upon masses of black hair brought out a general vividness of coloring most attractive.

But the grateful look on Julius's face gave way to a harassed expression as his friends protested:

"Not much; she don't go up and put the kid to bed. He's good fun — aren't you, Billy Elliot? Look at his curls bob! He's having a rattling good time."

"Oh, let her take him up," proposed the stroke of the 'Varsity crew. "We'll go too, and see that she's properly coached — she's a green hand."

While various propositions relating to the baby's entertainment were being made Sally Meredith attempted to steal away upstairs, but she was discovered and the crowd followed. Julius was allowed to bring up the rear. They were held at bay at the door of the nursery by Sally.

"You may just stay out there," she commanded. "And you must be perfectly quiet. Just imagine what Mrs. Jack will say if she comes in and finds us like this."

"She won't come in," promised the half-back. "If their train gets through at all it'll be hours late. Everything's tied up in this storm. Wayne Griffin was coming out on the nine-fifteen and he didn't come — couldn't get here."

Sally turned down the nursery lights, found a rocking-chair, and sat down in it with Billy in her arms. She began to sing softly. But Billy was uncompromisingly wide awake. He persisted in sitting absolutely erect in Miss Meredith's lap, his head cocked toward the door, outside which sat a circle of people on the floor, precisely as Julius had suggested arranging Mrs. Jack's servants and their attendants earlier in the evening. A hum of talk and much imperfectly suppressed laughter kept Billy agog with excitement.

"Julius, you will have to come and try," Sally called at length. The guests demurred, but Julius evaded them and went around and entered the nursery by another door.

"You are an angel," he murmured in Sally's ear, as he bent over the two, in his bath-robe.

"I know it," she answered. "It's because I'm so delighted with you for staying by the baby."

"Oh, yes, I stayed by him," Julius agreed modestly. "Anybody would. He's not so easy to get away from. And neither are you."

"Now I wonder what you mean by that," whispered Sally Meredith, looking up at him with laughter in her eyes. Julius's hair was in a fine disorder, his collarless neck showed his strength of build, and his eyes were brilliant. It was extremely reprehensible, the thing he did at this point, but in his present attire he could hardly be called entirely responsible. As he bent over his nephew, patting his curly head and, in the dim light, presenting the appearance from the doorway of being engaged wholly in assisting Miss Meredith to soothe the wakeful baby, he suddenly laid a pair of warm lips on hers, whispering: "Forgive me — but you're irresistible to-night."

"Let's sing him a lullaby," suggested the Merediths' cousin from Chicago. She softly started a song, and everybody joined in. Billy, sitting in Sally's lap: his uncle, kneeling by his side, patting his head: Sally, with her black hair drooping until it mingled with Billy's yellow curls, listened to a charming melody set to the usual idiotic words of popular songs, intermingled with occasional sibilations of stifled merriment:

"*'Come, Sue, lub me, do,*
Same as I lub you.
Come, Mis', one kiss;
Don' yer see I lub yer true?
Sweet prize, ope' dem eyes,
'Fore I says adoo;
Gib me one smile,
Ma honey chile,
Ma Susquehanna Sue.'"

They sang this over and over, more and more slowly, more and more softly, impressed with their own prowess in lulling a child to sleep for the first time in their lives. Inside the nursery Billy, with sparkling eyes, watched his uncle's hand make a complicated circuit indefinitely repeated. It passed over his head, down by his ear, fell into his lap, where a smaller hand held Billy's, moved slowly and caressingly across this hand, sometimes stopping a moment, then going on up to the top of the baby's head, across his curls, off down over his ear—and so around. It was most absorbing.

The rattle of a latchkey sounded in the door below. Nobody heard it. In the lower hall Mr. and Mrs. Jack Elliot paused for one breathless instant, then one flew, and the other leaped, up the stairs.

> *"Gib me one smile,*
> *Ma honey——"*

"Great heavens!" burst from Jack, standing aghast before the group on the floor, outside the nursery door. Mrs. Jack stopped for no preliminary questionings; she made one frantic rush into the nursery, breathing the anxious word: *"Billy!"*

Her brother Julius glanced at her with a dazed expression. Sally Meredith smiled reassuringly. Billy looked up from his uncle's hand, which was at that moment just moving lingeringly up towards his curls again, and leaped on Sally's lap and crowed.

"Well, we must be going, thank you," said the stroke-oar tactfully. "Oh, don't mention it, Mrs. Elliot. Always a pleasure to stand by a classmate in distress. Yale men are famous for that, you know. The old boy was behaving gallantly, but he was getting worsted in the fight, and we just saw the situation and rallied around him. A few moments more and I'm sure we should have had your son asleep. Good night—you were mighty lucky to get back in this storm. Good night, Mr. Elliot."

When Julius slipped softly into the house a half hour later, after taking Miss Meredith home, he found himself instantly confronted by his sister, who, at the moment, was coming down the stairs. Jack was lounging in front of the hall fireplace, thawing out.

"Ugh—fierce night," observed Julius, getting out of his overcoat and observing his sister's expression out of the corner of his eye. "You sure were lucky to get back at all. Going to make a night of it? It's twelve-thirty now."

"Julius," began Mrs. Jack sternly, "did Billy have the colic?"

"I think not—yet," replied her brother cheerfully, warming his hands before the fire.

"Where is Mary?"

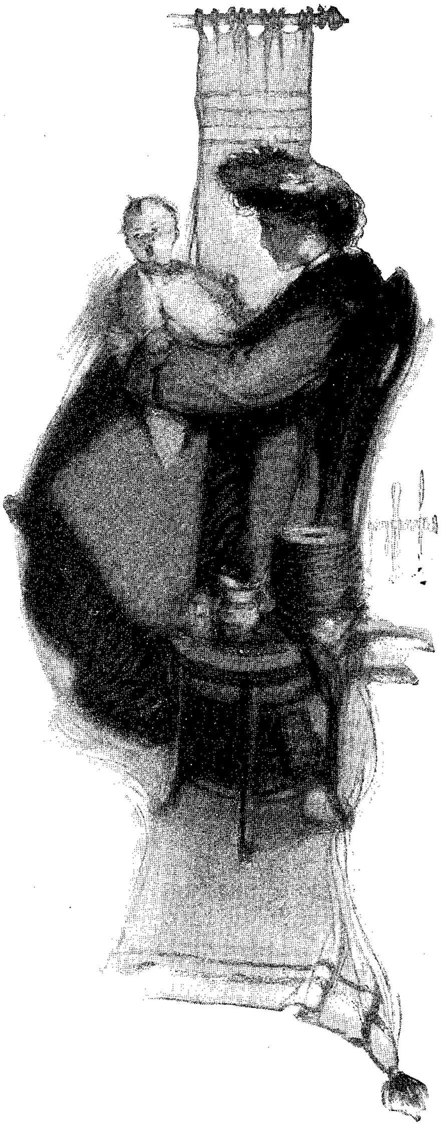
"Don't ask me."

"You don't mean she isn't here?"

"I haven't been able to discern her presence," said Julius calmly.

"Isn't cook in? She knows how to look after Billy—she's very fond of him. Why didn't you call her if Billy had the colic?"

"Billy didn't have the colic, I tell you," reasserted Julius, with irritation. "He just simply woke up. I was yelling for some of your servants—I wanted to go out. The Meredith girls sent for me," he explained, in an injured tone, "and I got all dressed to go——"



"He persisted in sitting absolutely erect in Miss Meredith's lap"

"You look it," observed Jack, with his eyes on Julius's apparel. "Nice dressy front you have on there. Just as well you couldn't go, I should say. You were a touching spectacle in your bath-robe with that waistcoat."

Julius glanced hastily down. He had replaced the bath-robe with a house-coat before going out, which now, falling widely open, exposed to view a white waistcoat with a dark jam-colored imprint of five small fingers, like a coat-of-arms or a decoration of honor.

"Oh — er —" began Julius; but Mrs. Jack was looking at him suspiciously.

"Billy's nightgown was covered with something strange," she said reproachfully. "And when I came down to get him some milk I saw the dining-room table. Julius, what did you give him?"

"Oh, nothing much," said Julius, with attempted nonchalance, which caused him to look particularly guilty. "I got hungry myself, that's all."

"Julius, tell me instantly what Billy has had to eat. Did you give him bread and jelly — at this time of night?"

"It was a — er — sort of bread and jelly," admitted Julius, making for the stairs. "Good night — I guess I'll go to bed, if it's all the same to you."

"Julius Broughton — was it bread and jelly? And, Julius — *don't you think it was a very strange-looking thing for you to be kneeling on the nursery floor in a bath-robe, at Sally Meredith's feet — in the dark?*"

"Oh, good night, good night," called back the Yale sophomore, disappearing around the turn at the landing.

OLD MAN JOHNSON'S SUCCESSOR

BY

N. M. W. WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MISSIONER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

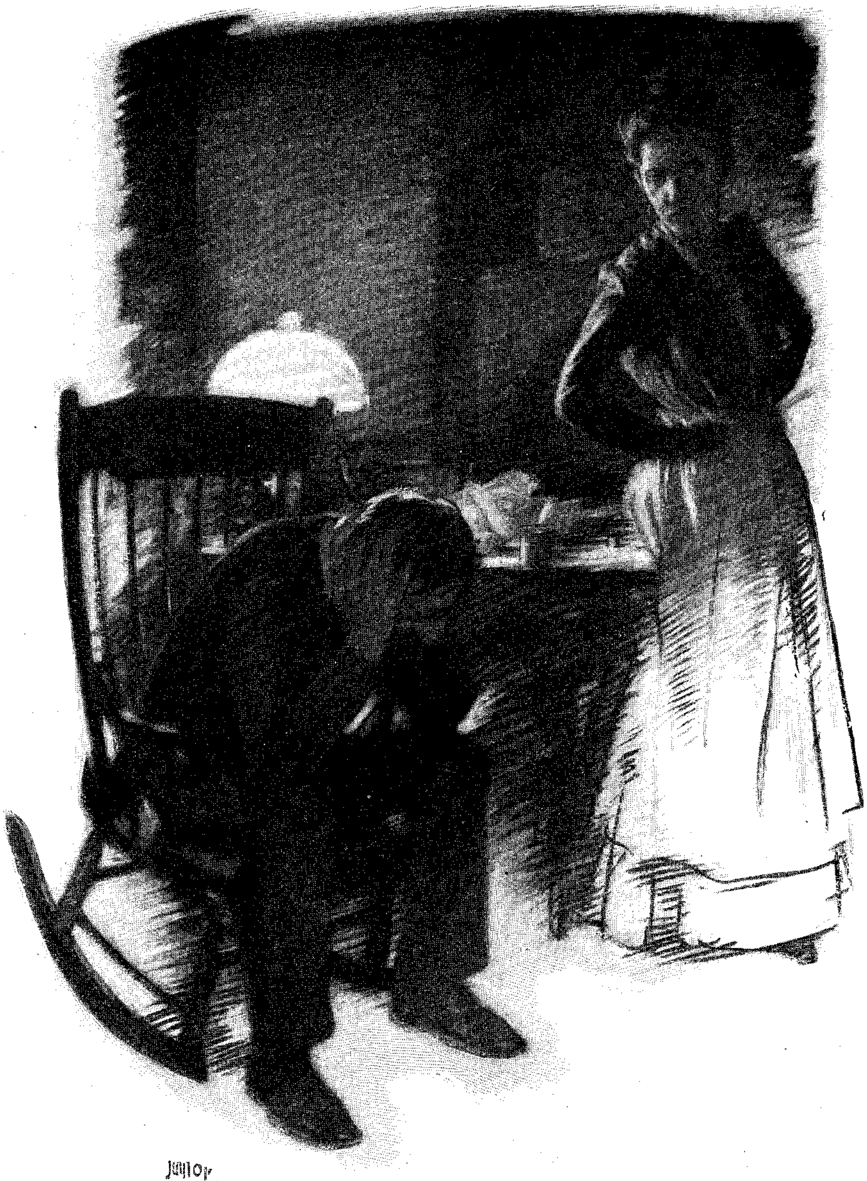
SILAS EVANS strode along the mountain road toward his home, his empty dinner-pail swinging listlessly in one hand. He was a tall, raw-boned fellow, with a stoop to his shoulders, an honest, kindly face, and gentle, confiding eyes glazed with gloom.

His look brightened a little as he neared his house, the trimmest and best-cared-for in the village. It had none of the *laissez-aller,* the indifference to its "blue china," which characterized most of the houses in Zenith. They apparently were quite content to live down to the tin cans and entangling wires cumbering their front yards, and were undisturbed by any esthetic yearnings toward blue pottery.

Not a hundred yards to the rear of the house towered a great bare, pink mountain; before the road running by the front gate stretched a lush meadow ending in a growth of pines at the base of another range; in the west a flaming sun sank slowly behind two snow-crowned, sharp-cut peaks, which looked one, but were in reality twenty miles apart. Yet Evans, accustomed to grand effects to the point of monotony, sought with eager eyes the *genre* picture framed in the window sash.

Above a sill of blooming plants bobbed two charming little heads, eagerly watching the road. As Evans appeared the bobbing became more violent, and presently the tallest head vanished to quickly reappear with a fat, rosy baby upheld against its cheek.

Evans smiled at the sight, and then his eyes darkened with pain. The light overcame the darkness, however, as he entered the house and the children swarmed about him. Lifting the baby to his shoulder, he glanced apprehensively over its head into the kitchen, where his wife stood busily occupied over the stove; but she neither called to him, nor



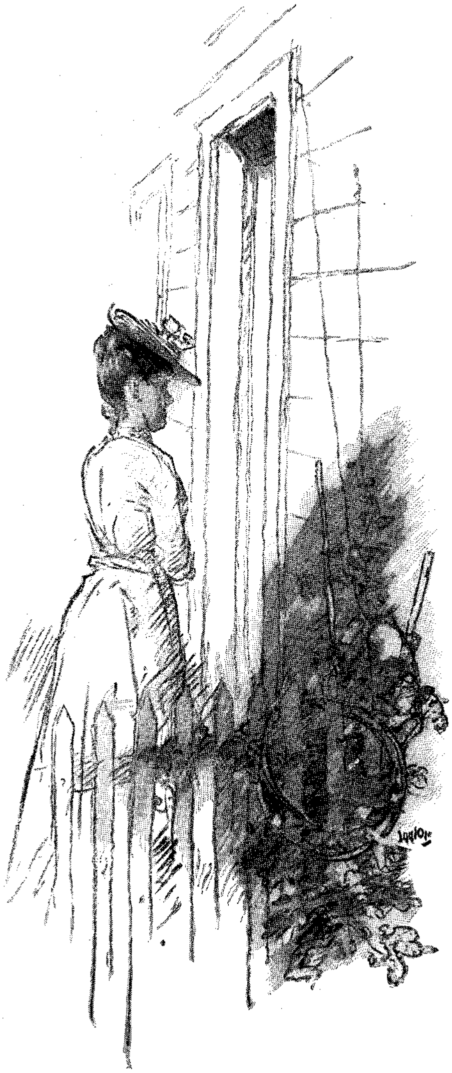
"He leaned his elbows on his knees, and his head sank into his great horny hands"

noticed his arrival, maintaining an effectual and aggressive unconsciousness of his presence.

At last, her preliminary kitchen preparations completed, she came into the dining-room and spread a stiffly starched cloth on the table, her eyes indifferent, her manner preoccupied. Then, slamming down a number of dishes, she announced supper, shortly bidding the children take their places. Save for the clamor of the little ones, the meal progressed in silence.

Mrs. Evans was a marked antithesis to her husband. She was a tiny woman, with a neat compact figure, a smooth round face, straight abundant hair, hard snapping black eyes, and a scarlet line of a mouth. A scarlet line like a deep scratch also ran from her eye to her chin, noticeably, if temporarily, marring her good looks. She was likewise the possessor of hands and feet so small that all of her personal vanity was centered in them.

After the supper things had been cleared away and the children sent to bed she placed a student-lamp in the center of the table, and seating herself where the light fell strongest, sewed silently and energetically, imparting to the room an atmosphere of storm, herself its electric center, the quick jerk of her arm and the flash of her needle in the lamplight giving the impression of occasional lightning. She still preserved a careful unconsciousness of the furtive and placating glances of her husband, who forlornly smoked his pipe on the opposite side of the student-lamp, his feet stretched out to the open grate stove; but, by the token of the cheek with the scar on it being ostentatiously turned toward him, it might be inferred that her abstraction was more a matter of art than an expression of nature.



"'No, Mary Ethel,' I says, 'I will not come in'"

The man blundered, as man ever must in a match game of finesse between the sexes, and lost the trick.

After opening his mouth two or three times, and shutting it again over his pipe, he said in tones which strove to be full of an offhand, confidential interest, suggestive of a camaraderie extending even to the heart of the storm-center: "What's the matter with your cheek, Myrtie?"

She snapped the thread viciously, cast the white muslin down on the table, threw her scissors and thimble into the heap, and faced about with blazing eyes.

"Why, your sister done it; that's what's the matter."

"Mary Ethel?" in surprise.

"Yes, Mary Ethel," she mimicked. "I seen her last night coming into prayer-meetin' in that pink organdie an' a new gray feather boa, an' it just made me sick. Do I get any pink organdies or gray feather boas? An' her a-livin' in the house that my father's money bought, an' never payin' a cent of rent, an' us owin' at the store like we do. It's more'n I can bear. When I go to get my meat an' vegetables in the morning, I got to stand 'round an' wait, while Mis' Ames an' Mis' Terwilliger an' Mis' Thompson an' all the rest gets waited on — me that's always held my head up with the best, an' had a right to, too."

The storm had burst; the thunder that had muttered and the lightning that had flashed on the horizon were now booming and striking all about him. Her words fell upon him like a shower of hail, stinging, biting into his brain.

He leaned his elbows on his knees, and his head sank into his great horny hands.

"Aw, you can groan, if you want to," cried the woman, stung to frenzy in her tenderest spot, her indomitable pride; "but I've bore it as long as I'm goin' to, an' to-day I took the law into my own hands. I stopped at *my* house, bought with *my* money, an' asked for the rent, an' she wouldn't give me no satisfaction, an' scratched my face into the bargain."

Evans's head sank a little lower. "Was there many around that seen the scrap?" he asked, his eyes on the carpet.

"Don't be afraid," she mocked. "There wasn't no scrap. Your sister's beauty's safe."

He looked at her unbelievingly, cogitatively, questioningly; but she refused to gratify his curiosity.

"Of course, she'd 'a' liked a scrap, nothin' better; but not with me, not with a McKenzie. Sile Evans," she continued impassionedly, "you know what your folks was an' you know what mine was. Now when I have got some birth an' breedin' on my side, an' wasn't born no poor rat like you an' your sister, why don't you let me have some say?"

"I guess you've had enough say for one night," he said heavily, rising to his feet and preparing to wind the clock. "I guess I'll go to bed now."

She threw herself before the door. "Sile Evans, I've known from the first that that lease wasn't goin' to be no good, an' I begged an' begged you not to take it. The first time I put my eyes on that Brown, I knew what he was — shifty-faced fox with his jaws smeared with butter; but nothin' would do but that you'd got to sign up with him. An' where are you now?"

At her words the smoldering spark in Silas Evans's face blazed. "Where am I now?" he cried. "By God, where am I now? I've drove in two hundred feet, an' I've struck one of the best payin' streaks in the camp. I could be makin' $200, $300, $500 a month if the trammers wasn't kept busy in another part of the mine, if I could get my ore hauled to another mill where the charges ain't so high as at the Company's mill, if I didn't have to buy all my supplies from the Company, if Brown hadn't said so easy, when we made the contract, that the roy'lty would run from twenty-five to fifty per cent, an' then charged me fifty the minute I struck the vein. Where am I now, you ask? Why, I'd be all right, on the top of the heap, if Brown only panned one-half per cent honest. I don't care what you say, no matter how you put it, I ain't got nothin' to blame myself with. My judgment was all right. Ain't the ore there?"

His bluster was in reality a plea, not only for the justification of his business acumen, but to retain that intangible bond of a happy marriage — the wife's respect for her husband.

Mrs. Evans, however, did not soften. In her eyes was the clear, implacable glitter of the woman whose affection is measured by her ambition, and her words were the poisoned arrows of one who has discovered a latent gift for sarcasm, and shows no intention of wrapping the talent in a napkin.

"Oh, yes, your judgment was all right," she jeered. "Ketch a man ever sayin' that he's in the wrong. Oh, of course it was all right for you to sign up Brown's lease; any fool miner in the camp ought to have known the minute he put eyes on Brown an' his fox-grin, that he might as well sell himself to the devil as sign one of his contracts. It just meant you were tyin' yourself up to find ore for Mr. Brown, an' then, when you done your stint, you was to be froze out."

The arrows poisoned, the eyes stabbed; but Evans strove unequally to cope with her on her own ground — that of sarcasm.

"Well, since you're so smart," he demanded, "what have you got to suggest that's any better? I s'pose you'd want me to throw up my lease to-morrow; then, what have I got before me? A job at day's wages an' two or three years of debt-payin'. That is," a lump rose in his throat, "pervided you an' the kids don't get sick, nor need no clothes, nor want nothin' to eat but beans an' sow-belly. Aw," his voice breaking, "what's the use of talkin'?"

"This use," she replied defiantly, "that I told you, an' I told you true, that I've bore all I'm goin' to. I've begged, an' I've plead with you about that lease. There ain't been a day that I ain't asked you to give it up, an' go 'round to the Mont d'Or. Mr. Silverhorn's wantin' a foreman now; but no, you're so set that you can't see no way but your own. An' beside all that you won't take no hand in helpin' me get my rent out of Mary Ethel, or in puttin' her out of my house, 'cause she comes whinin' to you, makin' a poor mouth, an' gettin' on your soft side, like any woman that tells her troubles to a man can get around him. It's the las' straw, I tell you — the las' straw!"

"Now," she announced determinedly, "I'm a-goin' to take the matter into my own hands. I'm a-goin' to pervide for my kids as they've a right to be pervided for, I don't care whether it shames you before the whole village, or whether it don't."

He turned and looked at her. "What do you mean?" he growled.

"I mean this. I ain't a-goin' to see everything go to rack an' ruin, as long as I got a shoulder to put to the wheel. I seen old Johnson who drives the hack to the station an' back three times a day. He's so crippled with rheumatism that he wants to go an' live with his sister, near some springs where he can boil out. Well, I closed with him, an' I'm to drive the passengers up an' down to the station after this." She folded her arms challengingly upon her chest.

Then she saw fully, for the first time, perhaps, the slow, struggling, mighty wrath of the gentle. Like the biblical demon, it seemed to rend Silas and tear at his throat. His hands clenched, his mouth became granite, his chest heaved convulsively, his words were strained and hoarse.

"If you do," he said at last; "if you do, I leave this house an' you for good."

For a moment his wife stood before him, frightened to her soul, white-faced but unyielding; then, without a word, she left the room.

Throughout the long night Evans sat stiff and rigid in a chair by the table, gazing before him with unseeing eyes. He was the victim of what is known in the vernacular as a "cut-throat" lease. Hard-working, steady-going, thoroughly dependable, a first-class miner, he had held excellent positions until he was overcome by the dream that haunts every man, that of being his own master, and the longing that possesses every miner, to lease some undeveloped part of a good mine, and realize his bonanza hopes.

But now his dream mocked him, his hope had deserted him, and through the weary hours he battled with his Apollyon, the dreadful specter of failure. When the gray dawn broke through the windows he was still sitting by the table. The lamp burned low, now and then flaring uncertainly, and the open stove held only the cold dead ashes of last night's fire.

He arose to his feet, looking around him dazedly for a moment, and then his face set as hard as the rock he mined. Pausing only to seize his hat and coat, he strode from the house without one farewell glance behind him.

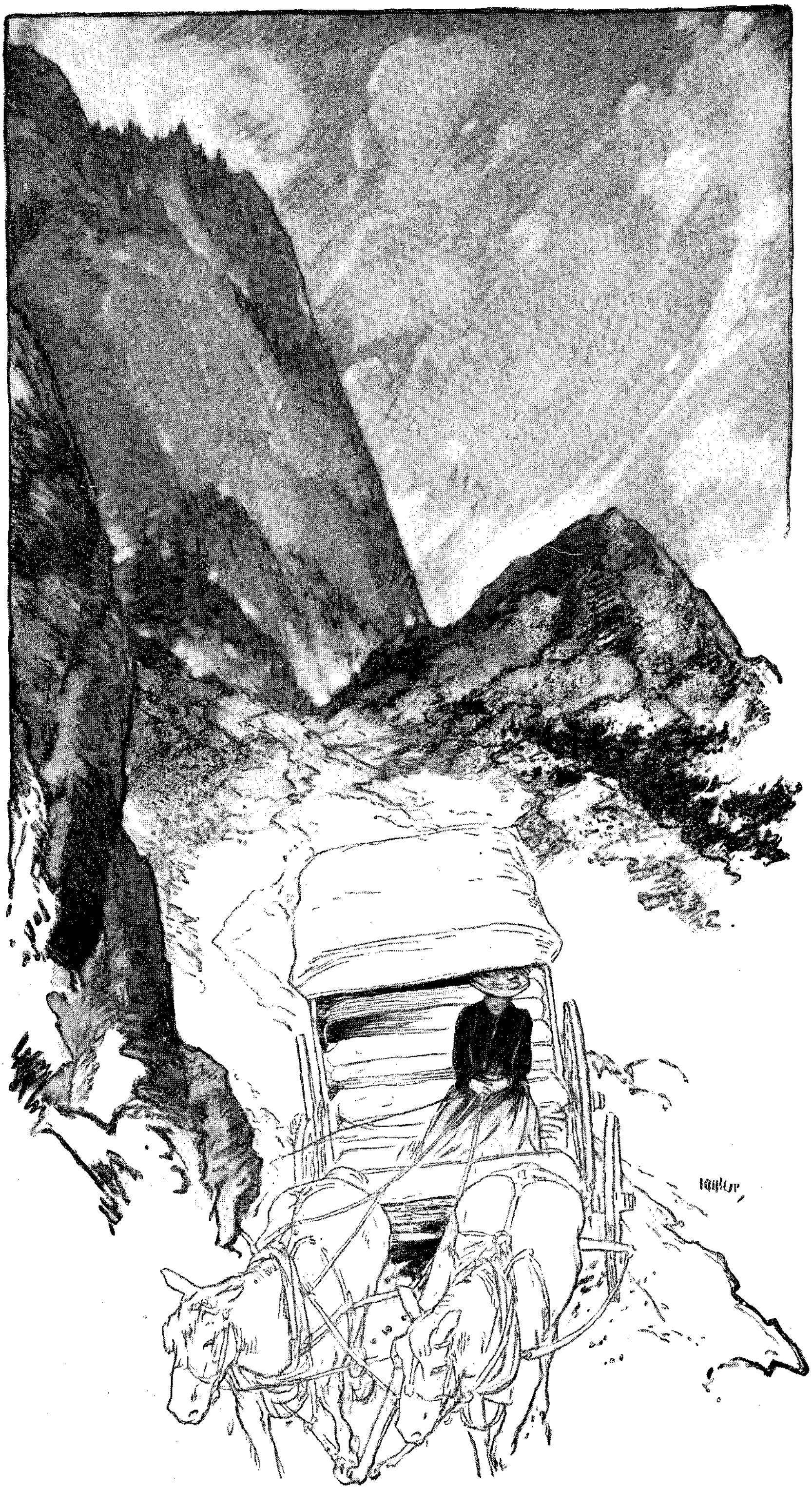
Four or five hours later, Mrs. Evans might have been seen perched on the front seat of a long, three-seat wagon, drawn by two strong, shaggy horses. Her foot was on the brake as they clattered down the steep mountain road, a big cliff on one side and a sheer fall of a thousand feet on the other. Her attitude was nonchalant, her expression one of gay decision. Arriving at the station, she backed her horses up to the platform, directed the men lounging there how to load the luggage on the boot of the vehicle, pointed out seats to the passengers, and then with a slap of the reins over the horses' backs urged them up the two-mile drive to the village, conversing on the topics of the day and the gossip of the mines to the occupants of the wagon as they drove along.

When they entered the long, straggling village street, she was alertly aware that every eye in the community was fastened upon her; for in small and isolated settlements news of domestic inharmony travels fast, and is accorded due discussion. The women left their washtubs and their baking to draw aside the curtains of the front windows, the men congregated in groups at the post-office; sides were freely taken and bets exchanged. Evans was a popular man in the village, one who unconsciously commanded respect, he was steady-going and square; but, as was well known, he had not won golden benefits from his lease, and consequently he reaped the somewhat barren sympathy bestowed upon the unsuccessful. This world's darlings are those who openly defy her and carry their point by reckless, spectacular daring, and Mrs. Evans succeeded in capturing her audience by sheer pluck and bravado.

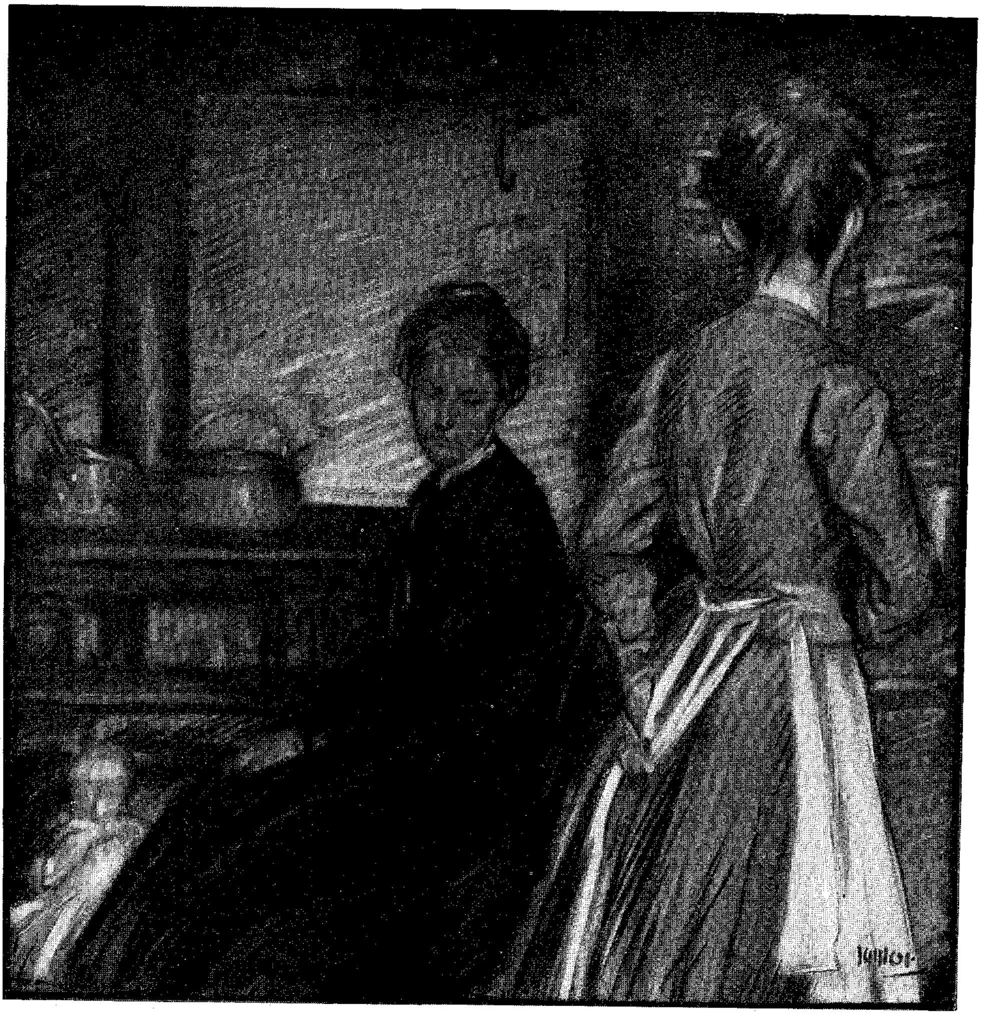
Understanding the *nuances* of village life, she prepared for a visit from sympathetic and curious friends, after a sufficient time had been allowed for what might be a merely transient situation to prove its permanency, and her expectations were not doomed to disappointment. According to Zenith's code of etiquette, her own particular coterie would properly call first, while those of lesser degrees of intimacy would wait with decent decorum.

Consequently, toward the end of the week a little band, composing a rather unique sisterhood, differing widely in temperament yet drawn together by some sympathetic tie which in spite of an occasional internecine battle was yet cemented as to friendship, dropped in singly during the afternoon with a fine air of unpremeditation, a casual manner, and a careful avoidance of the one topic which absorbed their thoughts.

Mrs. Evans's front yard but presaged the immaculate order maintained within the house. Everywhere the evidences of her lack of conformity to village standards were accentuated by a certain precise formality of manner, a formality which once had been resented but later had been leniently accepted.



"Her foot was on the brake as they clattered down the steep mountain road"



"I've been praying for light about this matter, Mrs. Evans, but none has been vouchsafed me"

Adhering to unwritten laws, her friends did not permit themselves the luxury of following their vagrant impulses and running in at the back door. They rang the front door bell, and were admitted into the dining-room, spotless and shining, the floor covered with a bright rag carpet, the stove ever polished and black. Upon the walls were worked texts and framed photographs, while the window was gay with blooming plants, geraniums, portulaca, German ivy, and begonia.

In these pleasant surroundings sat Mrs. Evans in a fresh calico gown and a white collar. Her flying moments were never wasted, and she was now busily occupied in cutting down the garments of her elder daughter, Eolanth, to fit the younger, Celora.

At the first knock she sprang eagerly forward to open the door. "Good afternoon, Nitschkan," she cried hospitably, as that masculine and breezy lady of the mountains entered.

"Able to set up and take my beef tea," chuckled Mrs. Nitschkan. "Let the door ajar; here comes the other girls."

The other girls were Mrs. Thomas, a big, appealing woman with a baby voice, and Mrs. Landvetter, broad, puffing, spotlessly Dutch.

"Come right in, ladies," called their hostess heartily; "I hope you brought your sewing with you."

"Sewin'! Well, just 'cause I hate it more'n pizen, I got some to do, worse luck," responded Mrs. Nitschkan. "The last time we was sewin' on those duds fer worse heathen than ourselves, the Bishop, he says to me, 'Don't look so down in the mouth, Mis' Nitschkan; you're doin' the Lord's work.' 'Well,' I says, 'I ain't so sure of it. If it's the Lord's work fer a woman to set all day an' stick a needle in an' out of a piece o' goods, why, I'm boun' to disagree with Him.'"

"You vas born to disagree, Nitschkan," said Mrs. Landvetter from the rocking-chair before the stove in which she had deposited her huge bulk. She was, as usual, knitting lace in the elaborate and intricate pattern she loved, counting the stitches as she talked. "One—two—three—four—five. Yes, you vas born to disagree, und den it's de odder fellow vat gets hurt."

"Well," continued Mrs. Nitschkan complacently, "speakin' of clothes, I mos' screamed out in church last Sunday mornin'. You know Mis' Burton's got back from Denver—Mis' T. R., not Mis' C. Q. Well, I stopped a second on a Sat'day, to see how she was gettin' along. She's been doctorin' Lord knows how long fer that itchin' exzema she's had out all over her like the shingles, you know. The doctors didn't do her no good, it seems, so she went to the Christian Scientists. Well, when I went to see her, there she was leanin' over the washtub, scrubbin' away an' kind o' mutterin' an' mutterin' to herself. 'I hope I don't disturb you,' I says, 'seein' as you got some kind o' spook company around that plain folks can't see.' Kind o' laughin', you know, an' yet givin' her a dig too.

"'Oh,' she says, jumpin' half a foot an' then lookin' at me with a sort o' painted-angel smile on that pizen-pup face o' her'n. 'Oh, I didn't see you. I was jus' a sayin' over my tex'.'

"'Your tex'?' I says; 'have you turned preacher?'

"'No,' she says, 'I mean my tex' that's to cure me of the exzema: "Warsh me an' I shall be whiter than snow."'

"Girls, I couldn't 'a' helped it if I'd a died fer it. I looked at her an' then I jus' bus' right out laughin', an' if I'd 'a' been struck dead, I couldn't 'a' helped sayin' what I did. I says, 'Well, if I was you, I wouldn't trus' no tex'. I'd buy a box o' pearline an' then bleach myself in the sun.'

"But, girls, that kind o' stuck in my head an' I got to wonderin' what my tex' was. Well, las' Sunday, when Missioner read out in church, 'Thou shalt build up the old waists,' I couldn't help givin' Celia a nudge that nearly sent her off the seat. 'That's my tex', all right,' I whispered to myself. God knows, it's what I've been a-doin' fer the las' week. My kids is the crankiest monkeys that ever was in the way their clothes has to be made."

"All kids is cranky," said Mrs. Evans succinctly. "An' the Lord knows the men is."

"That's true enough," commented Mrs. Thomas devoutly, "Birdie Green was askin' me the other day what I thought o' marriage. 'It's a quick jump,' I says, 'from molasses to snakeroot.'"

"You hit the nail on the head that time," responded Mrs. Evans. "Mis' Thomas, will you see to the coffee an' tea? Everything's ready on the lower shelf an' the kettle's boilin'. I suppose you've heard about my trouble with Sile, girls?"

Mrs. Thomas groaned as she poured the coffee and passed the cups. Mrs. Landvetver sighed and counted her stitches lugubriously; but Mrs. Nitschkan threw her head back with an habitual devil-may-care gesture.

"Gosh A'mighty, what does that matter?" she cried. "Dogs an' men is jus' alike. You got to beat 'em, an' every once in a while drive 'em off the place, before you get any good out of 'em."

"Well, I jus' got tired of the way things was goin', an' Sile an' me had it out," narrated Mrs. Evans. "I told him in the first place to let that lease alone an' I've begged him ever since to throw it up; but nothin' would do but he was goin' on with it. You know what men are an' you know jus' how easy one man can get around another, an' you all know that men ain't got no more sense than children, for all that they're as obstinate as mules. Well, where are we now? So deep in debt to the store that I'm ashamed to show my face; but what can you expect? Sile hadn't no bringin' up to speak of; you all know what his folks was. I read him the family pedigree good and strong the night we quit."

"What did he do?" asked Mrs. Nitschkan, leaning eagerly forward. "Hit you?"

"You bet he didn't. Hit a McKenzie? Well, I guess nit!—Here, ladies, let me fill your cups again. I'll tell you," pausing with uplifted coffee-pot, while the frown deepened between her brows; "I could 'a' bore the lease maybe; but that cat of a Mary Ethel — no, indeed!"

"La! la! la!" exclaimed Mrs. Landvetter. "Und how vas dat?"

"Why, I went to collect the rent from her the other day. Well, I knocked an' I knocked until at last she come to the door. 'Oh!' says she, 'Mis' Evans?' As formal as that, you see. 'Won't you come in?' 'No, Mary Ethel,' I says, 'I will not come in. The doorstep's good enough for me in what I've got to say, an' what I've got to say is this: I want my rent.' She didn't say a word, but kind o' looked down an' I went right on:

"'Now, look here, Mary Ethel,' I says, 'right's right and wrong's wrong. You've always been slack with your rent and I've never pressed you as I might another, seein' as you're Sile's sister; but my stock of patience is about used up. You've got a house full of lodgers an' every one of 'em workin', an' there ain't no reason why you should hold back the rent on me.'"

"'The boys is havin' bad luck,' she says, sort o' sullen.

"'Bad luck nothin'!' I says. 'They've been workin' on the best payin' mines in the camp. If they been havin' any bad luck, it's down to Swanstrom's playing faro. I'll tell you where the money's gone,' I says; 'it's gone buyin' pink organdies and feather boas. That's where it's gone.'

"'It's none of your business what I buy,' she snapped. 'An' I'll pay your old rent when I get good an' ready an' not before. Get off my steps,' she says; 'I scrubbed 'em fresh this morning.'

"Well, girls, my blood boiled; but I didn't lose my temper. I says quite cool: 'I'll not get off your steps till I choose, an' I may conclude to stay all night an' call the marshal an' have the things moved out into the street.'

"'Aw, you dirty cat!' she says, an' made a lunge at me an' — an' did *this* with her low-bred nails." She pointed to the scarlet line which still showed upon her cheek.

"Girls, you know I'm no coward; but something just seemed to come over me. 'Don't put yourself on a level with this rent-robbin' creatur',' it whispered. 'Don't forget that you're a lady.' An', girls, I just turned on that step, give her one kick, an' walked off."

"Well," commented Mrs. Nitschkan disappointedly, "we all know you ain't no coward; but you'd better believe I'd 'a' done her up when I had the chance; but," hopefully, "they're more ways of killin' a cat than chokin' it with butter."

"My! My!" murmured Mrs. Landvetter; "vell, you can't neffer tell."

"Say," broke in Mrs. Evans abruptly, "is it true that Sile's up 'batching' on Cherokee, in old man Beebe's cabin, an' that he's gone to work over at the Mont d'Or?"

"That's what they say," replied Mrs. Thomas. "I seen him yesterday comin' down the road, an' course I didn't want to act like I knew anything, so I just said, pleasant enough, 'Good-morning, Mr. Evans.' Well, all he done was to grunt an' walk on."

"An' he can take it out gruntin' and walkin' on," said Mrs. Evans decisively. "This is a free country, ain't it?"

For a fortnight Mrs. Evans drove the "hack" to and from the station three times a day with an air of enjoying the exercise which almost deceived herself. Her bearing was as brisk and alert as ever, and reminded Miss Benson, the "Missioner," when she called one afternoon, of nothing so much as a trim, brown sparrow; but she noticed that there was an expression of worry around the bead-like eyes and drawn lines about the mouth. The "Missioner" happened to be a missionary who had been sent to Zenith to keep alive its flagging spiritual interests until such time as a regular preacher could be secured and his living assured him.

She was a dark, wiry little woman, with a "way" about her which had established her so firmly in Zenith that it might safely be predicted that when the Bishop should eventually discover the fitting incumbent, he would have a pronounced difficulty in establishing him.

On the afternoon that she had selected for her call on Mrs. Evans, the latter had just reached home after her trip up from the station, and was divesting herself of the heavy wraps necessitated by the driving rain and the keen mountain wind.

"Why, Miss Benson," she called from the inner room, "come right in. Eolanth, set up a chair fer Miss Benson. This is a treat to see you. It's an awful day out, ain't it?"

"Pretty bad," replied the missionary, taking a seat near the stove and picking up the baby who had toddled to meet her. "But it is so cheerful in here that you do not think much about the weather outside."

"My! I just got soaked to the skin drivin' up from the station," continued the voice from the inner chamber. "Wait till I get some of these wet duds off an' some dry ones on, an' I'll be right out. Celora, did you keep up the fire in the kitchen while I was gone? I wisht you'd stay fer supper, Miss Benson; not that there's anything to tempt you, Lord knows, but why can't you stay an' take pot luck with me an' the children?"

"I will be glad to," replied the missionary, "if you won't go to any trouble for me."

"It's no trouble, I assure you, Miss Benson. How would you like some muffins? Now I'm ready to sit down an' chat. Celora, you can break some eggs fer mommie."

The "Missioner" laid aside her hat and jacket and then resumed her seat. Moistening her lips nervously once or twice, she drove straight at the subject she had in mind. "Mrs. Evans," she began, "I saw Mr. Evans to-day."

The tiny woman she addressed drew herself up with a hauteur worthy of a duchess. "Eolanth," to the child who leaned against her knee, "run an' get mommie a pail of water from the well. Now, Miss Benson," turning to the missionary with flashing eyes, "there is some subjects that I can't feel had better be discussed. Sile Evans is one of them."

The "Missioner's" dark eyes dwelt on the fire a moment, a puzzled expression in their depths; then she turned to her hostess with a pleading embarrassment of manner foreign to her usual composure.

"Oh, I wish I could get some light," she cried, clasping her hands tight together. "I've been praying for light about this matter, Mrs. Evans, but none has been vouchsafed me. I know that it is entirely your own affair and I haven't a particle of call to meddle; but—oh, the hardest thing about right is to be sure that it is right and not an unwarrantable interference in some one else's affairs. When I lie awake at night and bother over my sins, it's not the bad things I've done that torment me, it's the way I've meddled in other folks' business, trying to do them good, and Satan only knows all the harm I've done."

Mrs. Evans's eyes hardened. She carefully untied her apron and tied it again with an air of unalterable resolution. "We might jus' as well settle this matter now, Miss Benson," she said crispily, "an' then we'll have it over an' done with. I don't take no steps without first considerin' them, an' when I decide a thing I decide it. I ain't one to do a thing an' then wish I hadn't. What I do, I do once an' fer all, an' I guess Sile Evans knows that well enough without comin' whinin' to you."

"Oh, Mrs. Evans!" exclaimed the missionary, "you mustn't think that—indeed, you mustn't. He never said a word about you, never mentioned your name; but I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. No woman could help it. You know what that wretched little cabin is, where the boards don't meet by half an inch. There was his poor bunk in the corner with the torn bedding; the broken-down little stove; the rusty pots and pans. It all looked so miserable for a man like him; you've always made him so comfortable that he's helpless when it comes to taking care of himself. And he has such a dreadful cold, and he seemed so sick and forlorn that I just had to come to you."

Mrs. Evans again untied her apron, and this time cast it from her. "Fer the land's sake, Miss Benson," with visible impatience, "I'd 'a' thought you might at least 'a' turned in an' washed the dishes fer him."

"Why, no," hesitated the missionary; "I would not have liked to suggest it."

Mrs. Evans gave a short laugh. "Well, all I can say is that Christianity seems a mighty funny thing to me nowadays. Sile is not used to 'batching,' an' he never was handy. I sh'd think common charity'd have made you want to clear up a bit."

She took the muffin batter from the child at the table and beat it furiously. "Celora, go in now an' set the table right off; an', fer Heaven's sake, take Rupert Hentzau with you. I never seen such a child for gettin' under your feet. What kind of a bed was Sile sleepin' on, Miss Benson? Just a cot under the window, eh? Old man Beebe's, I'll be bound; an' nobody did ever rightly know what the old man died of. In under the window too. Well, Miss Benson, I sh'd think fer a professor like you, your conscience would be kind o' sore this evening. Did you say Sile had a cold?"

"I noticed how hoarse he was and asked him about it," replied the missionary meekly, "and he said that he had been suffering from a severe cold and indigestion."

"What kind of a cold was it?" standing with arms akimbo. "In his head or in his chest?"

"He seemed very hoarse — could hardly speak," answered Miss Benson.

"Fer pity's sake! I'll tell you what it is: he's caught his death up there in that tumble-down cabin, sleepin' in old man Beebe's bed, starvin' himself to death — he can't cook no more'n Rupert Hentzau — an' now he's got a cold on his lungs. It means pleurisy to-night, 's sure 's fate. Celora, get me the cough mixture from the top shelf of the closet under the stairs, an' the covered basket. An' you never done a thing fer him, Miss Benson? Well, I guess I've seen enough of what they call the 'missionary sperit' to las' me quite a while."

"*You* were my friend," said Miss Benson slowly, and perhaps with design, "and if I had taken sides with any one, I would have taken them with you."

"I don't think it's no time to talk of takin' sides, Miss Benson, when a human being's lyin' at the point o' death. An' let me tell you that neither you, nor nobody else in this village is in any position to judge Silas Evans. If there ever was a good man, it's him — the kindest, truest, best husband that any woman ever had. An' just because he's had a streak of hard luck, every one's against him. It makes me sick. If I did take to drivin' hack to spite him, I'm ready now to drive it to help him."

"But the children," exclaimed the missionary, watching her hostess pin on a hat and slip into her jacket. "Surely, you are not going out on such a night as this?"

"I guess I don't need no old maid to tell me my duty as a married woman," icily. "Let me pass, if you please. But," turning with her hand on the latch, her tone becoming appealing, "I would take it kindly if you'd look after the kids till Sile an' I get back."

THE RAWHIDE

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE SILENT PLACES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED (FRONTISPIECE) BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

CHAPTER XI

THE CAPTURE

ALTHOUGH he had left the room so suddenly, Señor Johnson did not at once open the gate of the adobe wall. His demeanor was gay, for he was a Westerner, but his heart was black. Hardly did he see beyond the convexity of his eyeballs.

The pony, warmed up by its little run, pawed the ground, impatient to be off. It was a fine animal, clean built, deep chested, one of the mustang stock descended from the Arabs brought over by Pizarro. Sang watched fearfully from the slant of the kitchen window. Jed Parker, even, listened for the beat of horse's hoofs.

But Señor Johnson stood stock-still, his brain absolutely numb and empty. His hand brushed against something which fell to the ground. He brought his dull gaze to bear on it. The object proved to be a black, wrinkled spheroid baked hard as iron in the sun — one of Estrella's toys, a potato squeezed to dryness by the constricting power of the rawhide. In a row along the fence were others. To Señor Johnson it seemed that thus his heart was being squeezed in the fire of suffering

But the slight movement of the falling object roused him. He swung open the gate. Button, the pony, bowed his head delightedly. He was not tired, but his reins depended straight to the ground, and it was a point of honor with him to stand. At the saddle horn, in its sling, hung the riata, the "rope" without which no cow-man ever stirs abroad, but which Señor Johnson had rarely used of late. Señor Johnson threw the reins over, seized the pony's mane in his left hand, held the stirrup with his right, and so swung easily aboard, the pony's jump helping him to the saddle. Wheel tracks led down the trail. He followed them.

Truth to tell, Señor Johnson had very little idea of what he was going to do. His action was entirely instinctive. The wheel tracks held to the southwest, as he held to the southwest too.

The pony hit his stride. The miles slipped by. After seven of them the animal slowed to a walk. Señor Johnson allowed him to get his wind, then spurred him on again. He did not even take the ordinary precautions of a pursuer. He did not even glance to the horizon in search.

About supper-time he came to the first ranch-house. There he took a bite to eat and exchanged his horse for another. The two men asked no questions.

"See Mrs. Johnson go through?" asked the Señor from the saddle.

"Yes, about three o'clock. Brent Palmer driving her. Bound for Frog Flat to visit the preacher's wife, she said. Ought to catch up at the Circle I. That's where they'd all spend the night, of course. So long."

Señor Johnson knew now the couple would follow the straight road. They would fear no pursuit. He himself was supposed not to return for a week, and the story of visiting the minister's wife was not only plausible, it was natural. Jed had upset calculations, because Jed was shrewd, and had eyes in his head. Buck Johnson's first mental numbness was wearing away; he was beginning to think.

The night was very still and very dark, the stars very bright in their candle-like glow. The man, loping steadily on through the darkness, recalled that other night equally still, equally dark, equally starry, when he had driven out from his accustomed life into the unknown with a woman by his side, the sight of whom asleep had made him feel "almost holy." He uttered a short laugh.

The pony was a good one, well equal to twice the distance he would be called upon to cover this night. Señor Johnson managed him well. By long experience and a natural instinct he knew just how hard to push his mount, just how to keep inside the point where too rapid exhaustion of vitality begins.

Toward the hour of sunrise he drew rein to look about him. The desert, till now wrapped in the thousand little noises that make night silence, drew breath in preparation for the awe of the daily wonder. It lay across the world heavy as a sea of lead, and as lifeless; deeply unconscious, like an exhausted sleeper. The sky bent above, the stars paling. Far away the mountains seemed to wait. And then, imperceptibly, those in the east became blacker and sharper, while those in the west became faintly lucent and lost the distinctness of their outline. The change was nothing, yet everything. And suddenly a desert bird sprang into the air and began to sing.

Señor Johnson caught the wonder of it. The wonder of it seemed to him wasted, useless, cruel in its effect. He sighed impatiently and drew his hand across his eyes.

The desert became gray with the first light before the glory. In the illusory revealment of it Señor Johnson's sharp frontiersman eyes made out an object moving away from him in the middle distance. In a moment the object rose for a second against the sky-line, then disappeared. He knew it to be the buckboard, and that the vehicle had just plunged into the dry bed of an arroyo.

Immediately life surged through him like an electric shock. He unfastened the riata from its sling, shook loose the noose, and moved forward in the direction in which he had last seen the buckboard.

At the top of the steep little bank he stopped behind the mesquite, straining his eyes; luck had been good to him. The buckboard had pulled up, and Brent Palmer was at the moment beginning a little fire, evidently to make the morning coffee.

Señor Johnson struck spurs to his horse and half slid, half fell, clattering, down the steep clay bank almost on top of the couple below.

Estrella screamed. Brent Palmer jerked out an oath and reached for his gun. The loop of the riata fell wide over him, immediately to be jerked tight, binding his arms tight to his side.

The bronco-buster, swept from his feet by the pony's rapid turn, nevertheless struggled desperately to wrench himself loose.

Button, intelligent at all rope work, walked steadily backward, step by step, taking up the slack, keeping the rope tight as he had done hundreds of times before when a steer had struggled as this man was struggling now. His master leaped from the saddle and ran forward. Button continued to walk slowly back. The riata remained taut. The noose held.

Brent Palmer fought savagely, even then. He kicked, he rolled over and over, he wrenched violently at his pinioned arms, he twisted his powerful young body from Señor Johnson's grasp again and again. But it was no use. In less than a minute he was bound hard and fast. Button promptly slackened the rope. The dust settled. The noise of combat died. Again could be heard the single desert bird singing against the dawn.

CHAPTER XII

IN THE ARROYO

Señor Johnson quietly approached Estrella. The girl had, during the struggle, gone through an aimless but frantic exhibition of terror. Now she shrank back, her eyes staring wildly, her hands behind her, ready to flop again over the brink of hysteria.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded, her voice unnatural.

She received no reply. The man reached out and took her by the arm.

And then at once, as though the personal contact of the touch had broken through the last crumb of numbness with which shock had overlaid Buck Johnson's passions, the insanity of his rage broke out. He twisted her violently on her face, knelt on her back, and with the short piece of hard rope the cowboy always carries to "hog-tie" cattle, he lashed her wrists together. Then he arose panting, his square black beard rising and falling with the rise and fall of his great chest.

Estrella had screamed again and again until her face had been fairly ground into the alkali. There she had choked and strangled and gasped and sobbed, her mind nearly unhinged with terror. She kept appealing to him in a hoarse voice, but could get no reply, no indication that he had even heard. This terrified her still more. Brent Palmer cursed steadily and accurately, but the man did not seem to hear him either.

The tempest had broken in Buck Johnson's soul. When he had touched Estrella he had, for the first time, realized what he had lost. It was not the woman; her he despised. But the dreams! All at once he knew what they had been to him; he understood how completely the very substance of his life had changed in response to their slow soul-action. The new world had been blasted; the old no longer existed to which to return.

Buck Johnson stared at this catastrophe until his sight blurred. Why, it was atrocious! He had done nothing to deserve it! Why had they not left him peaceful in his own life of cattle and the trail? He had been happy. His dull eyes fell on the causes of the ruin.

And then, finally, in the understanding of how he had been tricked of his life, his happiness, his right to well-being, the whole force of the man's anger flared. Brent Palmer lay there cursing him artistically. That man had done it; that man was in his power. He would get even. How?

Estrella, too, lay huddled, helpless and defenseless, at his feet. She had done it. He would get even. How?

He had spoken no word: he spoke none now either in answer to Estrella's appeals, now becoming piteous in their craving for relief from suspense, or in response to Brent Palmer's steady stream of insults and vituperations. Such things were far below. The bitterness and anger and desolation were squeezing his heart. He remembered the silly little row of potatoes sewn in the green hide lying along the top of the adobe fence, some fresh and round, some dripping as the rawhide contracted, some black and withered and very small. A fierce and savage light sprang into his eyes.

CHAPTER XIII

THE RAWHIDE

First of all he unhitched the horses from the buckboard and turned them loose. Then, since he was early trained in Indian warfare, he dragged Palmer to the wagon wheel, and tied him so closely to it that he could not roll over. For, though the bronco-buster was already so fettered that his only possible movement was of the jack-knife variety, nevertheless he might be able to hitch himself along the ground to a sharp stone, there to saw through the rope about his wrists. Estrella her husband held in contempt. He merely supplemented her wrist bands by one about the ankles.

Leisurely, he mounted Button and turned up the wagon trail, leaving the two. Estrella had exhausted herself. She was capable of nothing more in the shape of emotion. Her eyes tight closed, she inhaled in deep, trembling, long-drawn breaths, and exhaled with the name of her Maker.

Brent Palmer, on the contrary, was by no means subdued. He had expected to be shot in cold blood. Now he did not know what to anticipate. His black, level brows drawn straight in defiance, he threw his curses after Johnson's retreating figure.

The latter, however, paid no attention. He had his purposes. Once at the top of the arroyo he took a careful survey of the landscape, now rich with dawn. Each excrescence on the plain his half-squinted eyes noticed, and with instant skill relegated to its proper category of soap-weed, mesquite, cactus. At length he swung Button in an easy lope toward what looked to be a bunch of soap-weed in the middle distance.

But in a moment the cattle could be seen plainly. Button pricked up his ears. He knew cattle. Now he proceeded tentatively, lifting high his little hoofs to avoid the half-seen inequalities of the ground and the ground's growths, wondering whether he were to be called on to rope or to drive. When the rider had approached to within a hundred feet, the cattle started. Immediately Button understood that he was to pursue. No rope swung above his head, so he sheered off and ran as fast as he could to cut ahead of the bunch. But his rider with knee and rein forced him in. After a moment, to his astonishment, he found himself running alongside a big steer. Button had never hunted buffalo; Buck Johnson had.

The Colt's forty-five barked once and then again. The steer staggered, fell to his knees, recovered, and finally stopped, the blood streaming from his nostrils. In a moment he fell heavily on his side — dead.

Señor Johnson at once dismounted and began methodically to skin the animal. This was not easy, for he had no way of suspending the carcass nor of rolling it from side to side. However, he was practiced at it and did a neat job. Two or three times he even caught himself taking extra pains that the thin flesh strips should not adhere to the inside of the pelt. Then he smiled grimly and ripped it loose.

After the hide had been removed, he cut from the edge, around and around, a long, narrow strip. With this he bound the whole into a compact bundle, strapped it on behind his saddle and remounted. He returned to the arroyo.

Estrella still lay with her eyes closed. Brent Palmer looked up keenly. The bronco-buster saw the green hide. A puzzled expression crept across his face.

Roughly Johnson loosed his enemy from the wheel and dragged him to the woman. He passed the free end of the riata about them both, tying them close together. The girl continued to moan, out of her wits with terror.

"What are you going to do now, you devil?" demanded Palmer, but received no reply.

Buck Johnson spread out the rawhide. Putting forth his huge strength, he carried to it the pair, bound together like a bale of goods, and laid them on its cool surface. He threw across them the edges, and then deliberately began to wind around and around the huge and unwieldy rawhide package the strip he had cut from the edge of the pelt.

Nor was this altogether easy. At last Brent Palmer understood. He writhed in the struggle of desperation, foaming blasphemies. The uncouth bundle rolled here and there. But inexorably the other, from the advantage of his position, drew the thongs tighter.

And then, all at once, from vituperation the bronco-buster fell to pleading, not for life, but for death.

"For God's sake shoot me!" he cried from within the smothering folds of the rawhide. "If you ever had a heart in you, shoot me! Don't leave me here to be crushed in this vise. You wouldn't do that to a yellow dog. An Injun wouldn't do that, Buck. It's a joke, isn't it? Don't go away an' leave me, Buck. I've done you dirt. Cut my heart out, if you want to; I won't say a word, but don't leave me here for the sun——"

His voice was drowned in a piercing scream as Estrella came to herself and understood. Always the rawhide had possessed for her an occult fascination and repulsion. She had never been able to touch it without a shudder, and yet she had always been drawn to experiment with it. The terror of her doom had now added to it for her all the vague and premonitory terrors which heretofore she had not understood.

The richness of the dawn had flowed to the west. Day was at hand. Breezes had begun to play across the desert; the wind devils to raise their straight columns. A first long shaft of sunlight shot through a pass in the Chiracahuas, trembled in the dust-moted air, and laid its warmth on the rawhide. Señor Johnson roused himself from his gloom to speak his first words of the episode.

"There, curse you!" said he. "I guess you'll be close enough together now!"

He turned away to look for his horse.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DESERT

Button was a trusty of Señor Johnson's private animals. He was never known to leave his master in the lurch, and so was habitually allowed certain privileges. Now, instead of remaining exactly on the spot where he was "tied to the ground," he had wandered out of the dry arroyo bed to the upper level of the plains, where he knew certain bunch grasses might be found. Buck Johnson climbed the steep wooded bank in search of him.

The pony stood not ten feet distant. At his master's abrupt appearance he merely raised his head, a wisp of grass in the corner of his mouth, without attempting to move away. Buck Johnson walked confidently to him, fumbling in his side pocket for the piece of sugar with which he habitually soothed Button's sophisticated palate. His hand encountered Estrella's letter. He drew it out and opened it.

"Dear Buck," it read: "I am going away. I tried to be good but I can't. It's too lonesome for me. I'm afraid of the horses and the cattle and the men and the desert. I hate it all. I tried to make you see how I felt about it, but you couldn't seem to see. I know you'll never forgive me, but I'd go crazy here. I'm almost crazy now. I suppose you think I'm a bad woman, but I am not. You won't believe that. It's true though. The desert would make any one bad. I don't see how you stand it. You've been good to me and I've really tried, but it's no use. The country is awful. I never ought to have come. I'm sorry you are going to think me a bad woman, for I like you and admire you, but nothing, *nothing* could make me stay here any longer." She signed herself simply Estrella Sands, her maiden name.

Buck Johnson stood staring at the paper for a much longer time than was necessary, merely to absorb the meaning of the words. His senses, sharpened by the stress of the last sixteen hours, were trying mightily to cut to the mystery of a change going on within himself. The phrases of the letter were bald enough, yet they conveyed something vital to his inner being. He could not understand what it was.

Then abruptly he raised his eyes.

Before him lay the desert, but a desert suddenly and miraculously changed, a desert he had never seen before. Mile after mile it swept away before him, hot, dry, suffocating, lifeless. The sparse vegetation was gray with the alkali dust. The heat hung choking in the air like a curtain. Lizards sprawled in the sun, repulsive. A rattlesnake dragged its loathsome length from under a mesquite. The dried carcass of a steer, whose parchment skin drew tight across its bones, rattled in the breeze. Here and there rock ridges showed with the obscenity of so many skeletons, exposing to the hard cruel sky the earth's nakedness. Thirst, delirium, death hovered palpable in the wind; dreadful, unconquerable, ghastly. The desert showed her teeth and lay in wait like a fierce beast. The little soul of man shrank in terror before it.

Buck Johnson stared, recalling the phrases of the letter, recalling the words of his foreman, Jed Parker. "It's too lonesome for me," "I'm afraid," "I hate it all," "I'd go crazy here," "The desert would make any one bad," "The country is awful." And the musing voice of the old cattleman, "I wonder if she'll like the country!" They reiterated themselves over and over; and always as refrain his own confident reply, "Like the country? Sure! Why *shouldn't* she?"

And then he recalled the summer just passing, and the woman who had made no fuss. Chance remarks of hers came back to him, remarks whose meaning he had not at the time grasped, but which now he saw were desperate appeals to his understanding. He had known his desert. He had never known hers.

With an exclamation Buck Johnson turned abruptly back to the arroyo. Button followed him, mildly curious, certain that his master's reappearance meant a summons for himself.

Down the miniature cliff the man slid, confidently, without hesitation, sure of himself. His shoulders held squarely, his step elastic, his eye bright, he walked to the fearful, shapeless bundle now lying motionless on the flat surface of the alkali.

Brent Palmer had fallen into a grim silence; but Estrella still moaned. The cattleman drew his knife and ripped loose the bonds. Immediately the flaps of the wet rawhide fell apart, exposing to the new daylight the two bound together. Buck Johnson leaned over to touch the woman's shoulder.

"Estrella," said he gently.

Her eyes came open with a snap, and stared into his wild with the surprise of his return.

"Estrella," he repeated, "how old are you?"

She gulped down a sob, unable to comprehend the purport of his question.

"How old are you, Estrella?" he repeated again.

"Twenty-one," she gasped finally.

"Ah!" said he.

He stood for a moment in deep thought; then began methodically, without haste, to cut loose the thongs that bound the two together.

When the man and the woman were quite freed, he stood for a moment, the knife in his hand, looking down on them. Then he swung himself into the saddle and rode away, straight down the narrow arroyo, out beyond its lower widening, into the vast plains the hither side of the Chiracahuas. The alkali dust was snatched by the wind from beneath his horse's feet. Smaller and smaller he dwindled, rising and falling, rising and falling in the monotonous cow-pony's lope. The heat shimmer veiled him for a moment but he reappeared. A mirage concealed him but he emerged on the other side of it. Then suddenly he was gone. The desert had swallowed him up.

(*The End*)

FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY

BY

JOHN DWIGHT

The writer of this sketch has lived twenty-five years in Japan, and through associations in diplomatic and native society has gained a knowledge of inner Japanese life unusual even among old residents of the foreign colony. This incident is typical only in a limited sense. It illustrates, not modern conditions, but the immemorial spirit of Japanese patriotism, that supreme sentiment, in a belated manifestation; belated indeed, yet nevertheless, despite all modernizing, understood and reverenced throughout Japan. The hero of this tale is now serving in the army.—THE EDITOR.

JANUARY! Cold gray clouds cover the sky, the wind blows in fitful gusts, and the melting snow sends a chill to the very marrow.

Down the village street comes a little funeral procession: first of all two coolies, a pole thrown over their shoulders, from which swings the round coffin covered with a pall of white cotton cloth.

Just behind them comes a jinricksha drawn by a sad-faced young fellow of twenty-five, and in the jinricksha sit two children tucked in by a gaudy red blanket, their little faces pinched with the cold, their mouths drawn down at the corners, and their big round eyes full of unanswered questions.

Their mother is in that queer white tub carried by the coolies. Last night she was so strange and white, and did not answer them when the fire went out and they begged to be taken into her warm bed with her and the baby.

So they had cuddled down together under their quilt and had gone to sleep. When they awoke their father had come home and the tiny room was full of people. They heard some one say, "Take the children to my house — I will follow with the baby."

So they had gone to another house as tiny as their own, where the woman had nursed the baby and had given them two boiled sweet-potatoes to eat. All night they had staid there and only late the next afternoon had they been taken home.

Then when their father put them into his jinricksha they thought it was for the old game of playing that they were the "fare"; but he had tucked them in and had started off with his head bent over the shafts as if he could not see the roadway, and there were no merry jokes as to how much they should pay for their ride.

On, on they went beyond the limits of the town; it grew dark and they slept.

They awoke to find themselves on the soft mats of the temple. Their father was talking with the priest who, when he saw they were awake, gave them little balls of rice to eat and poured out tea in tiny cups for them to drink.

Then came the long ride home; they slept again and remembered nothing more until they awoke to find the sun shining.

February. A breath of spring is in the air, and from almost every tiny veranda in the town the dwarf plum-trees in their blue and white pots send forth the bitter-sweet fragrance of their blossoms.

A jinricksha-stand at the corner of one of the streets has its whole front thrown open to let in the sunlight, and one sees the jinricksha, with their shining black lacquered work, cotton velvet cushions, and gaudy mats ranged in two rows down the center of the brown earth floor, while on the unpainted wooden walls of the room hang big bundles of straw sandals, black oil-paper raincoats with their yellow linings, and a rug or two.

On a bench before the opened doors sit the jinricksha-men smoking their little pipes and gossiping idly as they watch for a fare. Down the street comes the sound of jangling bells, and a man appears running at a dog-trot shouting: "*Gogai!*" "*Gogai!*"

The effect is electrifying. The men spring up and out into the street to buy the latest news. Two *sen* change hands, and the man with the bunch of bells on his hip and the sheaf of "extras" on his arm goes on, while the others crowd together to hear the news.

War! What other word stirs the soul as does that, be it the soul of a coward who cringes with fear, the soul of a woman cold with dread, or the soul of a soldier who feels the great joyous heart-throb which sends the blood coursing through his veins — proud to serve his country!

All were called to the colors — all except the old men and the only sons of widows. Tokichi did not come under that heading, so he must arrange for some one to take care of his children while he was fighting for his country. The war would not be long and he would soon be back.

All day he went from house to house seeking some one to care for his little ones, but without success.

The next day he tied the baby on his back and, putting the two older children in his jinricksha, made his way to the neighboring villages, offering his children to any one who would take them; but all had cares of their own, and none could give the help he sought.

Retracing his steps after three days of fruitless search, he paused beside a pleasant-looking peasant woman who, aided by two children, was working in the rice-fields. Surely she would help him — her bright face was so full of strength and self-reliance.

He told his tale and found in her a sympathetic listener. "Gladly would I help you if I could, but my husband too is called to serve his country. Nine mouths have I to fill and nine bodies to clothe — seven children under fourteen years of age, the mother of my husband, his bed-ridden father, and myself. Take courage! You may perhaps find some one, with fewer to keep alive than I have, who will take the baby."

He thanked her and went home, but not to sleep. To-morrow he must leave to join his regiment or, failing that, be arrested by the gendarmes and be shot as a deserter. His whole being revolted at the thought.

Softly he crept from his bed. The tiny light was too dim to show things plainly, but he knew just where to find his knife.

Yes, it was there. He felt the edge with his finger. It was sharp, but not sharp enough, and the point was too broad. He must make it narrower. He reached out and found the whetstone.

"Souch, souch," rasped the blade against the stone. It seemed to shriek out like a living thing, and instinctively he looked at the sleeping children. They had not moved.

"Souch, souch," back and forth over the stone slipped the shining blade, growing keener of edge and sharper of point at each stroke.

A far-off temple bell rang out the hour of midnight. How loud it sounded! One of the children sighed in its sleep and, turning, flung out a little brown arm. The night-light sputtered and went out.

The baby first, lest it should awake and, crying, arouse the others.

What a tiny neck! Now to find the place, known to all Japanese, where one can press the knife in quite painlessly.

Now the next — quickly, while his hand is still steady! What? Is it already the turn of his first-born? It seemed so short a while ago that he and his girl wife took her to the temple to be named, and bought the amulet which would bring her all the virtues most desired by maidens.

His hands were trembling now, and he felt great drops of sweat roll down his face. The knife seemed to slip and turn in his hand. Was he to be a coward after all? *Never!*

It was over. The sacrifice was made! Taking the little bodies up, he placed them in the old red blanket and laid them in the jinricksha; then, with trembling limbs, he drew them over the same road they had followed six weeks before when they had laid the young mother to rest in the graveyard.

The late moon was rising over the hills, and by its light he found the grave and near by the tools he needed.

Swiftly he worked, and when all was done he lined the pit with palm-leaves and laid his babies side by side at their mother's feet.

Oh, if he, too, could lie beside them! but his must be a nameless grave in a foreign land.

Rapidly he filled in the damp earth; then folding his hands he uttered a prayer.

Dawn was breaking when he turned his steps to the temple. Near the big bell-tower stood the block of stone hollowed out to form the receptacle for the holy water in which the faithful wash their hands before going to the temple to pray. The tiny wooden dipper lay across one corner, and beside it hung the little white towel.

Washing his hands, he passed on to where the old priest was sliding back the shutters of the temple doors.

"Come to me, I pray, for I have a favor to ask you, and time presses."

The old man glided across the veranda and, feeling for the steps in the uncertain light, he descended the long flight and stood beside Tokichi, who in a few rapid words told his tale. When it was ended he said: 'My work here is done; I am free to give my life for our Emperor! At the temple gate you will find my jinricksha. Take it for your use, and in return I beseech you to say prayers for my wife and little ones. Accept this too," and he handed the priest the blood-stained blanket. Then bending low he said, "Thank you, and farewell!"

March. The whole city is on the alert, and the rising sun shines down upon tens of thousands of fluttering flags.

The streets are thronged with people; but before the gates of the barracks the crowd is thickest, for at any minute now the regiment may march out.

The bugles ring out. It is the last roll-call that the soldiers will hear in their native land!

"Tokichi Matsushima!"

"Present!"

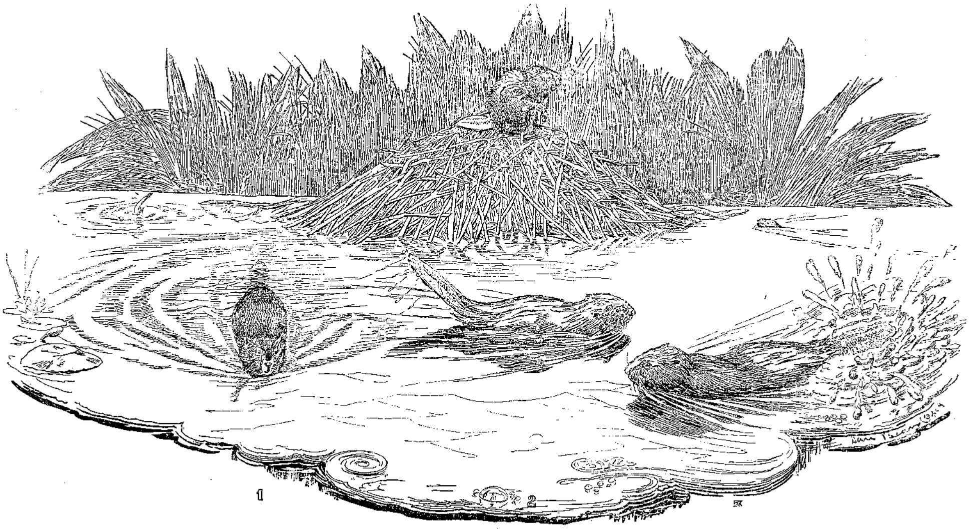
Ten minutes later, as they swung away to the music of the cheering crowds, no soldier in the ranks marched more proudly than did Tokichi.

A murderer? Yes, according to the ethics of the "Western barbarians," but a *hero* in the eyes of the people of the Orient; for had he not sacrificed his own flesh and blood on the altar of patriotism? sacrificed it that he might lay down his life for his country?

Patriotism! What crimes are committed in thy name!

At a temple in a far distant mountain village an old priest sells little amulets to the faithful, which secure to the wearer undying patriotism.

He makes them with his own hands, and each little bag of silk with its fastening of silver cord incloses a tiny bit of blood-stained blanket.



A GLIMPSE OF BEAVERS AT WORK

BY

C. E. WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN BEARD

WHILE camping in the mountains of Colorado in September, I ambushed myself one night on the banks of the Caché La Poudre River, with the hope of killing a deer in the morning. When the first streaks of dawn crept down the mountain side, I found my hiding-place to be in a clump of willows, through which I could see ahead the glittering surface of a little pond in the old river-bed. As I lay there, tense and quiet, the silence was suddenly broken by a "*Ploom — swash!*" and I almost leaped from my hiding-place. Something had fallen into the pond. I crept nearer through the willows, and then I was gazing with wide eyes and open mouth, motionless lest the wonder cease and vanish.

There on the bank of the shallow stream were a large mother beaver and her little children. The mother was nearly as large as all her offspring together. She was dark, silvery gray in color; they were of somewhat lighter gray. All were sitting on the opposite side of the stream, about three feet from the water's edge, the little ones facing the mother, who had her left forefoot on the top of a rock about the size of a football, thus elevating herself to a position of authority. Her right side was towards me, and I noticed that her right forefoot was gone.

As she thus sat looking at her children, she had the appearance of a learned professor propounding a problem in mathematics, or a law in physics, and so she was. With marvelous system, professor and pupils set to work to solve the problem before them according to certain well-defined laws. The three little beavers scampered away and disappeared, and the mother began rolling the stone into the water with her one strong arm. She had moved it about four yards out when her children returned, each carrying a newly cut green stick, about two inches in diameter and about three feet long. They placed the sticks in a pile near the water and disappeared again in the willows.

Soon the mother beaver left her stone and picked up one of the sticks as skilfully as a boy would handle his air rifle, and with great force and skill firmly settled it in the bank at the water's edge, leaving only about a foot of it above the surface. I wondered what her object was, for she immediately seized another stick and, wading out about five feet, began forcing it into the gravelly creek bed. Several times she uttered a faint cry of complaint at the loss of her good right hand, but she did not cease her efforts until the stake was set as she wanted it. Then, after viewing her work for a few seconds, she got the third stake and, taking it out about five feet beyond the second, placed it in direct line with the other two. Almost as fast as the little ones carried stakes the powerful mother set them in line across the stream, as a farmer would set posts for a fence. The stakes were in almost perfect line and about the same distance apart, and the difference in height did not vary more than two inches.

When the seventh and last one was set, the skilful worker returned to the first and looked along the line. Finding it satisfactory, she turned toward the willows and gave a low, guttural call to her little ones. Almost instantly they came bounding to her. She led them up the stream to within a few yards of the dam near which I sat; then, from near the water's edge, they all began to cut down small willow bushes.

The mother beaver did not get her bush down as soon as I expected and, by watching her closely, I discovered that one of her large upper teeth was gone. "Poor, patient, struggling mother! You escaped from the cruel jaws of the trap the hunter set for you, but only by leaving your good right foot behind; and when you attempted to avenge your wrong, the cruel steel was harder than your ivory teeth, and you were still further maimed. Then, with but one upper tooth left, you had to gnaw your own foot off in order to escape with your life."

When they had cut a few bushes each, the mother beaver picked up one by the end, dragged it down to the stakes, and placed it crosswise so that it rested against two of them securely. Each of the children then brought a limb or a bush and placed it as the mother had placed hers. Time after time they cut and carried willows until they had several layers reaching from one bank to the other. The mother always saw that each one was in its right place. The stakes kept them from drifting down the stream. When they had enough brush in place, the mother with her left arm began raking gravel upon it. With her heavy body she pressed the limbs close down, then drew the sand and gravel on them until it kept them in place. Even with the one foot she was a fast worker, and soon had the brush weighted in several places.

The three little ones watched her for a second only, then they themselves eagerly set to work, doing exactly as their mother did. Side by side they moved along, almost covering the willows with gravel as they went, and soon had the foundation of their dam laid. Then they cut more willows of various lengths, going farther away from the bank for them. When they had taken the first load of these to the dam, the mother beaver laid her own branch down and seized another from one of the little beavers. Going out near the middle of the stream, she placed it across the other brush in such a way that the top projected about a foot above, and the base end three or four feet below. This end she set securely in the gravelly creek bed.

Afterwards she took the branches which the busy little beavers had by this time carried out to her, and placed them in the same manner as the first. The little beaver that had been relieved of his burden on the bank now picked up the stick his mother had dropped and took it out to her, and it was soon in its place. More willows were brought, and this time the little fellows helped place them, the base each time being stuck fast in the gravel below, and the top, with its fine branches and leaves, extending a foot or so above the dam. They worked from the center toward both banks so that all could keep busy.

The mother beaver inspected all the fastenings. Once she found a very loose stick, which a little fellow in his anxiety to beat had shoved only a little way into the gravel. He was just leaving it, and I did not know his mother was watching him, but, quicker than I can tell it, she tried the stick in her teeth to make sure it was not fastened, and sprang in front of the careless workman.

She struck him a blow on the ear that sent him rolling over, and when he got up she gave him another which sent him back towards the work he had left undone. Then she said something to him that I could not understand, but evidently the little fellow comprehended, for he set to work with great zeal and energy, and soon had the willow securely fastened. Upon this his mother went up to him and put her head close to his for a moment, when both scampered away together and returned with their sticks almost as quickly as the others. When they had placed a thick row of willows across the stream in this manner, they walked along on the tops, bending them down, and scraping sand and gravel on them as they had done with the others. Then more willows were cut and laid lengthwise on the dam like the first ones, except that they were put below the stakes this time as well as above.

The dam was now about four feet wide and as high as the stakes, but the water was still running through it.

It was not making a pond as the beavers wanted. There was too much gravel, and the water went through it readily; but the learned professor knew what she was doing. She appeared to explain to her pupils the difficulty, and with scarcely a moment's delay they set to work gathering the rocks that were above the dam, rolling and carrying them down upon the brush. The large rock which the mother had rolled out from the bank at first had lain unmolested all this time, and I had wondered what she intended to do with it. Now I knew. It was the first rock to go on the dam as a weight.

Soon all the rocks above the dam had been put on top of the brush, and yet it was not enough. They had to get some from below. This was harder work, and often two would have to pull together in order to get a stone into place. If the stone was exceptionally heavy, all three of the little fellows would struggle with it until their mother would lend the aid of her strong arm. Some of the stones would have weighed forty or fifty pounds. Although the brush was now nearly covered with stones, and looked nearly as much like a stone wall as a brush dam, still the water kept running through it. I wondered how they would fix it. A short squeak from the mother beaver caused the little ones to drop their work quickly and run to her, and in a moment all went galloping off up the bank of the stream into the willows.

I wondered what this new move would produce. I waited several minutes, but they did not return, and I could hear nothing of them.

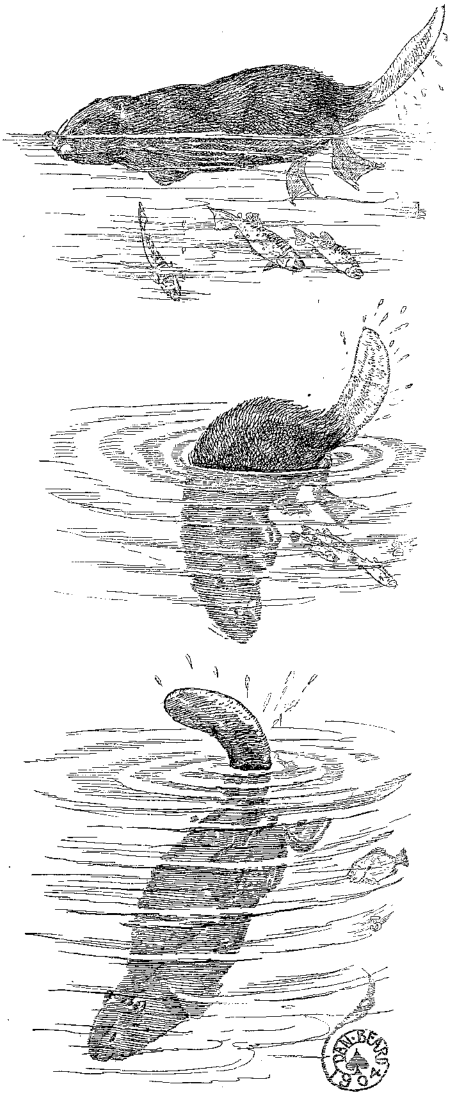
Half an hour longer, but no beavers came. I arose and rubbed my cramped limbs to get them straightened. I looked around and saw the sunlight streaming in among the willows. The birds were flitting about, chirping their songs of gladness. A pine squirrel on a limb a few feet above my head was looking down at me and scolding vehemently. A wagon was jolting along over the rocky road on the other side of the river, and above all this the loud voice of the drover, as he was putting his cattle into a near-by field, echoed back and forth across the narrow valley. Then I knew my beavers were gone and I would not see them again until quiet reigned once more. I then went close to the dam. It was indeed a wonderful piece of work. Feeling much elated over my good fortune I returned to camp, well content to do without meat a few more days. I must see more of this wonderwork. I would return at eventide. I must see the end of the undertaking.

It was four o'clock when I returned to this wonderland of the beavers, and slipped into my old hiding-place at the end of the pond. The sun was behind the mountain-top, throwing a shadow of gray over the valley and half-way up the opposite mountain side. The beavers had not come back. Small trout were leaping up out of the water in the pond near by, making little wavelets which mixed and intermingled with one another. As the long line of shadow crept up the mountain side, and the golden sunlight hung on the rocky summit for a moment before making its long leap to the sky, a small, dark object, appearing not much larger than a walnut, came gliding silently down towards the dam, leaving a V-shaped trail in the water behind it. As it drew nearer I saw it was the black nose of a beaver. I could see its gray body beneath the surface of the water. The waves spread out behind it and softly touched both banks of the pond. The beaver reached the dam and drew itself up out of the water. It was the crippled mother. I was almost breathless with fear lest I move and frighten her.

She made a beautiful picture, this cunning, watchful mother, as she sat there, her intelligent, modest eyes looking down at the unfinished work below, her broad, silvery back and glossy sides, her forefoot and stub arm resting on a stick at the top of the dam, and her broad, brown tail half submerged in the clear, still water. Full three minutes she was motionless, looking and listening; then she gave a sharp squeak and climbed boldly over into the shallow water. Immediately there was a splashing in the water above, and as I looked the three little beavers came hurrying down, as if seeing which could swim the fastest. They clambered over the dam, chattering softly, and hurried to their mother, who was scratching around on the bank, just above the new dam of rocks and brush.

The little fellows must have been told what they were to do before they left home, for without a moment's delay they began raking mud and leaves down into the water. They all worked hard and fast, biting and digging at the muddy bank, dragging and carrying mud and leaves upon the dam. They began at the bank and soon had the end of the dam covered with mud, and I could see that the water was not going through it there. I thought it impossible that they meant to daub that whole dam with mud. It seemed too great a task. I began to think I would have to spend a week with them before seeing the dam completed. Farther and farther out they carried the mud and leaves and daubed them on, and when darkness came and hid them from view about one-fourth of the dam was holding water. They were doing their work well and fast. I crept away quietly and left them.

Next morning when I returned at break of day I was greatly surprised to find the mudding completed. Both banks had been scraped clean for several yards back; for eight or ten feet up either side the mud had been dug away a foot or more. The dam itself had taken on a new appearance. The upper portion of it was entirely covered with mud, which sloped back gracefully along the bottom for a distance of three feet or more. Leaves and sticks had drifted down and lodged along its top. The water was running over it. A new pond fully twelve inches deep was below me now, instead of the broad, shallow stream of running water. There was not a rough place in the work, nor a leak. But where were the workers?



How a beaver dives

I began to fear they would not come when, directly opposite me and about two rods back from the pond, a tall quaking asp bowed its head, paused a moment, then fell slowly down through the willows. Soon another fell, then another, and still another, each one bowing its head, then pausing as if loth to leave its lofty companions and stretch its white, glossy form along the damp, cold ground. I could not see what made the trees fall, yet I was certain as to the cause. I had seen beaver clearings where every tree had been cut and carried away, leaving only the hundreds of stumps, one to two feet high, to mark the place where once tall and graceful quaking asps kissed the mellow sunlight, and sung their gentle leaf-songs in the evening breezes.

I knew it was beavers that made these trees fall and, indeed, it was not long before the mother and her three little ones, for it was they, appeared, each dragging or carrying a stake about three feet long that seemed to have been taken from the top of one of the trees they had just cut down.

These stakes they rolled into the water, at some distance above the dam. Then four willow stakes were brought and put with them. They were about the same length and nearly as thick as the first four. The little beavers next went off into the willows without their mother. She sat on the bank a few seconds, then slid down into the water, took a stake in her mouth, and swam down to the dam with it. Again she was the farmer at work. She set the stake near the end of the dam and just below the mudded part. It was not difficult for her to push it down through the brush, and she soon had it in place. It slanted up-stream; about ten inches of it remained above the water. By this time the other stakes had drifted down near the dam, and she quickly had one of them in her mouth. It was set about four feet from the first, and in the same manner and position. Now she had but to walk along on the dam and pick up the stakes and set them in place, for they had drifted down and lodged along its top. By the time she had set four, the little beavers had returned, bringing several branches from the tree-tops, and placed them along the dam above the stakes. The mother looked at them approvingly, and they hurried away for more brush. When the mother had set all eight of the stakes as nearly like the first one as was possible, and had satisfied herself that they were right, she crawled slowly upon the bank and began licking her arms and feet.

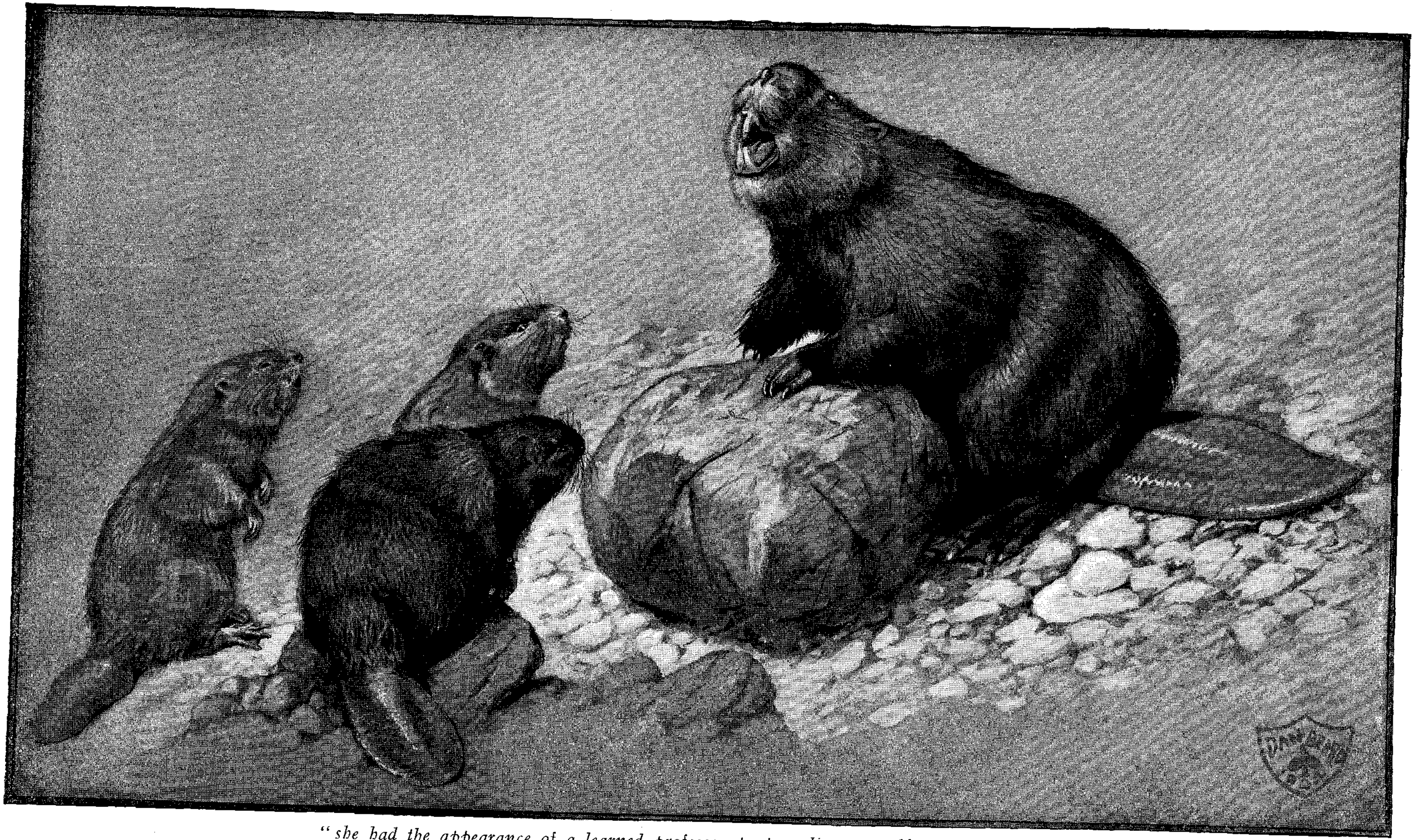
The little fellows came again with willows and quaking asp limbs, and placed them on the dam as before.

Time after time they brought limbs and branches with heavy foliage and placed them on the dam, some above the stakes and some below, some lengthwise, some crosswise, some diagonally, the tops pointing one way and another until the dam seemed to be a belt of green leaves and small twigs, three feet wide, stretching from bank to bank. All this time the mother beaver sat on the bank near by, sometimes smoothing her glossy neck and sides with her arms and tongue, and sometimes looking majestically around in her quiet, dignified way, careless and indifferent as to what went on about her. Not until the stakes she had set were almost hidden from view by the work of her children did she move from her place of observation. Then, as her little ones came up from the dam, she went with them into the willows.

I thought they had quit work and gone home, but soon I heard them coming back again. It was two or three minutes before I could see them, and when they did come into view, I almost betrayed my presence with an exclamation of surprise. The beavers dropped their burden and raised their heads. I dared scarcely breathe. Their fat, sleek sides gave no signs of life. They were rigid, except for an occasional blink of an eye. On either side of the log they sat, half crouching. Two of the little ones were facing almost in my direction, while the mother and one little one had their backs towards me. Full two minutes they remained motionless, listening; then, hearing nothing more of an alarming nature, they eagerly set to work again, lifting and tugging with renewed energy.

They were bringing in a log they had cut from one of the quaking asp trees that I had seen fall. The log was seven or eight inches in diameter, and about twelve feet long. Lifting, pushing, and pulling, they dragged it out of the willows, and rolled it down the bank into the water. The little fellows were like giants, and the mother, with her good hand and stub arm, was strength itself. It seemed impossible that they could get such a log out of the brush, but as soon as it was in the water the work was easy. They floated it down to the dam, and rolled it upon the brush as a weight. They had used all the rocks before, so they had to supply other means this time. Other logs were brought and placed lengthwise along the dam, but none was as large as the first. Some were mere poles, six or eight feet long, which the mother beaver stuck firmly into the lower side of the dam, slanting them so that the end projected a few inches above the top to the logs and brush.

Then still smaller stakes were brought and pushed down through the brush just below the logs, about two feet apart, for the entire length of the dam. The ends of these stakes projected about four inches above the top of the logs. They were set slanting up the stream at angles of forty-five to fifty degrees, as if meant for braces to keep the logs from rising out of place when the water came up to them.



"she had the appearance of a learned professor propounding a problem in mathematics"

The mother beaver did most of the stake-setting, while the little ones carried the poles to her and watched her. When they were all set, she sent her children out into the willows again, walked across the dam to my side of the stream, sat down on the bank, and began licking the mud and water from her legs and body. In a few minutes the little beavers came back, each carrying a long, slender willow with a leafy top. These they laid across the logs, with the base ends down the stream. Then, taking hold near the bases, they shoved them down into the mud and gravel below the dam, so that the leafy tops rested on and projected above the logs about ten or twelve inches. Many and many times the little fellows went and came with their shaggy-topped willows, until from bank to bank they lay, their stems one to two inches apart, even and smooth, their bushy tops locked and intertwined, entirely concealing the logs. Then the workers walked along the tops of the twigs and bent them down on the upper side of the logs, weaving them into the brush below so that the logs were bound down by them.

Again the top of the dam was a mass of leaves and twigs. The children, unaided, had done their work rapidly and well. The mother viewed it with evident satisfaction, for as soon as it was finished she walked across on top of the dam to the opposite bank, where the little ones were waiting for her, and lapped each of them on the side of the mouth several times. The little fellows were in ecstacies. They skipped around, chattering, climbing, and rolling over their mother and one another like kittens. Presently they all went galloping and chattering off up the bank of the stream to their home.

Two days later I returned. The work was completed. The upper side was mudded to the top, sloping down concavely to the bottom of the pond. The long willow stems, from the top of the dam to the gravelly creek bed below, had the appearance of a miniature, slanting corduroy bridge. The new pond was fully three feet deep. Through limbs and brushwood a tiny stream of water trickled down to the shallow stream below in rippling solitude.

SONG

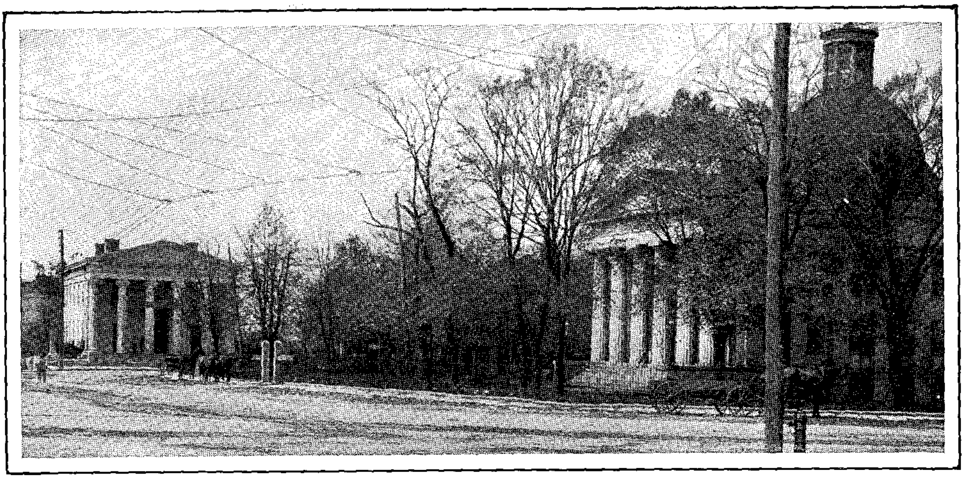
BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

OH, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again.

From "A Shropshire Lad"



COURT-HOUSE AND BANK IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

The negro Maples was lynched by hanging to the elm-tree at the corner of the court-house, near the extreme right of the picture

WHAT IS A LYNCHING?

A STUDY OF MOB JUSTICE, SOUTH AND NORTH

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

AUTHOR OF "THE LABOR BOSS," "THE REIGN OF LAWLESSNESS," ETC

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

I—LYNCHING IN THE SOUTH

YOU and I imagine that a lynching somehow could not possibly take place in our town; our people are orderly and law-abiding; our officials, whatever may be said of their politics, may be depended upon to do their duty; you and I are truly civilized. And conversely, we imagine that the people in towns where lynchings occur must be somehow peculiarly barbarous, illiterate, lawless. A lynching, like death, is a great way off until it strikes us.

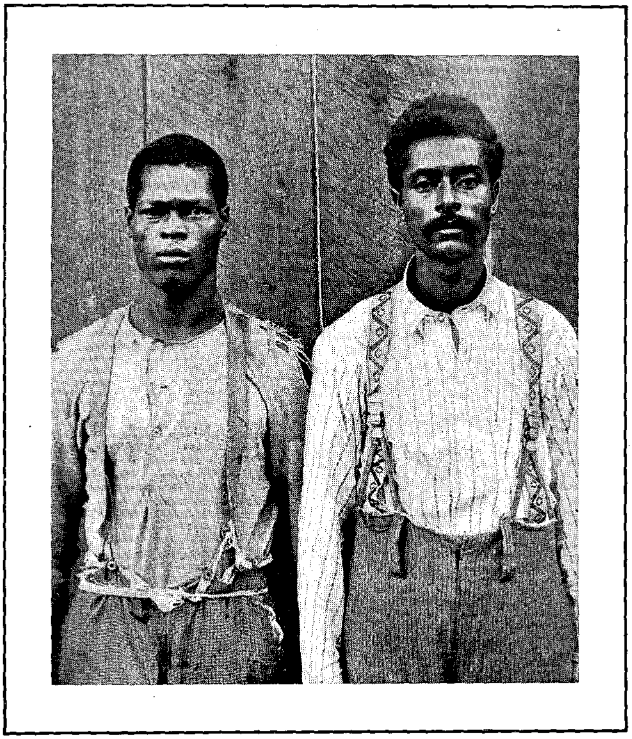
I have just been visiting a number of "lynching towns" in this country, both in the South and in the North. I went primarily to formulate, if I could, a clear idea of what one hundred and fifty lynchings a year—the average in the United States for the last twenty-two years—might really signify, to discover in what way a lynching town is different from my town or your town, what classes of citizens constitute the mobs, and what is the underlying cause of such murderous outbreaks.

And as I visited the various towns I was more and more impressed with a sense of their homely familiarity; they were all American towns, just like yours and mine. I saw no barbarians. On Sunday morning I heard the church bells ringing, on week-days there was the same earnest political buncombe; I found the same sort of newspapers and fraternal societies and woman's clubs, the same talk—and nothing but talk—of "political graft" in this gas deal or that water company, the same soaring local pride over the tallest stand-pipe, or the most wonderful spring, or the greatest factory.

In each successive place they pointed out the telegraph-pole or tree from which the mob's victim had dangled, or the stake at which he was burned to death; they showed me the jails which had been broken open; they told me the awful and grewsome details of the crimes committed. And I heard and saw these things with a strong sense of the unreality of it all; one cannot easily believe that such upheavals could really happen in these orderly, busy, familiar American towns. Yet they have happened, both in the North and in the South, with incidents of unimaginable horror and brutality; and they will happen again — next time, perhaps, in your town or mine. No, lynching is not a crime of barbarians; it is not a Southern crime, nor a Western crime, nor a Northern crime; it is an American crime.

Of one hundred and four lynchings last year (1903), ninety-one were in the South, and thirteen in the North and West. And not all the victims, by any means, were negroes; seventeen were white men, one a Chinaman, and two were women.

I have borne thus strongly on the character of the lynching town, in order that we may examine a few specific cases with proper humility of spirit, as persons dwelling in glass houses. In every town where these tragedies had occurred, I heard good citizens saying just what you and I would presumably say: "I didn't think such a thing *could* happen here." Or, if a lynching had previously taken place, these optimistic citizens said they didn't think it would ever happen again — just what we would say. Good citizens are about the same everywhere at the present time in most American towns: about equally impotent and ineffective.



PAUL REED AND WILL CATO

Negroes lynched by burning alive at Statesboro, Georgia

Statesboro, where Two Negroes Were Burned Alive

Statesboro, Georgia, where two negroes were recently burned alive under the most shocking circumstances, is a thrifty county-seat of some two thousand five hundred people, located about seventy miles from Savannah. For a hundred years a settlement has existed here, but it was not until the people discovered the wealth of the turpentine forests and of the sea-island cotton industry that the town became highly prosperous. Since 1890 it has doubled in population every five years. Most of the town is newly built. A fine, new court-house stands in the city square, and there are new churches, a large, new academy, a new water-works system and telephones, electric lights, rural free delivery — everywhere the signs of improvement and progress. It is distinctly a town of the New South, developed almost exclusively by the energy of Southerners and with Southern money. Its population is pure American, mostly of old Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia stock. Fully seventy per cent of the inhabitants are church members — Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists — and the town has not had a saloon in twenty-five years and rarely has a case of drunkenness. There are no beggars and practically no tramps. A poorhouse, built several years ago, had to be sold because no one would go to it. The farms are small, for the most part, and owned by the farmers themselves; only eight per cent of them are mortgaged. Schools are plentiful for both white and colored children, though the school year is short and education not compulsory.

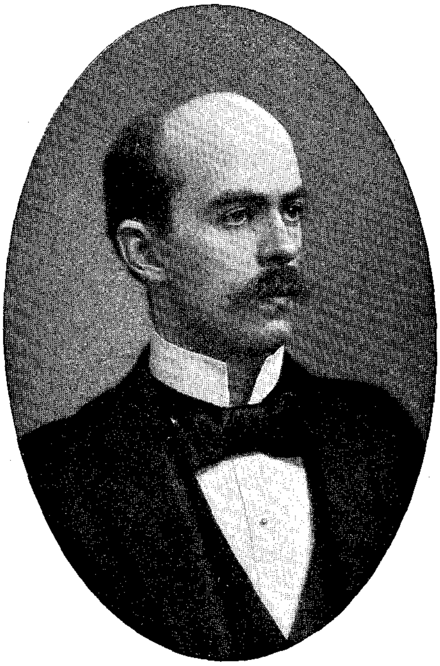
In short, this is a healthy, temperate, progressive American town — a country city, self-respecting, ambitious, with a good future before it — the splendid future of the New South.

Character of the Negro Population

About forty per cent of the population of the county consists of negroes. To most Northerners a negro is a negro; but one of the first things to impress a visitor in the South is the fact that there are two very distinct kinds of negroes — as distinct as the classes of white men. The first of these is the self-respecting, resident negro. Sometimes he is a land-owner, more often a renter; he is known to the white people, employed by them, and trusted by them. The Southerner of the better class, indeed, takes a real interest in the welfare of the home negro, and often has a real affection for him. In Statesboro, as in most of the South, a large proportion of the negroes are of this better class. On the other hand, one finds everywhere large numbers of the so-called "worthless negroes," perhaps a growing class, who float from town to town, doing rough work, having no permanent place of abode, not known to the white population generally. The turpentine industry has brought many such negroes to the neighborhood of Statesboro. Living in the forest near the turpentine-stills, and usually ignorant and lazy, they and all their kind, both in the country districts and in the city, are doubly unfortunate in coming into contact chiefly with the poorer class of white people, whom they often meet as industrial competitors. White bricklayers, for instance, work with negro bricklayers, and the trade jealousy which inevitably arises is slowly crowding the negro out of the skilled trades and forcing him, more and more, to the heavy toil of manual labor.

STUMP AT WHICH REED AND CATO WERE BURNED

The fire still smoldering



JUDGE PAUL SPEAKE, OF HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

This industrial friction (a more important factor in the negro problem, perhaps, than is commonly recognized), added to the historic contempt of the negro for the "poor white" and the hatred of the poor white for the negro, constitutes a fertile source of discord. Even after making due allowance for the bitter problems of "social equality," negro franchise, and negro crime, all of which go to make up what is called "race prejudice," it is safe to say that if there were only the better class of whites in the South and the better class of negroes, there would be no such thing as a negro problem.

Danger from the Floating Negro

In all the towns I visited, South as well as North, I found that this floating, worthless negro caused most of the trouble. He prowls the roads by day and by night; he steals; he makes it unsafe for women to travel alone. Sometimes he has gone to school long enough to enable him to read a little and to write his name, enough education to make him hate the hard work of the fields and aspire to better things, without giving him the determination to earn them. He is often under the domination of half-educated negro preachers, who sometimes make it their stock in trade to stir their followers to greater hatred of the whites. He has little or no regard for the family relations or home life, and when he commits a crime or is tired of one locality, he sets out, unencumbered, to seek new fields, leaving his wife and children without the slightest compunction.

About six miles from the city of Statesboro lived Henry Hodges, a well-to-do planter. He had a good farm, he ran three plows, as they say in the cotton country, and rumor reported that he had money laid by. Coming of an old family, he was widely related in Bulloch County, and his friendliness and kindness had given him and his family a large circle of acquaintances. Family ties and friendships, in old-settled communities like those in the South, are influences of much greater importance in fixing public opinion and deciding political and social questions than they are in the new and heterogeneous communities of the North.

The South is still, so far as the white population is concerned, a sparsely settled country. The farmers often live far apart; the roads are none too good. The Hodges home was in a lonely place, the nearest neighbors being negroes, nearly half a mile distant. No white people lived within three-quarters of a mile. Hodges had been brought up among negroes, he employed them, he was kind to them. To one of the negroes suspected of complicity in the subsequent murder, he had loaned his shot-gun; another, afterwards lynched, called at his home the very night before the murder, intending then to rob him, and Hodges gave him a bottle of turpentine to cure a "snake-graze." It is said in the South that the negro always attacks the friendly, inoffensive, or unprotected whites; that he rarely, if ever, injures a man he fears.

Story of the Murder

On the evening of July 29, 1904, Mr. Hodges drove to a neighbor's house to bring his nine-year-old girl home from school. No Southern white farmer, especially in thinly settled regions like Bulloch County, dares permit any woman or girl of his family to go out anywhere alone, for fear of the criminal negro.

"You don't know and you can't know," a Georgian said to me, "what it means down here to live in constant fear lest your wife or daughter be attacked on the road, or even in her home. Many women in the city of

Statesboro dare not go into their back yards after dark. Every white planter knows that there is always danger for his daughters to visit even the nearest neighbor, or for his wife to go to church without a man to protect her."

It is absolutely necessary to understand this point of view before one can form a true judgment upon conditions in the South.

When Hodges arrived at his home that night, it was already dark. The little girl ran to join her mother; the father drove to the barn. Two negroes — perhaps more — met him there and beat his brains out with a stone and a buggy brace. Hearing the noise, Mrs. Hodges ran out with a lamp and set it on the gate-post. The negroes crept up — as nearly as can be gathered from the contradictory stories and confessions — and murdered her there in her doorway with peculiar brutality. Nearly all of the crimes committed by negroes are marked with almost animal-like ferocity. Once aroused to murderous rage, the negro does not stop with mere killing; he bruises and batters his victim out of all semblance to humanity. For the moment, under stress of passion, he seems to revert wholly to savagery.

The negroes went into the house and ransacked it for money. The little girl, who must have been terror-stricken beyond belief, hid behind a trunk; the two younger children, one a child of two years, the other a mere baby, lay on the bed. Finding no money, the negroes returned to their homes. Here they evidently began to dread the consequences of their deed, for towards midnight they returned to the Hodges home. During all this time the little girl had been hiding there in darkness, with the bodies of her father and mother in the doorway. When the negroes appeared, she either came out voluntarily, hoping that friends had arrived, or she was dragged out.

"Where's the money?" demanded the negroes.

The child got out all she had, a precious five-cent piece, and offered it to them on condition that they would not hurt her. One of them seized her and beat her to death.

I make no excuse for telling these details; they *must be told,* else we shall not see the depths or the lengths of this problem.

Burning of the Hodges Home

The negroes then dragged the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Hodges into their home and set the house afire. As nearly as can be made out from the subsequent confessions, the two younger children were burned alive.

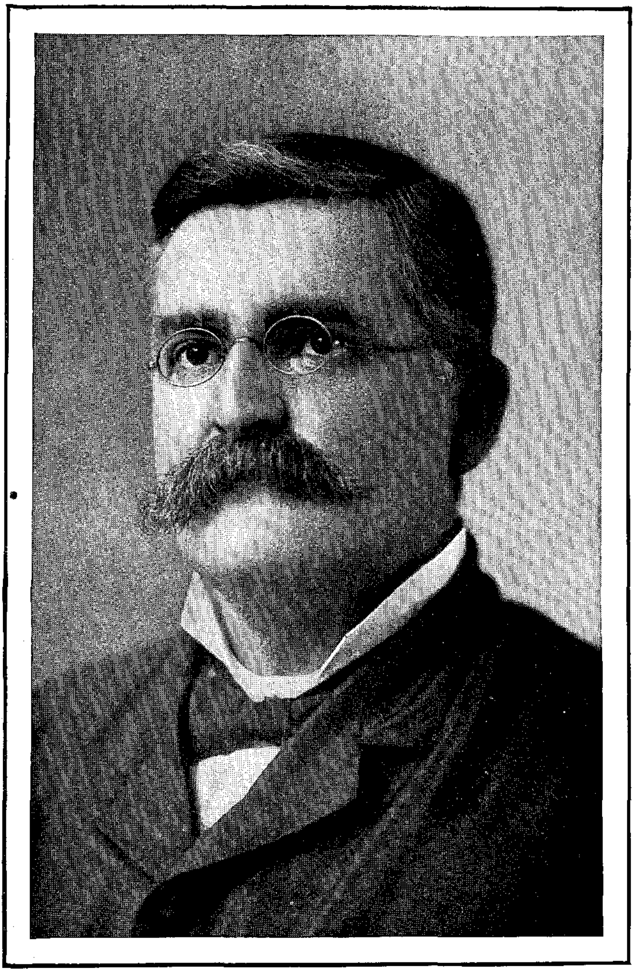
When the neighbors reached the scene of the crime, the house was wholly consumed, only the great end chimney left standing, and the lamp still burning on the gate-post.

Well, these Southerners are warm-hearted, home-loving people. Everyone knew and respected the Hodges — their friends in the church, their many relatives in the county — and the effect of this frightful crime described in all its details, may possibly be imagined by Northern people living quietly and peacefully in their homes. When two of the prominent citizens of the town told me, weeks afterwards, of the death of the little girl, they could not keep back their tears.

TWO CHILDREN OF HENRY HODGES

Burned to death by the negroes Reed and Cato

The murder took place on Friday night; on Saturday the negroes, Paul Reed and Will Cato, were arrested with several other suspects, including two negro preachers. Both Reed and Cato were of the illiterate class; both had been turpentine workers, living in the forest, far from contact with white people.



ACTING GOVERNOR CUNNINGHAM OF ALABAMA

Whose vigorous stand against lynching has attracted wide attention

Cato was a floater from South Carolina. Reed was born in the county, but he was a good type of the worthless and densely ignorant negro.

It is a somewhat common impression that a whole town loses itself in a passion of anarchy, and is not satisfied until the criminals are killed. But in spite of the terrible provocation and the intense feeling, there yet existed in Statesboro exactly such a feeling for the sacredness of law, such intelligent Americanism, as exists in your town or mine. Not within the present generation had a lynching taken place in the town, and the people were deeply concerned to preserve the honor and good name of their community. In the midst of intense excitement a meeting of good citizens, both white and black, was called in the court-house. It was presided over by J. A. Brannan, one of the foremost citizens. Speeches were made by Mayor Johnstone, by the ministers of the town, and by other citizens, including a negro, all calling for good order and the calm and proper enforcement of the law.

Attempts to Prevent the Lynching

And the regular machinery of justice was put in motion with commendable rapidity. Fearing a lynching, the negroes were sent to Savannah and there lodged in jail. A grand jury was immediately called, indictments were found, and in two weeks — the shortest possible time under the law — the negroes were brought back from Savannah for trial. To protect them, two military companies, one from Statesboro, one from Savannah, were called out. The proof of guilt was absolutely conclusive, and, although the negroes were given every advantage to which they were entitled under the law, several prominent attorneys having been appointed to defend them, they were promptly convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

In the meantime great excitement prevailed. The town was crowded for days with farmers who came flocking in from every direction. The crime was discussed and magnified; it was common talk that the "niggers of Madison County are getting too bigoty" — that they wouldn't "keep their places." Fuel was added to the flame by the common report that the murderers of the Hodges family were members of a negro assassination society known as the "Before Day Club," and wild stories were told of other murders that had been planned, the names of intended victims even being reported.

On the Sunday night before the trial, two negro women, walking down the street, pushed two respectable white girls off the sidewalk, with obscene abuse. The crowd dragged the women from a church where they had gone, took them to the outskirts of the town, whipped them both violently, and ordered them to leave the county.

"Let the law take its course," urged the good citizen. "The negroes have been sentenced to be hanged, let them be hanged legally; we want no disgrace to fall on the town."

How the Lynchers Themselves Defend a Lynching

But as the trial progressed and the crowd increased, there were louder and louder expressions of the belief that hanging was too good for such a crime. I heard intelligent citizens argue that a tough negro criminal, in order to be a hero in the eyes of his people, does not mind being hanged. He is allowed to make a speech, the ministers pray over him, he confesses dramatically, and he and all his negro friends are sure that he is going straight to Paradise.

Another distinct feeling developed — a feeling that I found in other lynching towns: that somehow the courts and the law were not to be trusted to punish the criminals properly. Although Reed and Cato were sentenced to be hanged, the crowd argued that "the lawyers would get them off," that "the case would be appealed, and they would go free." Members of the mob tried to get Sheriff Kendrick to promise not to remove the negroes to Savannah, fearing that in some way they would be taken beyond the reach of justice.

In other words, there existed a deep-seated conviction that justice too often miscarried in Bulloch County and that murderers commonly escaped punishment through the delays and technicalities of the law.

A Habit of Man-Killing

And there is, unfortunately, a foundation for this belief. In every lynching town I visited I made especial inquiry as to the prevalence of crime, particularly as to the degree of certainty of punishment for crime. In all of them property is safe; laws looking to the protection of goods and chattels are executed with a fair degree of precision; for we are a business-worshiping people. But I was astounded by the extraordinary prevalence in all these lynching counties, North as well as South, of crimes of violence, especially homicide, accompanied in every case by a poor enforcement of the law. Bulloch County, with barely twenty-five thousand inhabitants, has had thirty-two homicides in a little more than five years — an annual average of one to every four thousand five hundred people (the average in the entire United States being one to nine thousand). Within eight months prior to the Hodges lynching, no fewer than ten persons (including the Hodges family) were murdered in Bulloch County. In twenty-eight years, notwithstanding the high rate of homicides, only three men, all negroes, have been legally hanged, while four men — three negroes and one white man — have been lynched.

It is well understood that if the murderer has friends or a little money to hire lawyers, he can, especially if he happens to be white, nearly always escape with a nominal punishment. These facts are widely known and generally commented upon. In his subsequent charge to the grand jury, Judge Daley said that the mob was due in part to "delays in the execution of law and to the people becoming impatient."

I am not telling these things with any idea of excusing or palliating the crime of lynching, but with the earnest intent of setting forth all the facts, so that we may understand just what the feelings and impulses of a lynching town really are, good as well as bad. Unless we diagnose the case accurately, we cannot hope to prescribe effective remedies.

Psychology of the Mob

In the intense, excited crowd gathered around the court-house on this Tuesday, the 16th of August, other influences were also at work, influences operating in a greater or less degree in every lynching mob. We are accustomed to look upon a mob as an entity, the expression of a single concrete feeling; it is not; it is itself torn with dissensions and compunctions, swayed by conflicting emotions. Similarly, we look upon a militia company as a sort of machine, which, set in operation, automatically performs a certain definite service. But it is not. It is made up of young men, each with his own intense feelings, prejudices, ideals; and it requires unusual discipline to inculcate such a sense of duty that the individual soldier will rise superior to the emotions of the hour. Most of these young men of Statesboro and Savannah really sympathized with the mob; among the crowd the Statesboro men saw their relatives and friends. Some of the officers were ambitious men, hoping to stand for political office. What would happen if they ordered the troops to fire on their neighbors?

And "the nigger deserved hanging," and "why should good white blood be shed for nigger brutes?" At a moment of this sort the clear perception of solemn abstract principles and great civic duties fades away in tumultuous excitement. Yet these soldier boys were not cowards; they have a fighting history; their fathers made good soldiers; they themselves would serve bravely against a foreign enemy, but when called upon for mob service they failed utterly, as they have failed repeatedly, both North and South.

Up to the last moment, although the crowd believed in lynching and wanted to lynch, there seemed to be no real and general determination to forestall the law. The mob had no center, no fixed purpose, no real plan of action. One determined man, knowing his duty (as I shall show in another story), and doing it with common sense, could have prevented trouble, but there was no such man. Captain Hitch, of the Savannah Company, a vacillating commander, allowed the crowd to pack the court-house, to stream in and out among his soldiers; he laid the responsibility (afterwards) on the sheriff, and the sheriff shouldered it back upon him. In nearly all the cases I investigated, I found the same attempt to shift responsibility, the same lack of a responsible head. Our system too often fails when mob stress is laid upon it — unless it happens that some splendid man stands out, assumes responsibility, and becomes a momentary despot.

How the Soldiers Were Overpowered

A mob, no matter how deeply inflamed, is always cowardly. This mob was no exception. It crowded up, crowded up, testing authority. It joked with the soldiers, and when it found that the jokes were appreciated, it took further liberties; it jostled the soldiers — good-humoredly. "You don't dare fire," it said, and the soldiers made no reply. "Your guns aren't loaded," it said, and some soldier confessed that they were not. In tender consideration for the feelings of the mob, the officers had ordered the men not to load their rifles. The next step was easy enough; the mob playfully wrenched away a few of the guns, those behind pushed forward — those behind always do push forward, knowing they will not be hurt — and in a moment the whole mob was swarming up the stairs, yelling and cheering.

In the court-room sentence had been passed on Reed and Cato, and the judge had just congratulated the people on "their splendid regard for the law under very trying conditions." Then the mob broke in. A brother of the murdered Hodges, a minister from Texas, rose splendidly to the occasion. With tears streaming down his face, he begged the mob to let the law take its course.

"We don't want religion, we want blood," yelled a voice.

The mob was now thoroughly stirred; it ceased to hesitate; it was controlled wholly by its emotions. The leaders plunged down the court-room and into the witness chamber, where the negroes sat with their wives, Reed's wife with a young baby. The officers of the law accommodatingly indicated the right negroes, and the mob dragged them out. Hanging was at first proposed, and a man even climbed a telegraph-pole just outside the court-house, but the mob, growing more ferocious as it gathered volume and excitement, yelled its determination:

"Burn them! burn them!"

They rushed up the road, intending to take the negroes to the scene of the crime. But it was midday in August, with a broiling hot sun overhead and a dusty road underfoot. A mile from town the mob swerved into a turpentine forest, pausing first to let the negroes kneel and confess. Calmer spirits again counseled hanging, but some one began to recite in a high-keyed voice the awful details of the crime, dwelling especially on the death of the little girl. It worked the mob into a frenzy of ferocity.

"They burned the Hodges' and gave them no choice; burn the niggers!"

"Please don't burn me," pleaded Cato. And again: "Hang me or shoot me; please don't burn me!"

Burning of the Negroes

Some one referred the question to the father-in-law of Hodges. He said Hodges' mother wished the men burned. That settled it. Men were sent into town for kerosene oil and chains, and finally the negroes were bound to an old stump, fagots were heaped around them, and each was drenched with oil. Then the crowd stood back accommodatingly, while a photographer, standing there in the bright sunshine, took pictures of the chained negroes. Citizens crowded up behind the stump and got their faces into the photograph. When the fagots were lighted, the crowd yelled wildly. Cato, the less stolid of the two negroes, partly of white blood, screamed with agony; but Reed, a black, stolid savage, bore it like a block of wood. They threw knots and sticks at the writhing creatures, but always left room for the photographer to take more pictures.

And when it was all over, they began, in common with all mobs, to fight for souvenirs. They scrambled for the chains before they were cold, and the precious links were divided among the populace. Pieces of the stump were hacked off, and finally one young man — it must be told — gathered up a few charred remnants of bone, carried them uptown, and actually tried to give them to the judge who presided at the trial of the negroes, to the utter disgust of that official.

After-Effects of Mob-Law

This is the law of the mob, that it never stops with the thing it sets out to do. It is exactly like any other manifestation of uncontrolled human passion — given license it takes more license, it releases that which is ugly, violent, revengeful in the community as in the individual human heart. I have heard often of a "quiet mob," an "orderly mob," which "went about its business and hanged the nigger," but in all the cases I have known about, and I made special inquiries upon this particular point, not one single mob stopped when the immediate work was done, unless under compulsion. Even good citizens of Statesboro will tell you that "the niggers got only what they deserved," and "it was all right if the mob had only stopped there." But it did not stop there; it never does.

All the stored-up racial animosity came seething to the surface; all the personal grudges and spite. As I have already related, two negro women were whipped on the Sunday night before the lynching. On the day following the lynching the father of the women was found seeking legal punishment for the men who whipped his daughters, and he himself was taken out and frightfully beaten. On the same day two other young negroes, of the especially hated "smart nigger" type, were caught and whipped — one for riding a bicycle on the sidewalk, the other, as several citizens told me, "on general principles." But this was not the worst. On Wednesday night an old negro man and his son — negroes of the better class — were sitting in their cabin some miles from Statesboro, when they were both shot at through the window and badly wounded. Another respectable negro, named McBride, was visited in his home by a white mob, which first whipped his wife, who was confined with a baby three days old, and then beat, kicked, and shot McBride himself so horribly that he died the next day. The better class of citizens, the same men who would, perhaps, condone the burning of Reed and Cato, had no sympathy with this sort of thing. Some of them took McBride's dying statement, and four white men are now under arrest, charged with the murder. But, as a prominent citizen told me, "They will prove alibis."

Indeed, the mob led directly to a general increase of crime in Bulloch County. As Judge Daley said in his charge to a subsequent grand jury:

"Mob violence begets crime. Crime has been more prevalent since this lynching than ever before. In the middle circuit the courts have been so badly crowded with murder trials that it has been almost impossible to attend to civil business."

Another evil result of the lynching was that it destroyed valuable evidence. The prosecutors had hoped to learn from the convicted Reed and Cato the details of the assassination society of which I have already spoken, and thereby bring to justice all the other negroes suspected of complicity in the murder of the Hodges'. This is now impossible, and if the Before Day Club ever existed, most of the criminals who composed it are still at large, awaiting the next opportunity to rob and murder.

Mob Justice and the Cotton Crop

Mob-law has not only represented a moral collapse in this community, but it struck, also, at the sensitive pocket of the business interests of the county. Frightened by the threatening attitude of the whites, the negroes began to leave the county. It was just at the beginning of the cotton-picking season, when labor of every sort was much needed, negro labor especially. It would not do to frighten away all the negroes. On Thursday some of the officials and citizens of Statesboro got together, appointed extra marshals, and gave notice that there were to be no more whippings, and the mob spirit disappeared — until next time.

But what of the large negro population of Statesboro during all this excitement? The citizens told the "decent negroes": "We don't want to hurt you; we know you; you are all right; go home and you won't be hurt." Go home they did, and there was not a negro to be seen during all the time of the lynching. From inquiry among the negroes themselves, I found that most of them had no voice to raise against the burning of Reed and Cato. This was the grim, primitive, eye-for-an-eye logic that they used, in common with many white men:

"Reed and Cato burned the Hodges'; they ought to be burned."

Even Cato's wife used this logic.

But all the negroes were bitter over the indiscriminate whippings which followed the lynching. These whippings widened the breach between the races, led to deeper suspicion and hatred, fertilized the soil for future outbreaks. In the same week that I visited Statesboro, no fewer than three cotton-gins in various parts of Bulloch County were mysteriously burned at night, and while no one knew the exact origin of the fires, it was openly charged that they were caused by revengeful negroes. None of these terrible after-effects would have taken place if the law had been allowed to follow its course.

A Fighting Parson

The overwhelming majority of the people of Bulloch County undoubtedly condoned the lynching, even believed in it heartily and completely. And yet, as I have said, there was a strong dissenting opposition among the really thoughtful, better-class citizens. All the churches of Statesboro came out strongly for law and order. The Methodist church, led by a fighting parson, the Rev. Whitely Langston, expelled two members who had been in the mob — an act so unpopular that the church lost twenty-five members of its congregation. Of course, the members of the mob were known, but none of them will ever be punished. The judge especially charged the grand jury to investigate the lynching, and this was its report:

"We deplore the recent lawlessness in our city and community, specially referred to by his Honor, Judge A. F. Daley, in his able charge. We have investigated the matter in the light of information coming under our personal knowledge, and obtained by the examination of a number of witnesses, but we have been unable to find sufficient evidence to warrant indictments. We tender thanks to his Honor, Judge Daley, for his able and comprehensive charge."

A feeble attempt was made to discipline the military officers who allowed the populace to walk over them and take away their guns. A court-martial sat for days in Savannah and finally recommended the dismissal of Captain Hitch from the service of the state; but the Governor let him off with half the penalty suggested. Two lieutenants were also disciplined.

In the state election which followed the lynching, numerous voters in Bulloch County actually scratched the name of Governor Terrell, of Georgia, because he ordered the troops to Statesboro, and substituted the name of Captain Hitch. Sheriff Kendrick, who failed to protect Reed and Cato, was reelected without opposition.

It was in a tone of deep discouragement that Mayor G. S. Johnstone, of Statesboro, said to me:

"If our grand jury won't indict these lynchers, if our petit juries won't convict, and if our soldiers won't shoot, what are we coming to?"

Revolution of Opinion in the South on Lynching

Conditions at Statesboro are, perhaps, typical of those in most Southern towns. In most Southern towns a lynching would be conducted much as it was in Statesboro; there would be the same objecting but ineffective minority of good citizens, the troops would refuse their duty, and the lynchers would escape in much the same way. And yet, if we were to stop with the account of the Statesboro affair, we should overlook some of the greatest influences now affecting the lynching problem in the South. No one who visits the South can escape the conviction that, with its intensified industrial life, and the marvelous development and enrichment of the whole country, other equally momentous, if less tangible, changes are taking place. Public opinion is developing along new lines, old, set prejudices are breaking up, and there is, among other evident influences, a marked revolution in the attitude of the Southern people and the Southern newspapers on the lynching question. Statesboro gives the problem a hopeless look; but it represents the typical Southern lynching of two or three or more years ago. I turn now to the recent lynching at Huntsville, Alabama, which reveals in a striking manner some of the features of the new revolt in the South against mob-law.

A Negro Crime at Huntsville, Alabama

One evening last September a negro of Huntsville, Alabama, asked an old peddler named Waldrop for a ride. Waldrop was a kindly old man, well known and respected throughout Madison County; he drove into the city two or three times a week with vegetables and chickens to sell, and returned with the small product of his trade in his pocket.

Waldrop knew the negro, Maples, and, although Maples was of the worthless sort, and even then under indictment for thieving, the peddler made room for him in his wagon, and they rode out of the town together. They drove into a lonely road. They crossed a little bridge. Tall trees shaded and darkened the place. Night was falling. The negro picked up a stone and beat out the brains of the inoffensive old man, robbed him, and left him lying there at the roadside, while the horse wandered homeward.

How a murder cries out! The murderer fled in the darkness, but it was as if he left great footprints. The next day, in Huntsville, the law laid its hand on his shoulder.

Now, Huntsville is one of the best cities in Alabama. No other city, perhaps, preserves more of the aristocratic habiliments of the older South. It was the first capital of the state. Seven governors lie buried in its cemetery; its county house, its bank, some of its residences are noble examples of the architecture of the ante-bellum South. And while preserving these evidences of the wealth and refinement of an older civilization, few cities in the South have responded more vigorously to the new impulses of progress and development. Its growth during the last few years has been little short of amazing. Northern capital has come in; nine cotton-mills have been built, drawing a large increase of population, and stimulating the development of the country in every direction. It is a fine, orderly, progressive city — intensely American, ambitious, self-respecting.

Relation of Lynching to Business Success

Huntsville has had its share of lynchings in the past. Within twenty years seven negroes and one white man have been the victims of mobs in Madison County. The best citizens knew what a lynching meant; they knew how the mob began, and what invariably followed its excesses, and they wanted no more such horrors. But this revolt was not wholly moral. With awakening industrial ambition the people realized that disorder had a tendency to frighten away capital, stop immigration, and retard development generally. Good business demands good order. This feeling has been expressed in various forms and through many channels. It existed in Statesboro, but it was by no means as vigorous as in this manufacturing city of Huntsville. We find, for instance, Congressman Richardson of Alabama, a citizen of Huntsville, saying in a speech on the floor of the House of Representatives:

"Why, Mr. Chairman, we have more reason in the South to observe the law and do what is right than any other section of this Union."

The *Atlanta Constitution* presents the same view in vigorous language:

"Aside entirely from the consideration of the evil effects of the mob spirit in breeding general disrespect for the law, and aside from the question of the inevitable brutalizing effect of lynching upon those who are spectators — and the effect goes even further — the practical question arises: Can we at the South afford it?

"Is there any use blinding ourselves to the fact, patent to everybody, that it is this sort of thing that has kept hundreds of thousands of desirable immigrants from coming to the Southern States?"

Story of a Bold Judge

When the murderer of the peddler Waldrop was arrested, therefore, the thoughtful and progressive people of the city — the kind who are creating the New South — took immediate steps to prevent mob disturbance. It was fortunate in having an able, energetic young man as its circuit judge — a judge, the son of a judge, who saw his duty clearly, and who was not afraid to act, even though it might ruin his immediate political future, as, indeed, it has done. Rare qualities in these days! The murder was committed Tuesday, September 6th, the negro was arrested Wednesday, Judge Speake impanelled a special grand jury without waiting a moment, and that very afternoon, within six hours after the negro's arrest and within twenty hours after the crime was committed, the negro was formally indicted. Arrangements were then made to call a special trial jury within a week, in the hope that the prospect of immediate punishment would prevent the gathering of a mob.

A Record of Homicide as a Cause of Lynching

But, unfortunately, we find here in Madison County not only a history of lynching — a habit, it may be called — but there existed the same disregard for the sacredness of human life which is the common characteristic of most lynching communities, South or North. I made a careful examination of the records of the county. In the five years preceding this lynching, no fewer than thirty-three murder and homicide cases were tried in the courts, besides eight murderers indicted, but not arrested. This is the record of a single county of about forty thousand people. Notwithstanding this record of crime, there has not been a legal hanging in the county, even of a negro, for nineteen years. It is a fact — well known to everybody in the county — that it is next to impossible to convict a white man for killing. Murderers employ good lawyers, they appeal their cases, they bring political friendships to bear, and the relationships between the old families are so far extended that they reach even into the jury room. As a consequence, nearly every white murderer goes free. Only a short time before the present lynching, Fred Stevens, a white man, who shot a white man in a quarrel over a bucket of water, was let out with a fine of $50, costs, and thirty days in jail. This for a *killing!* And the attorney for Stevens actually went into court afterward and asked to have the costs cut down!

Negroes who commit homicide, though more vigorously punished than white murderers, yet frequently escape with five or ten years in the penitentiary — especially if they have money or a few white friends. All this had induced a contempt of the courts of justice — a fear that, after all, through the delays and technicalities of the law and the compassion of the jury, the murderer of Waldrop would not be punished as he deserved. This was the substance of the reasoning I heard repeatedly: "That negro, Maples, ought to have been hanged; we were not sure the jury would hang him; we hanged him to protect ourselves."

I met an intelligent farmer during a drive through Madison County. Here are some of the things he said, and they voiced closely what I heard in one form or another from many people in all walks of life:

"Life is cheap in Madison County. If you have a grudge against a man, kill him; don't wound him. If you wound him, you'll likely be sent up; if you kill him, you can go free. They often punish more severely for carrying concealed weapons or even for chicken stealing in Madison County than they do for murder."

So strong was the evidence in one murder case in an adjoining circuit that Judge Kyle instructed the jury to find the murderer guilty; the jury deliberately returned a verdict, "Not guilty." The Alabama system of justice is cursed by the professional juror chosen by politicians, and often open to political influences. This, with the unlimited right of appeal and the great number of peremptory challenges allowed to the defense in accepting jurymen, gives such power to the lawyers for the defendant that convictions are exceedingly difficult. Oftentimes, also, the prosecuting attorney is a young, inexperienced lawyer, ill-paid, who is no match for the able attorneys employed by the defendant.

No: it is not all race prejudice that causes lynchings, even in the South. One man in every six lynched in this country in 1903 was a white man. It is true that a negro is often the victim of mob-law where a white man would not be, because his crimes are peculiarly brutish, but the chief cause certainly seems to lie deeper, in the wide-spread contempt of the courts, and the unpunished subversion of the law in this country, both South and North. This, indeed, would probably be the sole cause of lynching, were it not for the crime of rape, of which I wish to speak again a little later.

Composition of the Mob at Huntsville

Well, a mob began gathering in Huntsville before the grand jury had ceased its labors. It was chiefly composed of the workmen from the cotton-mills. These are of a peculiar class — pure American stock, naturally of high intelligence, but almost wholly illiterate — men from the hills, the descendants of the "poor white trash," who never owned slaves, and who have always hated the negroes. The poor whites are and have been for a long time the industrial competitors of the negroes, and the jealousy thus engendered accounts in no small degree for the intensity of the race feeling.

Anticipating trouble, Judge Speake ordered the closing of all the saloons — there are only fifteen to a population of some twenty-one thousand — and called out the local military company. But the mob ran over the militiamen as though they were not there, broke into the jail, built a fire in the hallway, and added sulphur and cayenne pepper. Fearing that the jail would be burned and all the prisoners suffocated, the sheriff released the negro, Maples, and he jumped out of a second-story window into the mob. They dragged him up the street to the square in the heart of the city. Here, on the pleasant lawn, the Daughters of America were holding a festival, and the place was brilliant with Japanese lanterns. Scattering the women and children, the mob jostled the negro under the glare of an electric light, just in front of the stately old court-house. Here, impassioned addresses were made by several prominent young lawyers — J. H. Wallace, Jr., W. B. Bankhead, and Solicitor Pettus — urging the observance of law and order. A showing of hands afterwards revealed the fact that a large proportion of those present favored a legal administration of justice. But it was too late now.

A peculiarly dramatic incident fired the mob anew. The negro was suddenly confronted by the son of the murdered peddler.

"Horace," he demanded, "did you kill my old dad?"

Quivering with fright, the negro is said to have confessed the crime. He was instantly dragged around the corner, where they hanged him to an elm-tree, and while he dangled there in the light of the gala lanterns, they shot him full of holes. Then they cut off one of his little fingers and parts of his trousers for souvenirs. So he hung until daylight, and crowds of people came out to see.

Effort to Punish the Lynchers

But the forces of law and order here had vigor and energy. Judge Speake, communicating with the Governor, had troops sent from Birmingham, and then, without shilly-shallying or delaying or endeavoring to shift responsibility, he ordered a special grand jury to indict the lynchers *the very next day*, and he saw to it that it was composed of the best citizens in town. When it met, so deep and solemn was its feeling of responsibility that it was opened with prayer, an extraordinary evidence of the awakened conscience of the people. More than this, the citizens generally were so aroused that they held a mass-meeting, and denounced the lynching as a "blot upon our civilization," and declared that "each and every man taking part" with the mob was "guilty of murder." Bold words, but no bolder than the editorials of the newspapers of the town or of the state. Indeed, this was nothing short of a splendid moral revolt. Every force of decency and good order was at work. Such strong newspapers as the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, the *Ledger*, and the *News*, the *Montgomery Advertiser*, the *Chattanooga News*, and, indeed, prominent newspapers all over the South united strongly in their condemnation of the lynchers and in their support of the efforts to bring the mob to justice.

Southern Newspapers on Lynching

The *Huntsville Mercury* spoke of the "deep sense of shame felt by our good citizens in being run over by a few lawless spirits."

"There is no justification," said the *Birmingham News*, "for the mob who, in punishing one murderer, made many more."

"This lynching," said the *Birmingham Ledger*, "is a disgrace to our state. The *Ledger* doesn't put its ear to the ground to hear from the North, nor does it care what Northern papers say. The crime is our own, and the disgrace falls on us."

"Where, in fact," said the *Age-Herald*, "does such business lead to? The answer is summed up in a word — anarchy!"

It would be well if every community in this country could read the full report of Judge Speake's grand jury. It is a work of the sort struck off only by men stirred to high things by what they feel to be a great crisis; it is of the same metal as the Declaration of Independence. Here is a single paragraph:

"Realizing that this is a supreme moment in our history; that we must either take a stand for the law to-day or surrender to the mob and to the anarchists for all time; that our actions shall make for good or evil in future generations; forgetting our personal friendships and affiliations, and with malice toward none, but acting only as sworn officers of the State of Alabama, we, the grand jury of Madison County, State of Alabama, find —— "

This grand jury stopped with no half measures. It registers, perhaps, the highest mark reached in the new moral revolution in the South against lynching. Ten members of the mob were indicted — and not for mere rioting or for breaking into the jail, but for *murder*. The jury also charged Sheriff Rodgers, Mayor Smith, and Chief of Police Overton with wilful neglect and incompetence, and advised their impeachment. No one not understanding the far-reaching family and political relationships in these old-settled Southern communities, and the deep-seated feeling against punishment for the crime of lynching, can form any adequate idea of what a sensation was caused by the charges of the grand jury against the foremost officials of the city. It came like a bolt from a clear sky; it was altogether an astonishing procedure, at first not fully credited. When the utter seriousness of Judge Speake came to be fully recognized, a good many men hurriedly left town. The Birmingham soldiers, led by a captain with backbone, arrested a number of those who remained. Judge Speake ordered a special trial jury, and appointed an able lawyer, David A. Grayson, to assist Prosecutor Pettus in bringing the lynchers to justice. The very next week the trials were begun.

Difficulty of Breaking the Lynching Habit

By this time, however, the usual influences had begun to work; the moral revulsion had carried far, and the rebound had come. The energetic judge and his solicitors found themselves face to face with the bad old jury system, with the deep-seated distrust of the courts, with the rooted habit of non-punishment for lynchers. Moreover, it was found that certain wild young men, with good family connections, had been mixed up in the mob — and all the strong family and political machinery of the country began to array itself against conviction. A community has exactly as hard a road to travel in breaking a bad habit as an individual. The New South is having a struggle to break the habits of the Old South. It was found, also, that the great mass of people in the country, as well as the millworkers in the city, were still strongly in favor of punishment by lynching. One hundred and ten veniremen examined for jurors to try the lynchers were asked this question: "If you were satisfied from the evidence beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant took part with or abetted the mob in murdering a negro, would you favor his conviction?" And seventy-six of them answered, "No."

In other words, a large majority believed that a white man should not be punished for lynching a negro. And when the juries were finally obtained, although the evidence was conclusive, they acquitted the lynchers, one after another. Only one man in one jury stood out for conviction — a young clerk named S. M. Blair, a pretty good type of the modern hero. He hung the jury, and so bitter was the feeling against him among the millworkers that they threatened to boycott his employer.

Relation of Lynching to the "Usual Crime"

This is the reasoning of many of the men chosen as jurors; I heard it over and over again, not only in Huntsville but, in substance, everywhere that I stopped in the South:

"If we convict these men for lynching the negro, Maples, we shall establish a precedent that will prevent us from lynching for the crime of rape."

Every argument on lynching in the South gets back sooner or later to this question of rape. Ask any high-class citizen — the very highest — if he believes in lynching, and he will tell you roundly, "No." Ask him about lynching for rape, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will instantly weaken.

"If my sister or my daughter — look here, if *your* sister or *your* daughter —— "

Lynching, he says, is absolutely necessary to keep down this crime. You ask him why the law cannot be depended upon, and he replies:

"It is too great an ordeal for the self-respecting white woman to go into court and accuse the negro ravisher and withstand a public cross-examination. It is intolerable. No woman will do it. And besides, the courts are uncertain. Lynching is the only remedy."

Yet the South is deeply stirred over the prevalence of lynching. The mob spirit, invoked to punish such a crime as rape, is defended by good people in the North as well as in the South; but once invoked, it spreads and spreads, until to-day lynching for rape forms only a very small proportion of the total number of mob hangings. It spreads until a negro is lynched for chicken stealing, or for mere "obnoxiousness." In the year 1903, out of one hundred and three lynchings, only eleven were for rape and ten for attempted rape, while forty-seven were for murder, fifteen for complicity in murderous assault, four for arson, five for mere "race prejudice," two for insults to whites, one for making threats, five for unknown offenses, one for refusing to give information, and three were wholly innocent negroes, lynched because their identity was mistaken. It is probable that lynching in the South would immediately be wiped out, if it were not for the question of rape. You will hear the problem put by thinking Southerners very much in this fashion:

"We must stop mob-law; every month we recognize that fact more clearly. But can we stop mob-law unless we go to the heart of the matter and stop lynching for rape? Is there not a way of changing our methods of legal procedure so that the offender in this crime can be punished without subjecting the victim to the horrible publicity of the courts?"

Governor Cunningham — A Real Leader

But I have wandered from my story. In Acting Governor Cunningham, the people of Alabama have a real governor — a leader — who is not afraid to handle a dangerous subject like lynching. He sent a court of inquiry to Huntsville, which found the local military company "worthless and inefficient," because it had failed to protect the jail. Immediately, upon the receipt of this report, the Governor dismissed the Huntsville company from the service, every man in it. Quite a contrast from the action at Statesboro! The Governor then went a step further: he ordered the impeachment of the sheriff, and the case is now pending in the supreme court. A little later Federal Judge Jones took up the case, charged his jury vigorously, and some of the mob rioters have been indicted in the federal courts. In the end, a few of them may possibly be punished.

Governor Cunningham has taken a bold stand against mob-law everywhere and anywhere in the state:

"I am opposed to mob-law," he said, "of whatsoever kind, for any and all causes. If lynching is to be justified or extenuated for any crime, be it ever so serious, it will lead to the same method of punishment for other crimes of a less degree of depravity, and through the operation of the process of evolution, will enlarge more and more the field of operation for this form of lawlessness."

It means something also when citizens, in support of their institutions and out of love of their city, rise above politics. Judge Speake had been nominated by the Democrats to succeed himself. A Democratic nomination in Alabama means election. After his vigorous campaign against the lynchers, he became exceedingly unpopular among the majority of the people. They resolved to defeat him. A committee waited on Shelby Pleasants, a prominent Republican lawyer, and asked him to run against Judge Speake, assuring him a certain election.

"I will not be a mob's candidate," he said. "I indorse every action of Judge Speake."

The committee approached several other lawyers, but not one of them would run against the judge, and the Republican newspaper of the town came out strongly in support of Judge Speake, even publishing his name at the head of its editorial columns. Before he could be elected, however, a decision of the State Supreme Court, unconnected in any way with the lynching, followed like fate, and deprived Madison

County of his services. He is now a private citizen, and even if he should come up for nomination to any political office, at present, he would undoubtedly be defeated. So much for the man who does his plain duty! The New South is not yet strong enough to defy the Old South politically.

Influences Tending to Prevent Future Lynchings in the South

But it is not likely that there will be another lynching soon in Madison County. The revolt against mob-law is too strong, and it is a sentiment that is growing rapidly. With the newspapers, the preachers, the good citizens, and the Governor fully aroused, the outlook is full of hope. And rural free delivery and country telephones, spreading in every direction, are inestimable influences in the quickening of public opinion. Better roads are being built, the country is settling up with white people, schools are improving, and the population generally, after a series of profitable cotton crops, is highly prosperous — all influences working toward the solution of this problem. Another potent factor in quieting race disturbance — whether we look at it as right or wrong — is the settlement of the status of the negro in the political field. Another is the sensible work of such negro educators as Booker Washington and Professor Councill, of Alabama.

No one, indeed, who looks seriously into the lynching problem in the South can fail to be strongly impressed with the fact that the people everywhere, led by the best newspapers and the energetic younger men — the men who are developing the resources of the New South in such an astonishing way — have not only awakened to the gravity of their problem, but that they are making a genuine fight for social self-restraint, for the breaking up of old prejudices, in short, the replacing of mob-license by the orderly execution of the law. When I went South I shared the impression of many Northerners that the South was lawless and did not care — an impression that arises from the wide publication of the horrible details of every lynching that occurs, and the utter silence regarding those deep, quiet, and yet powerful moral and industrial forces which are at the work of rejuvenation beneath the surface. I came away from the South deeply impressed with two things:

That the South has no lessons to learn from the North, in so far as the lynching problem is concerned.

That the South is making fully as good progress in overcoming its peculiar forms of lawlessness as the North is making in overcoming *its* peculiar forms. Indeed, I do not know where in this country to-day there can be found a healthier or more patriotic growth of the civic conscience than in the more progressive cities of the South.

In his article next month Mr. Baker will show what the Northern lynching town is like, indicate how it differs from the Southern lynching town, and, finally, suggest some interesting conclusions from his studies, both South and North.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE SCHISM AT ST. HILDA'S

BY

MARK LEE LUTHER

THE rector of St. Hilda's, Malbrook, rolled upon the culprit a magisterial eye.

"Scandalous!" he boomed. "Scandalous!"

The curate squared his shoulders for battle.

"How so?" he argued. "They obviously love one another."

"Pish!" emitted Dr. Bell, like a jet of escaping steam.

"If they preferred to keep the marriage secret for a month, it was their own affair. They're of age."

"Of age! They'll never come of age in common sense."

"And the ceremony was legally, canonically, ecclesiastically correct," added the curate, launching his big words in fine crescendo. "I was scrupulously particular. No one may question it."

Ambrose Bell banged the study desk which interposed its fortunate bulk between them.

"I do," he affirmed huskily. "I do. I question it. Moreover, contrary to my explicit instructions, the fee — the fee —— "

Young Gordon permitted himself a thin smile as, at this critical pass, the eminent man's wrath engulfed his voice. Herein, he divined, lay the real heinousness of his offense: he had pocketed the fee.

"The fee," he said quietly, "belongs to the officiating clergyman — in this case, myself."

Dr. Bell found his voice.

"Not in my parish, as you right well know. Why, sir, in England —— "

"But this isn't England," reminded his subordinate. "My predecessors did wrong to permit such an un-American encroachment on your part."

"Encroachment!" The rector's complexion took on a ruddiness alarming in so portly a man. "Encroachment!"

"Encroachment," repeated the curate steadily. "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

The doctor bounced from his chair. Dearly as he loved to feather his own shafts with scriptural quotations, he could ill tolerate such practices in other men.

"As long as you *remain* in this parish, Mr. Gordon," he announced with sledge-hammer emphasis upon the verb, "you will conform strictly to its established customs."

Young Gordon shook his head.

"Not to the fee custom," he stipulated.

"To every custom."

"No."

"Again I say you shall."

"And I repeat, doctor, I shall not."

Failing to quell the rebel with a glare, the eminent man flung out his hand in mute, disgusted dismissal, and the curate got himself from the study with a bow to which his backbone lent no encouragement.

On the landing just without, Gordon stumbled over the sexton, who, forthwith, began to whisk invisible dust from the tower staircase. The old man smiled upon him shrewdly.

"You've got sand, you have," he commented in cautious undertone.

The curate considered a moment and then swallowed his dignity.

"You — er — overheard, Thomas?"

"I listened," confessed the ancient, with the grin of a privileged character. He shuffled down-stairs after the curate, into the still peace of the nave where, with a heavy sigh, Gordon dropped into a retired pew. "I've seen a heap o' curates come and go," he added, "but you're the first as I can call to mind what has stood up to the doctor like a man. Here's wishing you good luck, Mr. Gordon! — if you'll excuse the liberty."

The curate nodded. He would have excused nearly anything from anybody then for a crumb of human sympathy. He hungered for sympathy, craved it avidly, for his bold front above stairs notwithstanding, he was sick at heart. The church at large knew Ambrose Bell, S.T.D., for a distinguished, if juiceless, commentator on the Early Fathers. His immediate diocese, focusing the handsome parson of St. Hilda's rather closer, wrote him down as something of a martinet, with a consuming ambition to succeed to the lawn sleeves of his aged bishop. The yet more intimate criticism of his parish whispered an opinion, which a fleeting dynasty of seminary fledglings knew in bitter fact, that he was a curate-baiter of fearful ingenuity.

"'Tain't as if the doctor was cramped for cash," remarked Thomas, straightening a pew cushion. "The vestry don't scrimp *his* salary."

"Nor mine," put in the curate conscientiously.

Thomas's shrug said plainly that if need be he could comment trenchantly upon the fitting reward of a sexton of piety and parts.

"No," he mused, "we ain't exactly indigent jest yet. Contrariwise, being as Malbrook is a fashionable resort, St. Hilda's is for a country parish so to speak afflooent. Take the Turner-Browns as gave the chapel over there — they can draw you a million-dollar check any old day. And the Van Camps, now, what ransacked our lectern out o' some Eyetalian village — be they paupers? Likewise the reredos, and the font, and the old English choir stalls, not to mention some o' the finest stained glass in the diocese — all meemorials — didn't they cost money?"

The curate jumped up and left the church. His own thoughts, as dressed forth by Thomas, were getting on his nerves. It was true that St. Hilda's was rich; it was as true, and as obvious, that its people dealt generously by Dr. Bell. It seemed to him equally self-evident that the latter had long persisted in a piece of injustice which it was his plain duty to right. He, luckily, was independent, and had no need of the wretched fees, but he happened to know that various curates before him had sorely felt their lack. Yet more needy ones might come after, and Gordon thrilled with a fine young quixotism on their behalf. On the other hand, there were prudential reasons why he should choose the path of least resistance to his superior, and the prime reason of all presented itself with force at this exact juncture. This cogent reason's name was Mary Warren, whom he now met in the churchyard, looking as fresh, sweet, and altogether delectable as the brave June morning itself.

"Well," said Miss Warren, "I've heard."

Gordon started.

"Already?"

"Already. Parish gossip goes by 'wireless,' you know."

The curate looked genuinely concerned.

"I should be sorry indeed to see this affair public gossip," he said.

Mary Warren weighed him with a pair of humorous eyes, which (Gordon forgot his troubles long enough to reflect) were of the precise blue of the shining reach of salt water one glimpsed from the churchyard.

"It isn't parish property, strictly speaking," she admitted. "I had the news from Uncle Ambrose himself, who unburdened in the bosom of his family, meaning Aunt Helen and myself."

"And you think?"

"I think that, of itself, a clerical waistcoat works no miracles upon the imperfect clay of which husbands are made," replied Miss Warren demurely. "Uncle simply raised the roof."

Gordon laughed outright.

"I meant, what do you think about me — that is to say, my course?"

Mary looked oracular.

"That depends," she answered.

"Upon what?"

"Upon whether you stick it out. None of the others did. They would say things — mostly over the teacups at five o'clock — and threaten things; but they never did anything. You are beginning more promisingly."

The curate beamed.

"You think I'm right!" he exclaimed. "You — you approve?"

"To be sure. Uncle's position is absurd."

"Yet I believe he means well."

"Of course he does. He has an idea that a stiff rein is a wholesome thing for young clergymen. He went through some such school for saints himself in his youth. But his curates don't seem to see the beauty of the system. They naturally think it is the money he wants, and that smashes some of their seminary illusions about life."

"It blights one's ideals," said the curate softly. "It is as though — how shall I express it? — as though, in your holiest sanctuary, you came upon an altar to the Golden Calf."

He would have detected a fleeting hint of something very lovely and very tender in the blue deeps of his listener's eyes had he been looking that way, but the curate was gazing absently at a tombstone.

"You'll see this through?" she asked.

"I will," declared the curate, as solemnly as a bridegroom.

"Then I'll help," said Miss Warren briskly. "It's really doing Uncle Ambrose a good turn."

For a week the belligerents observed an armed truce. It is true that the rector took umbrage at the unseemly fervor of a response from Gordon's direction when, on Friday morning, he invoked deliverance from "blindness of heart, pride, vainglory," and kindred offenses, and even went the length, two days later, of preaching at him from the text, "Ye younger, submit yourselves to the elder." But this was mere heat lightning. The real crisis befell when a prospective bride and groom of St. Hilda's parish actually had the hardihood to pass over Ambrose Bell, S.T.D., and ask the curate to marry them.

The doctor was dazed at the tidings.

"Why didn't they want me?" he demanded of Gordon.

"They did not say. Possibly," he added dryly, "it is because they prefer me. They're friends of mine."

Dr. Bell pooh-poohed the preposterous notion.

"It's a misunderstanding on the face of it," he declared loftily. "Palpably a mistake."

The curate knew better, but he only said "Ah!" impersonally, and went about his business.

Two hours later the rector of St. Hilda's accosted him, brimming with triumph.

"Quite as I surmised," he called. "A mistake; an absurd mistake. You see, they remembered I had announced I should be out of town by that time."

The curate was aware that they had remembered — they had remembered and laid their plans accordingly; but he only let fall another impersonal "Ah!" and would have passed on.

"So I chided them for their foolishness," Dr. Bell added complacently. "As if I would allow a mere vacation project to interfere with my duty! I shall remain and marry them myself."

Thereupon the curate forgot to be impersonal.

"You browbeat them into asking you," he blazed. "My friends!"

"Hoity-toity!" soothed Dr. Bell, as though Gordon were a child in arms. "You may assist."

"Assist! Not I. You've made this your wedding. Run it yourself — run it yourself and earn the fee."

"I command you to assist," fumed the doctor in thundering amendment.

"Never."

Gordon was still at a white heat when he met his ally, but Mary Warren's laughter rapidly cooled the temperature. Her sense of humor was keener than the curate's. She saw, and made him see, that this tempest in a teapot had its elements of comedy after all. It was this, her sane point of view, which buoyed him through the trying lull before the crowning struggle, as it was her counsel which fortified him against a compassionate impulse to yield at the eleventh hour, when nature herself unexpectedly enlisted on his side.

The wedding was set down for an evening at the month's end. When Gordon rose that fateful day, and glanced outdoors from the windows of his room in St. Hilda's parish house, he looked upon bedraggled, rain-soaked ivy and tossing elms. A stiff nor'-easter blew straight off the neighboring water which, to-day, bore no more resemblance to Mary Warren's eyes than it did to the bald head of Thomas, the sexton, who tapped presently at the door and entered with a moist note.

"From the doctor," he announced.

The curate opened and read the missive under Thomas's absorbed scrutiny, then tucked it into a pocket of his bath-robe, and, to the sexton's disgust, silently resumed his preparations for shaving.

Thomas broke the pause with a purely formal cough.

"That there note didn't mention nothing about giving to-night's wedding the go-by, I daresay?"

"Why, no."

"Nor that he looks like a biled owl this morning, I suppose?"

Gordon turned.

"Is Dr. Bell ill?" he asked.

"Nooralgy," said Thomas tersely. "Queerest looking object you ever see. When he talks you'd think he was trying to whisper in his own ear."

Gordon thoughtfully re-read the note after the sexton withdrew. It ran:

"I would remind you that I expect your assistance to-night."

It was not a gracious message. Its superscription was merely "Mr. Gordon," and Ambrose Bell's initials followed, without so much as a glacial "yours truly," straight upon the final word. Every lunging down stroke of the pen spelled obstinacy, and the communication ended with a vicious jab which a neuralgic twinge might have inspired. Gordon thought it over carefully as he walked to breakfast and it more than divided his attention with the war news from Manchuria in his daily paper. The more he reflected upon its tone the less he relished it, and his first act on regaining the parish house was to indite and dispatch a curt refusal to reconsider his decision.

The forenoon dragged on, wet, gusty, and raw. A sermon on charity, which the curate had meant to finish, went lamely somehow, and he spent the greater part of the morning in overhauling his parochial calling list. No further utterance from the rectory had reached him when he trudged forth into the downpour for luncheon, but when he returned about two o'clock, a second message from Dr. Bell lay upon his desk. He looked for fresh insult and slit the envelope with vim. A surprise fell out:

My dear Gordon:
On second thought I have concluded to give way to you to-night. After all, they are your friends, not mine.
Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
AMBROSE BELL.

Capitulation! The curate woke the staid echoes of the parish house with a triumphant hurrah. What more could he ask? And what, surely, would more become him in his hour of victory than magnanimity? Why not meet the vanquished half-way, go to him now in his sick-room, assure him that he harbored no ill-will? The fine impulse hurried him into his rain coat and down the staircase.

At the newel-post he paused. St. Hilda's church and parish house were virtually under one roof, and as Gordon came now to the mouth of a corridor leading to the vestry, he caught the sound of organ music in the church proper. What he heard was a fragment from an oratorio which only Mary Warren was accustomed to play. The curate turned, passed into the church, and, gaining the organ, spread Dr. Bell's latest message on the keys.

"Read that," he invited sententiously.

Mary read and held her peace.

"Well?" the curate prompted.

The girl laughed.

"My Uncle Ambrose is a clever man."

Gordon's face became overcast.

"But don't you think it a victory for me?" he asked.

"Hardly."

"Why not?"

Mary smoothed flat the rector's note.

"So far as I see," she remarked, "it doesn't say, 'Keep the fee.'"

"By Jove!" cried the curate, light breaking. "I don't see it myself."

She watched him a moment in his brown study. Then:

"You were bound for the rectory, I think?"

The curate smiled.

"Witch!" he accused. "I was."

"Well, don't go."

"I won't."

"And I would take myself out of this immediate neighborhood, if I were you," she advised. "If Uncle Ambrose looks in the mirror once or twice more he'll capture you if he has to hire a press-gang."

"My parish calls in the factory district are very much in arrears," Gordon reflected.

"Then you couldn't take a better time to catch up. You'll find everybody but the ducks at home during this deluge."

The young man reluctantly buttoned his coat.

"Beastly weather for calls," he complained.

"And for neuralgia," Mary reminded. "Do you suppose uncle pines to exhibit his toy balloon face here to-night?"

The picture allured the curate.

"Oh, for an invisible cap," he said. "I'd come and look on."

"The invisibility is easy. There's a nook behind the echo organ up there — you get to it by the tower stairway — where I often came to weddings uninvited and invisible when I was a school-girl in braids. I thought it a great lark."

"I should like to see you in braids," remarked the curate irrelevantly.

Miss Warren turned her attention to the keyboard. Gordon still lingered.

"Miss Warren — Mary —" he stammered, "before I go, I want to say that I appreciate all you've done — that I ——"

"I'm really afraid that press-gang will get you, Mr. Gordon," she interrupted, beginning to rumble among the bass notes. "Don't you think you'd better go?"

The curate went.

It was dusk when he returned. A file of carriages waited in the street before St. Hilda's, and the strains of a processional greeted his ear. Passing a lighted doorway he saw that the vestibule was deserted. Every soul in the vicinity save the cab drivers was gripped by the perennial fascination of the scene within. The wedding was under way. As his fancy trifled with the theme the curate's pace slackened, and as he sketched into the picture the probable figure cut by Ambrose Bell, he halted altogether. Suddenly another self, a secular, eminently human self, brought him to a right-about and propelled him into the vestibule and up the tower stair. Upon the first landing he passed the rector's study, now dark; on the second he found, by groping, a closet door which he knew must admit to the space behind the echo organ. The non-clerical Gordon turned the knob and the curate glided in like a ghost. He was met by a muffled cry from what at first dimly seemed a fellow ghost, but which to the sense of touch materialized as something soft and feminine.

"Mary!" gasped the curate.

"S — sh!" warned the girl.

Meanwhile Ambrose Bell stood at the chancel-rail reading the ritual for the solemnization of matrimony as best he could, and the staunch followers of the man — who were many — were a unit in declaring that, all things considered, their idol acquitted himself admirably. He was not a "handsome parson" to-night, but neither was he grotesque. In truth, he gained a certain access of dignity by his stoic devotion to duty under a painful handicap.

The service drew to a close; the last impressive words were pronounced. It was at this moment of comparative silence, while the bride and bridegroom still knelt, that the echo organ, upon whose gilded pipes Dr. Bell's eyes now chanced to rest, manifested what struck him as a highly singular phenomenon. He had on one occasion known this instrument to wheeze, but a sneeze from that quarter was a novelty. A rather more than scientific interest in this oddity made his congratulations to the newly wedded pair seem a trifle perfunctory, while it led him, once in the vestry, fairly to hurl off stole and surplice and, without removing his cassock, to hasten by a roundabout and private passage to his study in the tower. Here in the darkness he nursed his throbbing jaw and waited while the church beneath grew still. He could even distinguish the clicking of the switchboard as Thomas put out the lights. Presently a slamming door and the rasp of a lock told of the sexton's exit into the night.

Now was patience rewarded. A rustle of feminine draperies smote the investigator's astonished ear, then a masculine whisper. Cautious footsteps stole from above. Then came a blaze of electricity from the study door, and the plotters faced their victim, suddenly turned judge.

The rector was the first to speak.

"Mary," he directed sternly, "you may wait for me below."

His niece took a step nearer Gordon.

"No, Uncle Ambrose," she answered.

Dr. Bell shook himself impatiently and rounded upon the curate.

"As for you, sir," he said, "consider your curacy at St. Hilda's terminated."

The curate whitened.

"I decline to submit to such a dismissal," he rejoined. "I was engaged for a year."

"No matter. You'll go now."

"I refuse to go."

"Refuse!" came back the doctor.

"Emphatically. I shall appeal to your vestry."

The rector's swollen face was distorted afresh by a fierce grin, for which he instantly paid the penalty of an added twinge.

"Bah!" he ejaculated, clapping his hand to his face. "Do you imagine for an instant that they'd side with you against me?"

"I shan't stop there," countered the curate promptly. "I'll also carry it to the bishop, who is an impartial judge if God ever made one. Whose side, think you, will make the better showing then?"

The shot told. The would-be bishop balked at the prospect of standing on his rickety defense before the bishop that was. He could readily foresee how such an episode might be used to his prejudice in the balloting, should the impending diocesan council select a coadjutor.

"That would be considerate," he blustered ironically. "Such an appeal to a man of his years and infirmities!"

"The bishop's infirmities haven't clouded his intellect, thank Heaven! I propose to settle the fee question at St. Hilda's for good and all."

Dr. Bell's rejoinder surprised even himself. His face suddenly shone with a look of bewildered, incredulous, ecstatic delight.

"It's stopped!" he cried.

"Stopped?" they repeated after him.

"The neuralgia," he explained, ceasing to caress his jaw. "I haven't an ache."

"Probably the nervous shock cured you," his niece suggested.

Her uncle ignored the frivolity.

"After all, why should we annoy either the vestry or the bishop?" he said, turning to Gordon with as mellow a smile as he could muster. "Are we churchmen, or are we politicians? Come now: I, as behooves the elder, will set you an example in forbearance. Remain at St. Hilda's and on your own terms."

Gordon grasped the extended hand.

"This seems an opportune time to bespeak your services for another wedding," he laughed. "I'll cheerfully promise to assist, sir, and I'll not dream of exacting a fee."

"Another wedding!" cried the rector of St. Hilda's densely. "Whose?"

Mary Warren gave her right hand to Gordon and slipped her left into Ambrose Bell's.

"Ours," she said.

THE LIBERTY OF FLORENTINO

BY

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE

AUTHOR OF "THE CHUMP," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

I

AGNES QUINE, wife of the ex-lieutenant of volunteers, brought little Florentino to school. She was young, with a sweet, happy face, very earnest; and over this launching of the rescued Cuban boy upon the free educational waters of America, she had prayed both night and day. Ever since Quine had come home from the Spanish War, with his big heart given over to the despoiled and ragged orphan whom he brought with him to his native Indiana town, Agnes, his wife, had been absorbed in him too. She never had any babies — how the mother in her went out to this dark urchin! How different was to be his life henceforth! How the influence of these public schools and the freedom of America were to make the world all over for little Cuba!

Near the lobby door she gave him into the hands of Miss Nettie, the teacher, and said to that smiling, bronze-haired maiden:

"I'm so glad it's to be you!"

Whereupon the keen and eager, black-eyed face of Florentino was turned suddenly up to that of Mrs. Quine, and the youth put his arms around her neck, while she stooped and gave him a kiss.

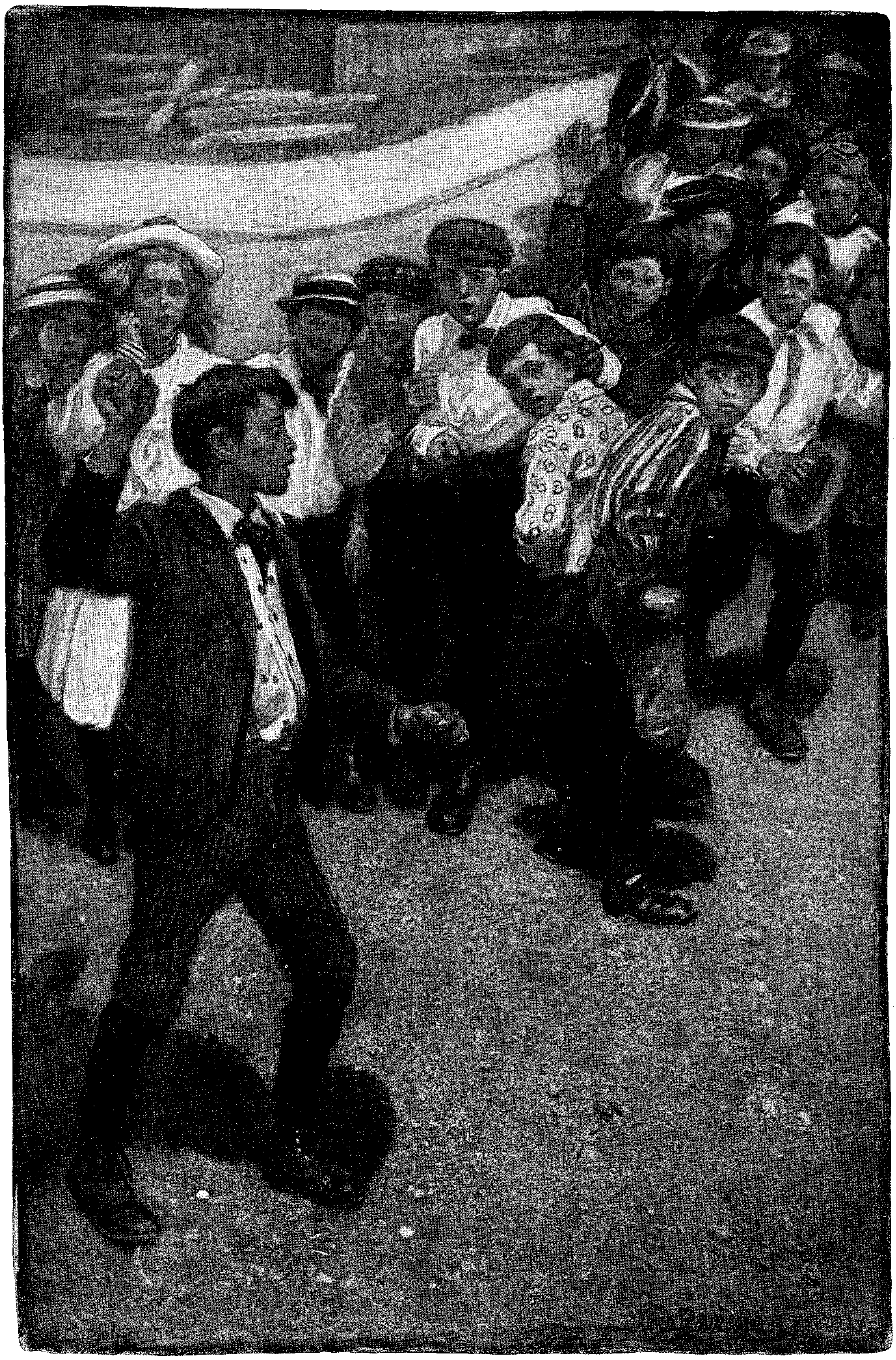
"Good-by, Mrs. Agnes Quine," he said, in that oddly oratorical way in which he was wont to use his English — for something of a speaker was Florentino by nature, and he was now quite familiar with our tongue. "Good-by. I'm mighty glad of this here chance to go to school and learn. It's a heap better, it is, than concentration camps, where you don't get nothing to eat, and where your father dies without no clothes; and where your mother, she dies too. I'm glad that Mr. Quine brought me to this here land o' the free."

And so he went into the school-room with Miss Nettie, while Agnes, making her exit, descended the stone steps and departed, hearing the children in Miss Nettie's room begin to sing those patriotic airs with which they were wont to inaugurate each day. And as she went, she remembered what the preacher had said on that first night of Lieutenant Quine's return; for there had been a big meeting in the U. P. Church to welcome the soldiers back, and much interest in the Cuban child.

"Friends," the pastor said, "for us Cuba is no longer merely that unfamiliar isle; no longer headlines in a newspaper; no longer wild enthusiasm for some half-comprehended principle. No: Cuba is here, in the body of that boy, to live beside you, to go to school with your children, to receive from you that inheritance of love and liberty which you received from those who died fighting on a thousand fields! May God teach us how to treat that boy!"

II

The lieutenant was a contractor and builder, a big, boyish fellow, and at present all his days were given over to struggles with the unions, so that he did not come home at noon. In the cottage, over which an elm tree waved its arms, and behind which were grape-arbors laden with purple clusters, his wife, with a heart of pride and sacrifice, watched for the return of Florentino. And now, as the whistles blew twelve, the youth came in, walking with that half-alert, half-sedate tread of his, and seeming to carry with



"full into the midst of his tormentors he hurled his weapon"

him, suppressed and but suggested by his manner, the tragedy of his native isle. By his face she saw that something was wrong.

"How was the school?" she cried.

He stopped by the sitting-room door; his small thin body seemed to grow taller with the dignity of his pain.

"They called me a nigger," he answered, slowly, his large still eyes resting on her face, and he said no more.

She had a sudden, crushed, pale look. To her the calamity was real and great. She knew the curse of race prejudice that has forever poisoned national life, that grows apace, that poisons it more and more. But she said nothing — she went away; and, after the custom of Mrs. Agnes Quine, she prayed.

Each noon and night she watched for him with ever-sinking heart. The difficulties in the path of Florentino grew great. Daily in his breast did the child carry home the scorn of his fellows and report it to her — the insults, the ûnspeakable cruelty of children, the cries of ragamuffins in the street, who ran after the lonely Cuban, stridently calling "Nigger! Nigger!" and the narrow-minded prejudices of parents who would not let their children sit by him, who swore to turn him out.

Two weeks went by, during which the sky grew black. Many parents had already vowed that Florentino should be thrust from school. So incredible, so sudden was this disaster, that Agnes Quine was sickened by it. Was this not, then — she wept, closeted with Quine who, between his labor troubles and this new difficulty, appeared distracted — was this not, then, the loved land of liberty? What, then, did they fight for? For what did so many die under the tropic suns of Cuba?

Now there came an evening when she waited long past the boy's customary hour of return. She grew agitated and full of fear. The clock in the dining-room ticked on, and he came not. She could bear no more, but put on her hat and went forth toward the school-house to find him. She had proceeded three blocks along a dusty street in the evening sun when a great clamor smote her ears. Hastily turning a corner she beheld at a distance a throng of urchins hounding her beloved protégé to madness.

"Nigger! Nigger! Nigger!" they cried. "We'll run him out! Go to the nigger school, where you belong!"

He was ten yards ahead of them, the tormented, his face lit with a certain grandeur, yet shadowed with infinite gloom. Bloodthirsty they were, like little Romans or bull-baiters; and still they shrieked.

Upon a dusty corner beside a dusty lawn, where dusty, wooden houses stared into the sun with their gaunt windows of thirst, he paused and faced his persecutors. Red and hot they came upon him, their hate not born in themselves but reflected from their parents. Over his face broke sudden new rage rebellious. He stooped and took up a broken brick; he raised it high over his black head; he stood a moment, his lithe, slim figure a statue of nerves, a monument of revenge. Then, full into the midst of his tormentors he hurled his weapon, and turned and pursued his majestic way — alone.

The brick had struck the forehead of the son of a certain councilman, a person of prominence and influence in the town, but one who had been most narrow-minded and most bitter against the Cuban's going to this school, and who had already set himself to work to oust the innocent. The blood flowed downward on the victim's face, the child fell to earth unconscious, and to this day, over the right eye of the councilman's son, the Gem of the Antilles hath its mark.

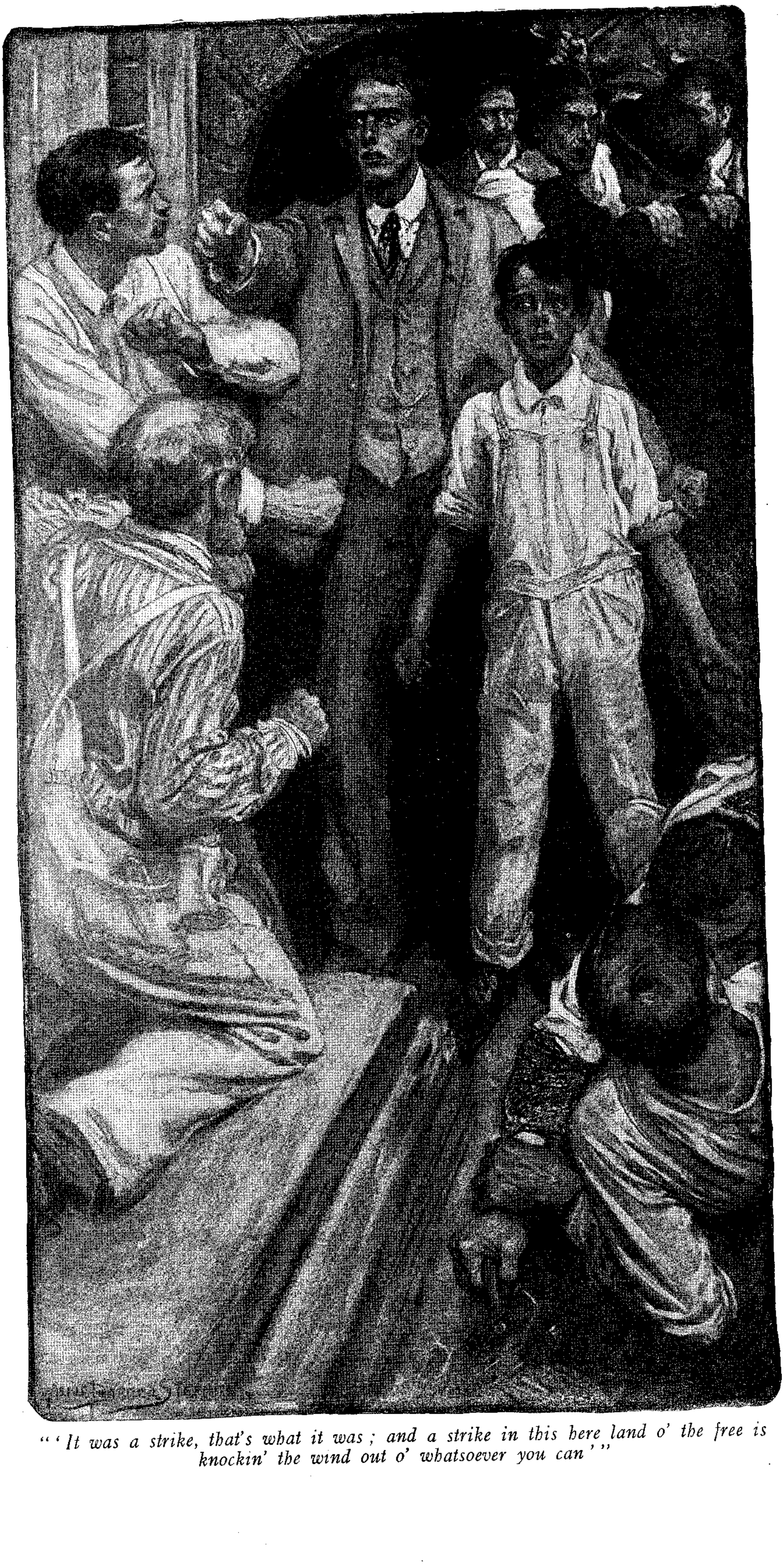
III

Thus it came about that, public sentiment having crystallized against the youth, and the scion of a man of power having been laid low for weeks with that dangerous wound which he had inflicted, the way was clear for the removal of the Cuban. Yet not from the school alone was he doomed to go. He was tried and sentenced to the State Reform School.

On the autumn morning of his departure for that institution, Mrs. Quine, in company with an officer, walked to the depot with Florentino who, clinging to her hand, felt the never-slackened pressure of hers. Her eyes were wet. The ex-lieutenant, who was elsewhere arguing with boycotters, had promised to meet them at the train.

Away from the business center of the town and by the school-house they went, passing at length under the very windows of Miss Nettie's school-room, and as they walked they heard the words of the daily patriotic song that floated through the windows:

"Hail Columbia, happy land!"



"'It was a strike, that's what it was; and a strike in this here land o' the free is knockin' the wind out o' whatsoever you can'"

Florentino trudged on, his brown fist tight in hers. The day was still, the yellow dust lay heavy on the weeds beside the walk.

"Hail ye heroes, Heaven-born band!"

The words, coming more faintly, caused the tears that had hung upon her lashes to flow down the cheeks of Mrs. Agnes Quine.

"Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause."

The thud of Cuba's feet beat muffled on her ears. Now they turned a corner, nearing the depot, and the rough, unpainted boards of somebody's barn did cut away the portrayal of them that died in the fight for freedom.

On the station platform was at length gathered a little company of kindly people to bid Florentino farewell. The same pastor who had drawn a lesson from the little foreigner to the emotional uplifting of the town on the night of his arrival, stood now beside a truckful of trunks and laid his hand on the youth's head.

"It's a lovely place, my boy; it's a place you needn't shrink from or be ashamed of; it's a beautiful big farm, and fine big workshop and pretty cottages where you live, and lots of other little boys are there learning to be good men."

Florentino's left hand was now in both of Agnes's; his right was gripped in the big fist of the dumb lieutenant.

"Oh, yes," said Florentino, rather cheerful; "they tell me that reform schools in this here land ain't like jails."

The pastor mopped his brow and proceeded:

"This land will make a man of you yet, my boy. I have every confidence in the prevailing of ultimate right in this great country."

"Yes," said Florentino, and gazed all round and sighed; the distant train was whistling, the truckful of trunks was being wheeled away. "Yes. 'S' land o' the free." He looked at the lieutenant, who had a moist eye and a tongue still as dumb as though it clove to the roof of his mouth. He looked at Agnes. "But I'll tell you what, Mr. Preacher; do you want to know the best thing in this here country? I've traveled over it, clean from New York, and once I seen Rosenfell, but the best thing in this here land o' the free is Mrs. Agnes Quine."

She hugged him and she wept. And the train took him away, along with a deputy.

All the way to Plainfield he sat in silence on the plush, gazing out. The Indiana farms, the mighty fruits of labor and of liberty, swept by. A score of hammering towns flashed on his view. The rails sang a soporific song; the world was busy and touched him not; the great commonwealth's life was vast and throbbing and knew him not. In his child-heart broke that first dumb cry, that untranslated longing of us all, to be a part of some mysterious greatness which, uncomprehended, bends like a soul-sky over our soul-earth.

The man in the next seat was reading a newspaper as follows:

"The President demands reciprocity. The fight over Cuban sugar will be the most spectacular feature of the present session of Congress."

Florentino heard but stupidly; the words were muffled. Strange. What did it mean? Some vast struggle over Cuba — and sugar. The man read something about Senator Bard, too, of California — and beets. After a time another man said:

"Oh, Sampson may have planned it, all right — heh! heh!" The laugh was wheezy. "But Schley, he done the work. The American public has got a warm heart, and, by gad, it's all for Schley!"

True, true. He heard it beating from the rails. Little Florentino was tired; he was getting quite sleepy, was little Florentino. He leaned back his head and the last that he heard before he went to sleep was some strange medley: "Fighting Bob. California beets. Sugar. Miss Alice Roosevelt attired in a beautiful gown of gray."

IV

The next year was a new life. Imprisoned on a farm with hundreds of youthful criminals, here he nevertheless found the freedom of order and purpose, the emancipation of a school that burned him with no brand of contempt.

Long afternoons in the carpenter shops (for he chose Quine's trade), amid whirling saws and lathes turned by steam; long mornings of study and recitation in the school-room whose desks and books and green board were all like those that had surrounded Miss Nettie, but where nobody called him nigger; the cottage which, like many more, sheltered his company, wherein he ate his meals from granite-ware plates and cups with other boys all clean and orderly; wherein upon his iron cot in the dormitory he slept surrounded by his sleeping comrades or lay in still dim hours staring at the white rows or at the nebulous light or at the silent watchman; the beauties and the growth of farm life all about, the flowers, the gardens, the cattle; the noon and evening recreation hours; the Saturdays and their memorable contests of baseball and other sports; the Sundays and their services in chapel; the masterfully planned and justly celebrated routine of that celebrated institution, grown at length monotonous, as regular as the hands upon the clock — such was the new existence.

At the end of the year Lieutenant Quine appeared suddenly in the halls of the central building and was shown to the superintendent's office. The superintendent sat by his desk surrounded by papers, typewriters, telephones, and books.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Quine," he said; "I want to talk about that boy. There's no use whatever in keeping him here any longer if we have a place to put him. He has been as systematic as a watch, as faithful as a dog. As you are aware, this institution believes in parole. When we find a youth whom we can trust, we get a place for him outside, where he can work at his trade. He is a free boy again — only, he knows that if he fails to behave himself, we'll be after him and bring him back. Florentino is now ready for parole. Since you are a contractor and he is beginning to learn the carpenter trade—getting along very cleverly too—why can't we place him right back with you?"

Quine had grown ruggeder, more sobered by many responsibilities and many struggles.

"You can, sure," he said, with a look of relief, "if that's what he wants. Me and my wife — we're — we're kind of attached to him."

Florentino was sent for and presently, in his gray work-uniform, here he came out of the carpenter shops. They told him the plan. At first he was dumb with emotion; he looked at Quine, he looked at the superintendent, he gazed out of the windows across the green and brown fields of the farm which had become home to him.

"But, Florentino," said Quine, "maybe because you have everything here, a beautiful place and good care, and a nice house, and school, and a trade, and kind folks, maybe," the lieutenant's voice was a trifle husky, "maybe you'd rather not come back to me and — and Agnes — just yet. Eh?"

But Quine had misunderstood. The Cuban's face was passionate with sudden memory of Mrs. Quine. He swept his hand all around and said:

"It's nice; it's good: but say, what if you *had* to stay?"

So he bade his comrades farewell and, hand in hand with Agnes's lord and master, tramped forth over the boundaries of his wide prison into the world again.

V

The months passed by, and over Plainfield and the farm settled the first chill of Indiana's winter. On a day in September the superintendent sat alone in his office, when a bold knock resounded at his door and there appeared before him the thin body of his former charge from Cuba.

Florentino swept in as though the greatest problems of Columbia came with him. His face was determined; his eye was flashing; the knees of his trousers were patched by Agnes Quine; and over his brow he wore a bandage.

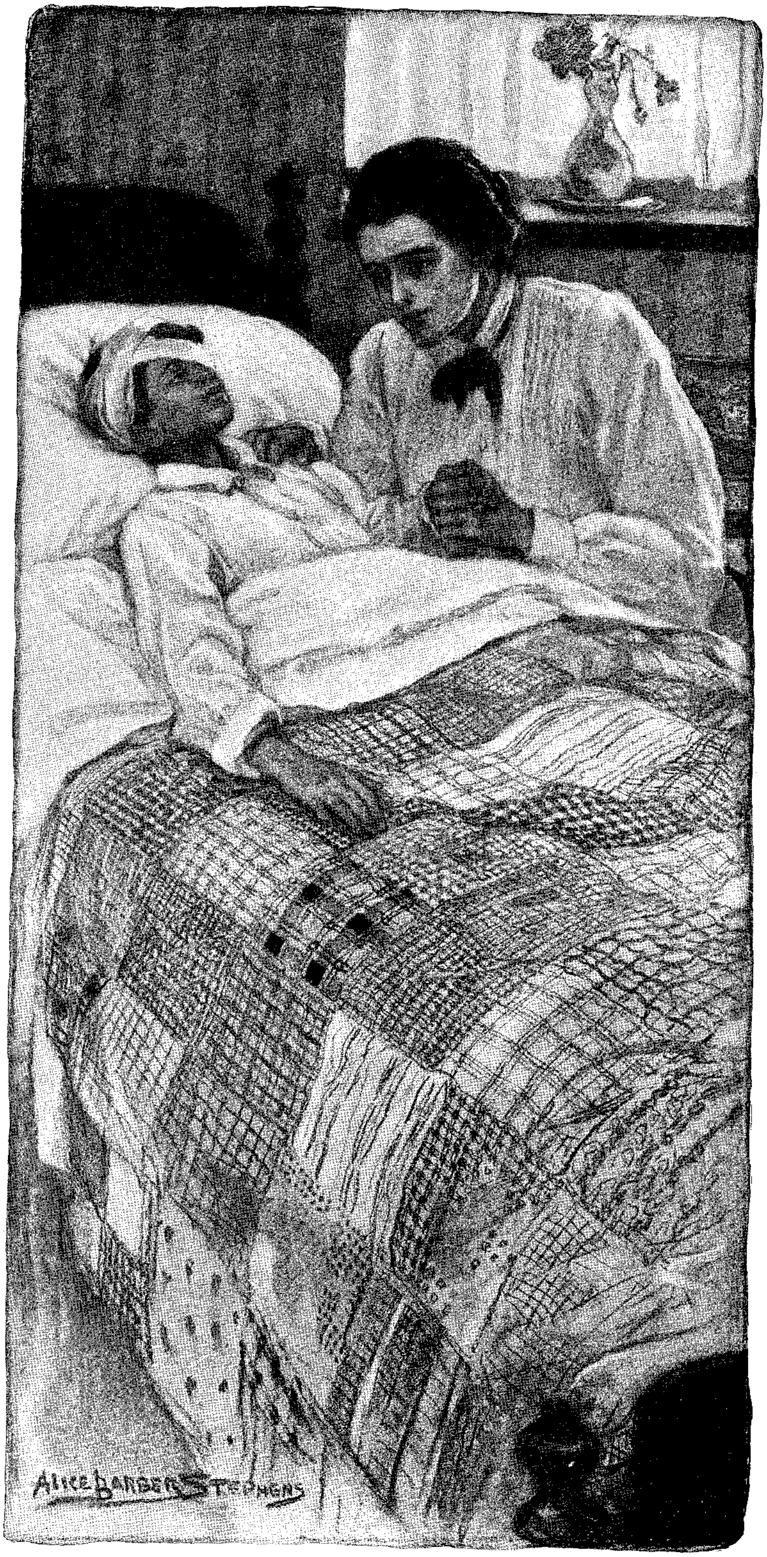
"Mr. Superintendent," said he, with the weightiness of some preacher's invocation, "I'm here. And you'll probably want to know how come it."

"Why, you look frozen and hungry," cried the superintendent, hastily arising; "we'll give you something to eat first and talk afterward."

"No," said Florentino, and raised his hand. "No, sir; we won't do none o' that. I ain't cold and I ain't hungry. Hungry?" His face looked scorn, and wide was the sweep of his hand. "I just come from Mrs. Agnes Quine. Mr. Superintendent, nobody that ever just come from her was hungry — not even a dog."

He paused, and the superintendent involuntarily sat down again and listened to the following declamation, delivered in impassioned manner.

"A feller named Carnegie he give my town a library; and Mr. Quine he built it; and there it was that Mr. Quine put me to work at carpentering. Mr. Superintendent, I come here from Cuba to live in the land o' the free, and all them things you taught me here — about bein' industrious, and sober, and workin' hard — them things I learned.


Alice Barber Stephens

"'I seen Mrs. Agnes Quine's face, like an angel, over the bed'"

And I never asked nothing but to be let alone, and to be allowed to live along with Mrs. Agnes Quine, and to finish learning of my trade, and to work. And when I begun hammerin' on that there building, under a head man, my heart rejoiced, and I says, like I have heard you say it here: Florentino, to work and earn your daily bread, I says, is to be free."

The speaker paused, and his eyes took on their old dreaminess; he sighed.

"Well, did they let me do it? No. I grieve to utter them words, but they never. And this here wound upon my forrid, this here is what I got. You needn't ask me to explain; I can't explain and I don't want to, neither. I don't understand nothing at all about it, Mr. Superintendent, and, what is more, I wouldn't if I could. Injuries in this here world ain't worth understandin'. I like to spend my understandin' on something decent. It was a strike, that's what it was; and a strike in this here land o' the free is knockin' the wind out o' whatsoever you can. It was some difficulties agin Mr. Quine by them carpenters and bricklayers. And one o' the difficulties agin him was something about apprentices and scabs.

"Mr. Superintendent, I don't know what them things is; I don't know what an apprentice is, nor I don't know what a scab is, nor I don't want to, neither. But it seems they're something mighty nasty. And whatever they is, of this here you can be sure: I was both of them things.

"The trouble grew big and then it was fightin', just plain knockin' the wind out o' whatsoever you could lay your hands on. But, Mr. Superintendent, I already knocked the wind out o' one feller that you knew about before, and I don't want to knock no wind out o' no more. So it seems I wasn't no account in this here strike.

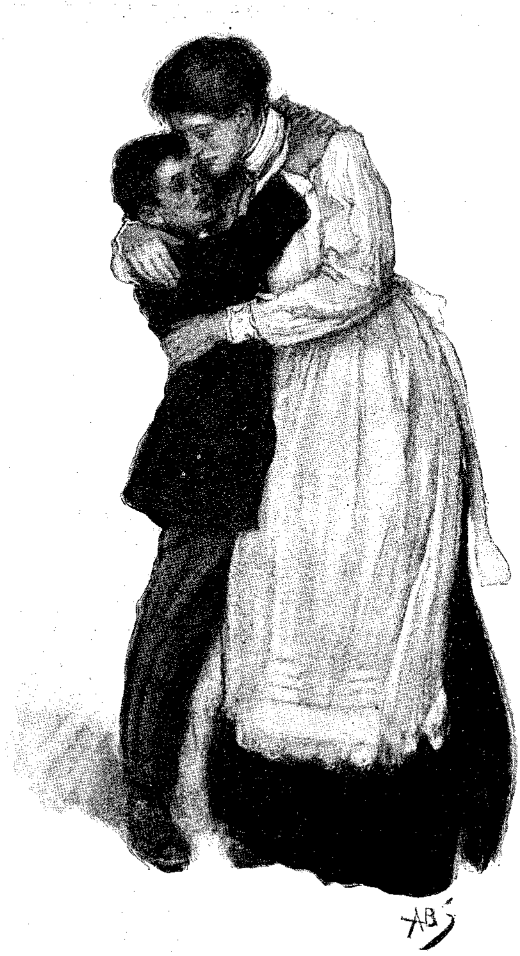
"And Mr. Quine he swore a terrible oath, and he swore that maybe in the end they would make him give in on every other point; but one thing he wouldn't give in on, not if they dragged his bones through the court-house yard for it, and that was givin' Florentino the right to work. He says, before he'd turn me out, he'd see 'em all, and the feller named Carnegie too, in hell. Them and Carnegie be damned, he says, swearing terrible. And they says to him, they says that they might possible endure a white apprentice and a white scab, but that nigger apprentices and nigger scabs was a heap more than they would stand for.

"And one day when he put some new men in, here they come, and — Well, there ain't no use talkin' about it. They knocked the wind out of us, that's what they did. We fought most valiant for the right, but we was outnumbered. And this here bleedin' wound on my forrid, this here is what I got, and fell down with my wind knocked out."

He paused again.

"Mr. Superintendent, when I opened up my other eye, after some days, I seen Mrs. Agnes Quine's face, like an angel, over the the bed, and I knowed then that something in this land was right, and that was her. She cured me up and there won't be nothing left but the scar. But once there come to Mr. Quine's house a meeting. They had committees of them that knocked the wind out o' me, and they had all the contractors in town; and then there was a reconciliation board of that U. P. preachin', and two more preachers, and some lawyers and things. I was getting strong and I woke up and I says to her, 'What's that?' 'A meeting,' she says, 'out by the grape-arbor.' And then I says, 'That's what I want;' I says, 'I began my life in this here town with a meeting, and with a meeting will I finish it.' And she looked at me queer and helped me to put on my shirt and pants; and in them clothes she made I went out into the back-yard where the meeting was, and I stood before 'em and I said: 'Gentlemen, I'm glad to welcome you,' I says, 'here on free soil. For where Mrs. Agnes Quine is, is the only soil that's free in this here town. Now,' I says, 'I've got to leave you all, and that'll solve your troubles for you. And I've come out to bid you an affectionate farewell. I leave you alone,' I says, 'with your brand o' liberty. I've learned this here country pretty well; I've had experience to beat the band. In the Reform School they read a history about the Cuban War, that some of you was in. And I've been readin' newspapers too. I've learned a heap about free Cuba,' I says, 'in newspapers, that I never seen nowheres else. And I learn about beets, and Senator Bard,' I says, 'and the raising of the "Maine"; and Sampson dead and buried with his sorrers on his shattered head; and Miss Alice Rosenfell attired in a lovely gown of gray. But, gentlemen,' I says, 'one thing I'd like to know, just one: What good is all them things to me?

"'You drove me out o' school, calling me a nigger when I wasn't no nigger. You wouldn't even let me learn,' I says, 'to be a good citizen of this here land. And a good one sure I wasn't, for I knocked the wind out of a feller, as you knew before. And then you made a prisoner out o' me, for to teach me how to work, to make a man out o' myself; and I learned it. And I'm willing now, and ready, to make a man out o' me. Here I am, gentlemen, willin' and ready. But I come down here to your town, and I tried it. And, gentlemen, you wouldn't let me; you wouldn't even let me work. Them beets, and the raising of the "Maine," and Sampson dead with all his sorrers on his shattered head, and them lovely gowns of gray; gentlemen, what good, what good is all them things to me?'"



"'Then I kissed Mrs. Agnes Quine a last, affectionate farewell'"

He let his deep eyes rest on the fascinated ones of the superintendent, and there was a moment of silence before he continued.

"But, Mr. Superintendent, I told 'em one thing more. I told 'em this: 'There is a place,' I says, 'that's free. There's just one place. I've quit lookin' for it here Equality, and fraternity, and them things, I've quit lookin' for 'em here. There ain't none. But in Plainfield Reform School,' I says, 'there they is. Yes, sirs, there is one place in this here land o' liberty where I can go to school; there is one place where I can finish learning of my trade; there is one place where I can work and not be called a nigger. And that there place,' I said, 'is Plainfield. I've seen your country, I've traveled around over your land, I've been clean to New York. And as for people, I've seen Rosenfell too, and General Shafter, and other folks that's great and good. But I tell you this: The greatest and the goodest person in this here land is Mrs. Agnes Quine; and the freest spot in it is the Reform School in Plainfield. And there I'm going. And don't you call me a prisoner, and don't you say that I've gone to the pen. Gentlemen, it's you that's the prisoners, and it's you that's in the pen.'

"And then I turned around and left 'em; and then I kissed Mrs. Agnes Quine a last, affectionate farewell. Mr. Superintendent, here I am, here I am, come back once more to this here land o' the free."

THE SCULPTOR'S FUNERAL

BY

WILLA CATHER

A GROUP of the townspeople stood on the station siding of a little Kansas town, awaiting the coming of the night train, which was already twenty minutes overdue. The snow had fallen thick over everything; in the pale starlight the line of bluffs across the wide, white meadows south of the town made soft, smoke-colored curves against the clear sky. The men on the siding stood first on one foot and then on the other, their hands thrust deep into their trousers pockets, their overcoats open, their shoulders screwed up with the cold; and they glanced from time to time toward the southeast, where the railroad track wound along the river shore. They conversed in low tones and moved about restlessly, seeming uncertain as to what was expected of them. There was but one of the company who looked as though he knew exactly why he was there, and he kept conspicuously apart, walking to the far end of the platform, returning to the station door, then pacing up the track again, his chin sunk in the high collar of his overcoat, his burly shoulders drooping forward, his gait heavy and dogged. Presently he was approached by a tall, spare, grizzled man clad in a faded Grand Army suit, who shuffled out from the group and advanced with a certain deference, craning his neck forward until his back made the angle of a jack-knife three-quarters open.

"I reckon she's a-goin' to be pretty late agin to-night, Jim," he remarked in a squeaky falsetto. "S'pose it's the snow?"

"I don't know," responded the other man with a shade of annoyance, speaking from out an astonishing cataract of red beard which grew fiercely and thickly in all directions.

The spare man shifted the quill toothpick he was chewing to the other side of his mouth. "It ain't likely that anybody from the East will come with the corpse, I s'pose?" he went on reflectively.

"I don't know," responded the other, more curtly than before.

"It's too bad he didn't belong to some lodge or other. I like an order funeral myself. They seem more appropriate for people of some repytation," the spare man continued, with an ingratiating concession in his shrill voice, as he carefully placed his toothpick in his vest pocket. He always carried the flag at the G. A. R. funerals in the town.

The heavy man turned on his heel without replying, and walked up the siding. The spare man shuffled back to the uneasy group. "Jim's ez full ez a tick, ez ushel," he commented commiseratingly.

Just then a distant whistle sounded, and there was a shuffling of feet on the platform. A number of lanky boys of all ages appeared as suddenly and slimily as eels wakened by the crack of thunder; some came from the waiting-room, where they had been warming themselves by the red stove, or half asleep on the slat benches; others uncoiled themselves from baggage trucks or slid out of express wagons. Two clambered down from the driver's seat of a hearse that stood backed up against the siding. They straightened their stooping shoulders and lifted their heads, and a flash of momentary animation kindled their dull eyes at that cold, vibrant scream, the world-wide call for men. It stirred them like the note of a trumpet, just as it had often stirred in his boyhood the man who was coming home to-night.

The night express shot, red as a rocket, out of the eastward marsh lands, and wound along the river shore under the long lines of shivering poplars that sentineled the meadows, the escaping steam hanging in gray masses against the still, pale sky and blotting out the Milky Way. In a moment the red glare from the headlight streamed up the snow-covered track before the siding and glittered on the wet, black rails. The burly man with the disheveled red beard walked swiftly up the platform toward the approaching train, uncovering his head as he went. The group of men behind him hesitated, glanced questioningly at one another, and awkwardly followed his example. The train stopped, and the crowd shuffled up to the express car just as the door was thrown open, the spare man in the G. A. R. suit thrusting his head forward with curiosity. The express messenger appeared in the doorway, accompanied by a young man in a long ulster and traveling-cap.

"Are Mr. Merrick's friends here?" inquired the young man.

The group on the platform swayed and shuffled uneasily. Philip Phelps, the banker, responded with dignity: "We have come to take charge of the body. Mr. Merrick's father is very feeble and can't be about."

"Send the agent out here," growled the express messenger, "and tell the operator to lend a hand."

The coffin was got out of its rough box and down on the snowy platform. The townspeople drew back enough to make room for it and then formed a close semicircle about it, looking curiously at the palm-leaf which lay across the black cover. No one said anything. The baggageman stood by his truck, waiting to get at the trunks. The engine panted heavily, and the fireman dodged in and out among the wheels with his yellow torch and long oil-can, snapping the spindle boxes. The young Bostonian, one of the dead sculptor's pupils, who had come with the body, looked about him helplessly. He turned to the banker, the only one of that black, uneasy, stoop-shouldered group who seemed enough of an individual to be addressed.

"None of Mr. Merrick's brothers are here?" he asked uncertainly.

The man with the red beard for the first time stepped up and joined the group. "No, they have not come yet; the family is scattered. The body will be taken directly to the house." He stooped and took hold of one of the handles of the coffin.

"Take the long hill road up, Thompson; it will be easier on the horses," called the liveryman, as the undertaker snapped the door of the hearse and prepared to mount to the driver's seat.

Laird, the red-bearded lawyer, turned again to the stranger: "We didn't know whether there would be any one with him or not," he explained. "It's a long walk, so you'd better go up in the hack." He pointed to a single battered conveyance, but the young man replied stiffly: "Thank you, but I think I will go up with the hearse. If you don't object," turning to the undertaker, "I'll ride with you."

They clambered up over the wheels and drove off in the starlight up the long, white hill toward the town. The lamps in the still village were shining from under the low, snow-burdened roofs; and beyond, on every side, the plains reached out into emptiness, peaceful and wide as the soft sky itself, and wrapped in a tangible, white silence.

When the hearse backed up to a wooden sidewalk before a naked, weather-beaten frame house, the same composite, ill-defined group that had stood upon the station siding was huddled about the gate. The front yard was an icy swamp, and a couple of warped planks, extending from the sidewalk to the door, made a sort of rickety footbridge. The gate hung on one hinge, and was opened wide with difficulty. Steavens, the young stranger, noticed that something black was tied to the knob of the front door.

The grating sound made by the casket, as it was drawn from the hearse, was answered by a scream from the house; the front door was wrenched open, and a tall, corpulent woman rushed out bareheaded into the snow and flung herself upon the coffin, shrieking: "My boy, my boy! And this is how you've come home to me!"

As Steavens turned away and closed his eyes with a shudder of unutterable repulsion, another woman, also tall, but flat and angular, dressed entirely in black, darted out of the house and caught Mrs. Merrick by the shoulders, crying sharply: "Come, come, mother; you mustn't go on like this!" Her tone changed to one of obsequious solemnity as she turned to the banker: "The parlor is ready, Mr. Phelps."

The bearers carried the coffin along the narrow boards, while the undertaker ran ahead with the coffin-rests. They bore it into a large, unheated room that smelled of dampness and disuse and furniture polish, and set it down under a hanging lamp ornamented with jingling glass prisms and before a "Rogers group" of John Alden and Priscilla, wreathed with smilax. Henry Steavens stared around him with the sickening conviction that there had been some horrible mistake, and that he had somehow arrived at the wrong destination. He looked painfully about over the clover-green Brussels, the fat plush upholstery; among the hand-painted china plaques and panels and vases, for some mark of identification, for something that might once have conceivably belonged to Harvey Merrick. It was not until he recognized his friend in the crayon portrait of a little boy in kilts and curls, hanging over the piano, that he felt willing to let any of these people approach the coffin.

"Take the lid off, Mr. Thompson; let me see my boy's face," wailed the elder woman between her sobs. This time Steavens looked fearfully, almost beseechingly, into her face, red and swollen under its masses of strong, black, shiny hair. He flushed, dropped his eyes, and then, almost incredulously, looked again. There was a kind of power about her face — a kind of brutal handsomeness, even; but it was scarred and furrowed by violence, and so colored and coarsened by fiercer passions that grief seemed never to have laid a gentle finger there. The long nose was distended and knobbed at the end, and there were deep lines on either side of it; her heavy, black brows almost met across her forehead, her teeth were large and square, and set far apart — teeth that could tear. She filled the room; the men were obliterated, seemed tossed about like twigs in an angry water, and even Steavens felt himself being drawn into the whirlpool.

The daughter—the tall, raw-boned woman in crêpe, with a mourning-comb in her hair which curiously lengthened her long face—sat stiffly upon the sofa, her hands, conspicuous for their large knuckles, folded in her lap, her mouth and eyes drawn down, solemnly awaiting the opening of the coffin. Near the door stood a mulatto woman, evidently a servant in the house, with a timid bearing and an emaciated face pitifully sad and gentle. She was weeping silently, the corner of her calico apron lifted to her eyes, occasionally suppressing a long, quivering sob. Steavens walked over and stood beside her.

Feeble steps were heard on the stairs, and an old man, tall and frail, odorous of pipe smoke, with shaggy, unkempt gray hair and a dingy beard, tobacco-stained about the mouth, entered uncertainly. He went slowly up to the coffin and stood rolling a blue cotton handkerchief between his hands, seeming so pained and embarrassed by his wife's orgy of grief that he had no consciousness of anything else.

"There, there, Annie, dear, don't take on," he quavered timidly, putting out a shaking hand and awkwardly patting her elbow. She turned with a cry, and sank upon his shoulder with such violence that he tottered a little. He did not even glance toward the coffin, but continued to look at her with a dull, frightened, appealing expression, as a spaniel looks at the whip. His sunken cheeks slowly reddened and burned with miserable shame. When his wife rushed from the room, her daughter strode after her with set lips. The servant stole up to the coffin, bent over it for a moment, and then slipped away to the kitchen, leaving Steavens, the lawyer, and the father to themselves. The old man stood trembling and looking down at his dead son's face. The sculptor's splendid head seemed even more noble in its rigid stillness than in life. The dark hair had crept down upon the wide forehead; the face seemed strangely long, but in it there was not that beautiful and chaste repose which we expect to find in the faces of the dead. The brows were so drawn that there were two deep lines above the beaked nose, and the chin was thrust forward defiantly. It was as though the strain of life had been so sharp and bitter that death could not at once wholly relax the tension and smooth the countenance into perfect peace — as though he were still guarding something precious and holy which might even yet be wrested from him.

The old man's lips were working under his stained beard. He turned to the lawyer with timid deference: "Phelps and the rest are comin' back to set up with Harve, ain't they?" he asked. "Thank 'ee, Jim, thank 'ee." He brushed the hair back gently from his son's forehead. "He was a good boy, Jim; always a good boy. He was ez gentle ez a child and the kindest of 'em all — only we didn't none of us ever onderstand him." The tears trickled slowly down his beard and dropped upon the sculptor's coat.

"Martin, Martin — Oh, Martin! come here," his wife wailed from the top of the stairs. The old man started timorously: "Yes, Annie, I'm coming." He turned away, hesitated, stood for a moment in miserable indecision; then reached back and patted the dead man's hair softly, and stumbled from the room.

"Poor old man, I didn't think he had any tears left. Seems as if his eyes would have gone dry long ago. At his age nothing cuts very deep," remarked the lawyer.

Something in his tone made Steavens glance up. While the mother had been in the room the young man had scarcely seen any one else; but now, from the moment he first glanced into Jim Laird's florid face and blood-shot eyes, he knew that he had found what he had been heart-sick at not finding before — the feeling, the understanding, that must exist in some one, even here.

The man was red as his beard, with features swollen and blurred by dissipation, and a hot, blazing blue eye. His face was strained — that of a man who is controlling himself with difficulty — and he kept plucking at his beard with a sort of fierce resentment. Steavens, sitting by the window, watched him turn down the glaring lamp, still its jangling pendants with an angry gesture, and then stand with his hands locked behind him, staring down into the master's face. He could not help wondering what link there could have been between the porcelain vessel and so sooty a lump of potter's clay.

From the kitchen an uproar was sounding; when the dining-room door opened, the import of it was clear. The mother was abusing the maid for having forgotten to make the dressing for the chicken salad which had been prepared for the watchers. Steavens had never heard anything in the least like it; it was injured, emotional, dramatic abuse, unique and masterly in its excruciating cruelty, as violent and unrestrained as had been her grief of twenty minutes before. With a shudder of disgust, the lawyer went into the dining-room and closed the door into the kitchen.

"Poor Roxy's getting it now," he remarked when he came back. "The Merricks took her out of the poor-house years ago; and if her loyalty would let her, I guess the poor old thing could tell tales that would curdle your blood. She's the mulatto woman who was standing in here a while ago, with her apron to her eyes. The old woman is a fury; there never was anybody like her for demonstrative piety and ingenious cruelty. She made Harvey's life a hell for him when he lived at home; he was so sick ashamed of it. I never could see how he kept himself so sweet."

"He was wonderful," said Steavens slowly, "wonderful; but until to-night I have never known how wonderful."

"That is the true and eternal wonder of it, anyway; that it can come even from such a dung-heap as this," the lawyer cried, with a sweeping gesture which seemed to indicate much more than the four walls within which they stood.

"I think I'll see whether I can get a little air. The room is so close I am beginning to feel rather faint," murmured Steavens, struggling with one of the windows. The sash was stuck, however, and would not yield, so he sat down dejectedly and began pulling at his collar. The lawyer came over, loosened the sash with one blow of his red fist, and sent the window up a few inches. Steavens thanked him, but the nausea which had been gradually climbing into his throat for the last half hour left him with but one desire — a desperate feeling that he must get away from this place with what was left of Harvey Merrick. Oh, he comprehended well enough now the gentle bitterness of the smile that he had seen so often on his master's lips!

He remembered that once, when Merrick returned from a visit home, he brought with him a singularly feeling and suggestive bas-relief of a thin, faded old woman, sitting and sewing something pinned to her knee; while a full-lipped, full-blooded little urchin, his trousers sustained by a single gallows, stood beside her impatiently twitching her gown to call her attention to a butterfly he had caught. Steavens, impressed by the tender and delicate modeling of the thin, tired face, had asked him if it were his mother. He remembered the dull flush that had burned up in the sculptor's face.

The lawyer was sitting in a rocking-chair beside the coffin, his head thrown back and his eyes closed. Steavens looked at him earnestly, puzzled at the line of the chin, and wondering why a man should conceal a feature of such distinction under that disfiguring shock of red beard. Suddenly, as though he felt the young sculptor's keen glance, he opened his eyes.

"Was he always a good deal of an oyster?" he asked abruptly. "He was terribly shy as a boy."

"Yes, he was an oyster, since you put it so," rejoined Steavens. "Although he could be very fond of people, he always gave one the impression of being detached. He disliked violent emotion; he was reflective, and rather distrustful of himself — except, of course, as regarded his work. He was surefooted enough there. He distrusted men pretty thoroughly, and women even more, yet somehow without believing ill of them. He was determined, indeed, to believe the best, but he seemed afraid to investigate."

"A burnt dog dreads the fire," said the lawyer grimly, and closed his eyes.

Steavens went on and on, reconstructing that whole miserable boyhood. All this raw, biting ugliness had been the portion of the man whose tastes were refined beyond the limits of the reasonable — whose mind was an exhaustless gallery of beautiful impressions, so sensitive that the mere shadow of a poplar leaf flickering against a sunny wall would be etched and held there forever. Surely, if ever a man had the magic wand in his finger-tips, it was Merrick. Whatever he touched, he revealed its holiest secret; liberated it from enchantment and restored it to its pristine loveliness, like the Arabian prince who fought the enchantress, spell for spell. Upon whatever he had come in contact with, he had left a beautiful record of the experience — a sort of ethereal signature; a scent, a sound, a color that was his own.

Steavens understood now the real tragedy of his master's life; neither love nor wine, as many had conjectured, but a blow which had fallen earlier and cut deeper than these could have done — a shame not his, and yet so unescapably his, to hide in his heart from his very boyhood. And without, the frontier warfare; the yearning of a boy, cast ashore upon a desert of newness and ugliness and sordidness, for all that is chastened and old, and noble with traditions.

At eleven o'clock the tall, flat woman in black crêpe entered and announced that the watchers were arriving, and asked them "to step into the dining-room." As Steavens rose, the lawyer said dryly: "You go on — it'll be a good experience for you, doubtless; as for me, I'm not equal to that crowd to-night; I've had twenty years of them."

As Steavens closed the door after him, he glanced back at the lawyer, sitting by the coffin in the dim light, with his chin resting on his hand.

The same misty group that had stood before the door of the express-car shuffled into the room. In the light of the kerosene lamp they separated and became individuals. The minister, a pale, feeble-looking man with white hair and blond chin-whiskers, took his seat beside a small table, and placed his Bible upon it. The Grand Army man took a seat behind the stove and tilted his chair back comfortably against the wall, fishing his quill toothpick from his waistcoat pocket. The two bankers, Phelps and Elder, sat off in a corner behind the dinner-table, where they could finish their discussion of the new usury law and its effect on chattel security loans. The real estate agent, an old man with a smiling, hypocritical face, soon joined them. The coal and lumber dealer and the cattle shipper sat on opposite sides of the hard coal burner, their feet on the nickelwork. Steavens took a book from his pocket and began to read. The talk around him ranged through various topics of local interest while the house was quieting down. When it was clear that the members of the family were in bed, the Grand Army man hitched his shoulders, and untangling his long legs, caught his heels on the rounds of his chair.

"S'pose there'll be a will, Phelps?" he queried in his weak falsetto.

The banker laughed disagreeably, and began trimming his nails with a pearl-handled pocket-knife.

"There'll scarcely be any need for one, will there?" he queried in his turn.

The restless Grand Army man shifted his position again, getting his knees still nearer his chin. "Why, the ole man says Harve's done right well lately," he chirped.

The other banker spoke up. "I reckon he means by that Harve ain't asked him to mortgage any more farms lately so as he could go on with his education."

"Seems like my mind don't reach back to a time when Harve wasn't bein' edycated," tittered the Grand Army man.

There was a general chuckle. The minister took out his handkerchief and blew his nose sonorously. Banker Phelps closed his knife with a snap. "It's too bad the old man's sons didn't turn out better," he remarked, with reflective authority. "They never hung together. He spent money enough on Harve to stock a dozen cattle-farms, and he might as well have poured it into Sand Creek. If Harve had stayed at home and helped nurse what little they had, and gone into stock on the old man's bottom farm, they might all have been well fixed. But the old man had to trust everything to tenants and was cheated right and left."

"Harve never could have handled stock none," interposed the cattleman. "He hadn't it in him to be sharp. Do you remember when he bought Sander's mules for eight-year olds, when everybody in town knew that Sander's father-in-law give 'em to his wife for a wedding present eighteen years before, an' they was full-grown mules then?"

Every one chuckled, and the Grand Army man rubbed his knees with a spasm of childish delight.

"Harve never was much account for anything practical, and he shore was never fond of work," began the coal and lumber dealer. "I mind the last time he was home; the day he left, when the old man was out to the barn helpin' his hand hitch up to take Harve to the train, and Cal. Moots was patchin' up the fence, Harve, he come out on the step and sings out, in his ladylike voice: 'Cal. Moots, Cal. Moots! please come cord my trunk.'"

"That's Harve for you," approved the Grand Army man gleefully. "I kin hear him howlin' yet, when he was a big feller in long pants, and his mother used to whale him with a rawhide in the barn for lettin' the cows git foundered in the cornfield when he was drivin' 'em home from pasture. He killed a cow of mine that-a-way onct—a pure Jersey and the best milker I had, an' the ole man had to put up for her. Harve, he was watchin' the sun set acrost the marshes when the anamile got away; he argued that sunset was oncommon fine."

"Where the old man made his mistake was in sending the boy East to school," said Phelps, stroking his goatee and speaking in a deliberate, judicial tone. "There was where he got his head full of trapseing to Paris and all such folly. What Harve needed, of all people, was a course in some first-class Kansas City business college."

The letters were swimming before Steavens's eyes. Was it possible that these men did not understand, that the palm on the coffin meant nothing to them? The very name of their town would have remained forever buried in the postal guide, had it not been now and again mentioned in the world in connection with Harvey Merrick's. He remembered what his master had said to him on the day of his death, after the congestion of both lungs had shut off any probability of recovery, and the sculptor had asked his pupil to send his body home. "It's not a pleasant place to be lying while the world is moving and doing and bettering," he had said, with a feeble smile: "but it rather seems as though we ought to go back to the place we came from in the end. The townspeople will come in for a look at me; and after they have had their say, I shan't have much to fear from the judgment of God. The wings of the Victory, in there"—with a weak gesture toward his studio—"will not shelter me."

The cattleman took up the comment. "Forty's young for a Merrick to cash in; they usually hang on pretty well. Probably he helped it along with whisky."

"His mother's people were not long-lived, and Harvey never had a robust constitution," said the minister mildly. He would have liked to say more. He had been the boy's Sunday-school teacher, and had been fond of him; but he felt that he was not in a position to speak. His own sons had turned out badly, and it was not a year since one of them had made his last trip home in the express-car, shot in a gambling-house in the Black Hills.

"Nevertheless, there is no disputin' that Harve frequently looked upon the wine when it was red, also variegated, and it shore made an oncommon fool of him," moralized the cattleman.

Just then the door leading into the parlor rattled loudly, and everyone started involuntarily, looking relieved when only Jim Laird came out. His red face was convulsed with anger, and the Grand Army man ducked his head when he saw the spark in his blue, blood-shot eye. They were all afraid of Jim; he was a drunkard, but he could twist the law to suit his client's needs as no other man in all Western Kansas could do; and there were many who tried. The lawyer closed the door gently behind him, leaned back against it, and folded his arms, cocking his head a little to one side. When he assumed this attitude in the court-room, ears were always pricked up, as it usually foretold a flood of withering sarcasm.

"I've been with you gentlemen before," he began in a dry, even tone, "when you've sat by the coffins of boys born and raised in this town; and, if I remember rightly, you were never any too well satisfied when you checked them up. What's the matter, anyhow? Why is it that reputable young men are as scarce as millionaires in Sand City? It might almost seem to a stranger that there was some way something the matter with your progressive town. Why did Reuben Sayer, the brightest young lawyer you ever turned out, after he had come home from the university as straight as a die, take to drinking, and forge a check and shoot himself? Why did Bill Merrit's son die of the shakes in a saloon in Omaha? Why was Mr. Thomas's son, here, shot in a gambling-house? Why did young Adams burn his mill to beat the insurance companies, and go to the pen?"

The lawyer paused and unfolded his arms, laying one clenched fist quietly on the table. "I'll tell you why: because you drummed nothing but money and knavery into their ears from the time they wore knickerbockers; because you carped away at them as you've been carping here to-night, holding our friends Phelps and Elder up to them for their models, as our grandfathers held up George Washington and John Adams. But the boys, worse luck, were young, and raw at the business you put them to; and how could they match coppers with such artists as Phelps and Elder? You wanted them to be successful rascals; they were only unsuccessful ones — that's all the difference. There was only one boy ever raised in this borderland between ruffianism and civilization who didn't come to grief, and you hated Harvey Merrick more for winning out than you hated all the other boys who got under the wheels. Lord, Lord, how you did hate him! Phelps, here, is fond of saying that he could buy and sell us all out any time he's a mind to; but he knew Harve wouldn't have given a tinker's damn for his bank and all his cattle-farms put together; and a lack of appreciation, that way, goes hard with Phelps.

"Old Nimrod, here, thinks Harve drank too much; and this from such as Nimrod and me!

"Brother Elder says Harve was too free with the old man's money — fell short in filial consideration, maybe. Well, we can all remember the very tone in which Brother Elder swore his own father was a liar, in the county court; and we all know that the old man came out of that partnership with his son as bare as a sheared lamb. But maybe I'm getting personal, and I'd better be driving ahead at what I want to say."

The lawyer paused a moment, squared his heavy shoulders, and went on: "Harvey Merrick and I went to school together, back East. We were in dead earnest, and we wanted you all to be proud of us some day. We meant to be great men. Even I, and I haven't lost my sense of humor, gentlemen, I meant to be a great man. I came back here to practise, and I found you didn't in the least want me to be a great man. You wanted me to be a shrewd lawyer — oh, yes! Our veteran here wanted me to get him an increase of pension, because he had dyspepsia; Phelps wanted a new county survey that would put the widow Wilson's little bottom farm inside his south line; Elder wanted to lend money at 5 per cent a month and get it collected; old Stark here wanted to wheedle old women up in Vermont into investing their annuities in real-estate mortgages that are not worth the paper they are written on. Oh, you needed me hard enough, and you'll go on needing me; and that's why I'm not afraid to plug the truth home to you this once.

"Well, I came back here and became the damned shyster you wanted me to be. You pretend to have some sort of respect for me; and yet you'll stand up and throw mud at Harvey Merrick, whose soul you couldn't dirty, and whose hands you couldn't tie. Oh, you're a discriminating lot of Christians! There have been times when the sight of Harvey's name in some Eastern paper has made me hang my head like a whipped dog; and, again, times when I liked to think of him off there in the world, away from all this hog-wallow, doing his great work, and climbing the big, clean up-grade he'd set for himself.

"And we? Now that we've fought and lied and sweated and stolen and hated, as only the disappointed strugglers in a bitter, dead little Western town know how to do, what have we got to show for it? Harvey Merrick wouldn't have given one sunset over your marshes for all you've got put together, and you know it. It's not for me to say why, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, a genius should ever have been called from this place of hatred and bitter waters; but I want this Boston man to know that the drivel he's been hearing here to-night is the only tribute any truly great man could ever have from such a lot of sick, side-tracked, burnt-dog, land-poor sharks as the here-present financiers of Sand

City — upon which town may God have mercy!"

The lawyer thrust out his hand to Stevens as he passed him, caught up his overcoat in the hall, and had left the house before the Grand Army man had found time to lift his ducked head and crane his long neck about at his fellows.

Next day Jim Laird was drunk and unable to attend the funeral services. Stevens called twice at his office, but was compelled to start East without seeing him. He had a presentiment that he would hear from him again, and left his address on the lawyer's table; but if Laird found it, he never acknowledged it. The thing in him that Harvey Merrick had loved must have gone under ground with Harvey Merrick's coffin; for it never spoke again, and Jim got the cold he died of driving across the Colorado mountains to defend one of Phelps's sons, who had got into trouble out there by cutting government timber.

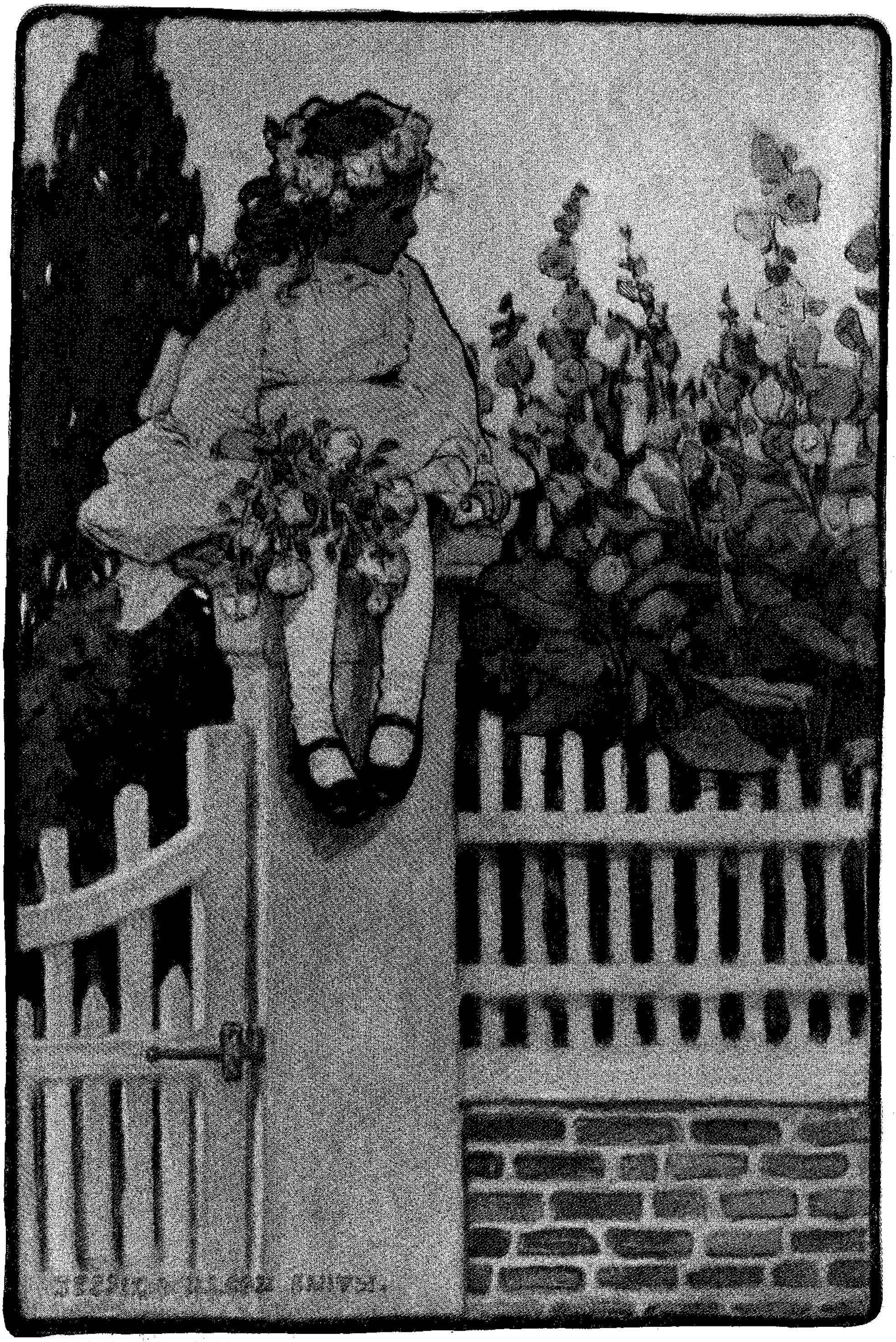
THE CHILD THAT ONCE YOU WERE

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

O HOPELESS face of middle-age,
O disappointed eyes,
And lips of thin finality!
What sad soul stalks behind that cage,
Those stern bars of mortality?

I saw the child that once you were
Flit to your look one day,
A tender boyhood just beginning.
And my quick throat rose sharp with tears
To think of all the sodden years
Since then, and all the sinning.
The trusting child that once you were,
Not wholly drugged to sleep,
And all those dreadful spades of earth
To bury you more deep!


JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH.

Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith

"An hour slipped by, but still the major did not come"

"The Old Major," page 354